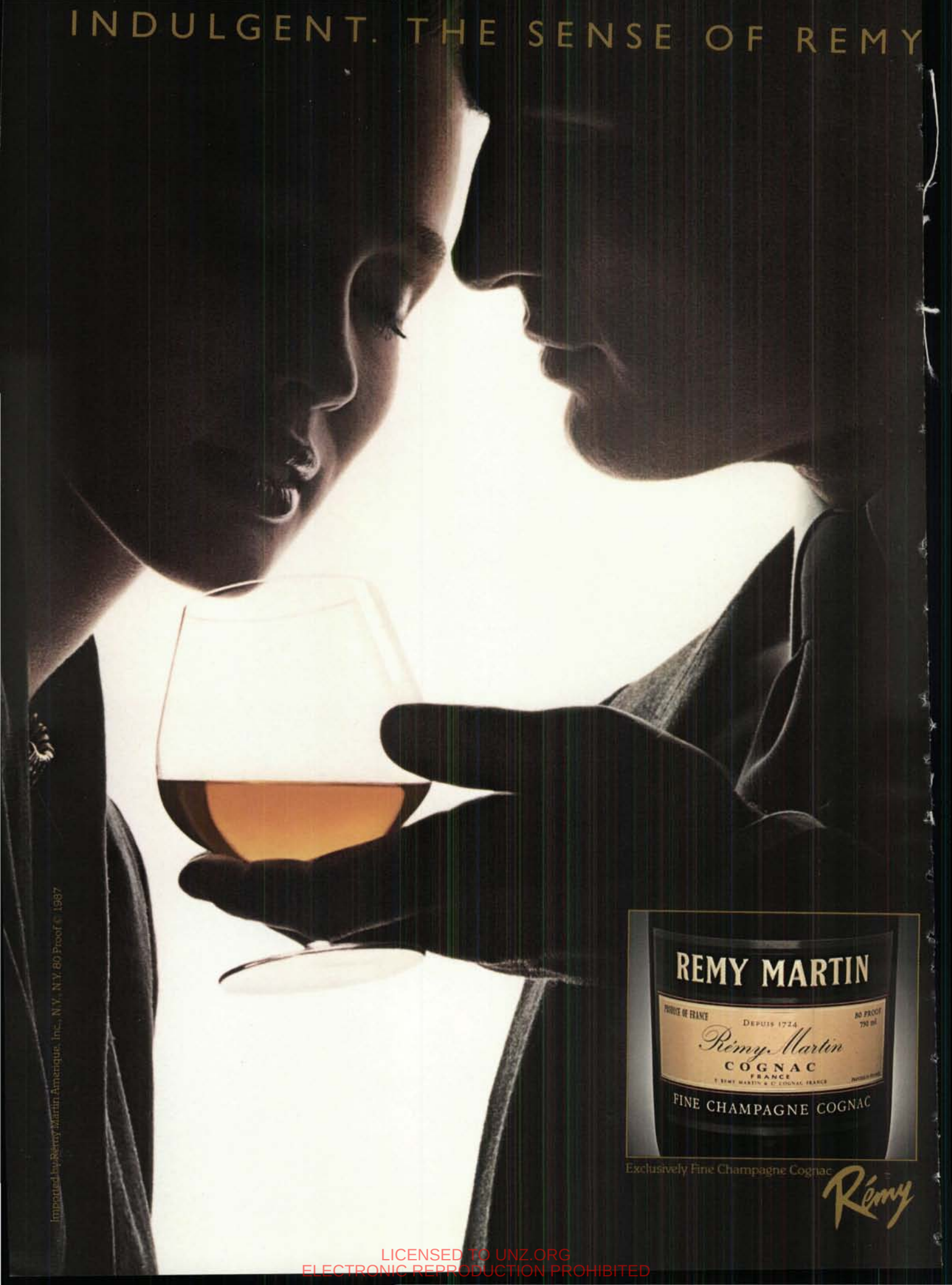


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANYTHING GOES—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS NEXT DOOR—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BREAKING THE CODE—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitmore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BURN THIS—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)

CABARET—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it: a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey recreating his role as the Emcee; and a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Timothy Mason's jokey little comedy, *ONLY YOU*, about love and various distractions in this city, is entertaining more often than not. Greg Germann and Julie Boyd are the beguiling lovers, and they are distracted, to some extent, by Park Overall, Bruce McCarty, Rob Gomes, and Richard Seff. Ron Lagomarsino directed. John Lee Beatty's set is a knockout. (Reviewed in this issue.) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special per-

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formance Monday, Dec. 21, at 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

DON'T GET GOD STARTED—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 3.)

DRIVING MISS DAISY—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The third in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of *THE GINGERBREAD LADY*, Neil Simon's 1970 play. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FLORA, THE RED MENACE—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Dec. 20, no performances until Monday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3; special matinee Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2.)

INTO THE WOODS—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of con-

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THE NEW YORKER

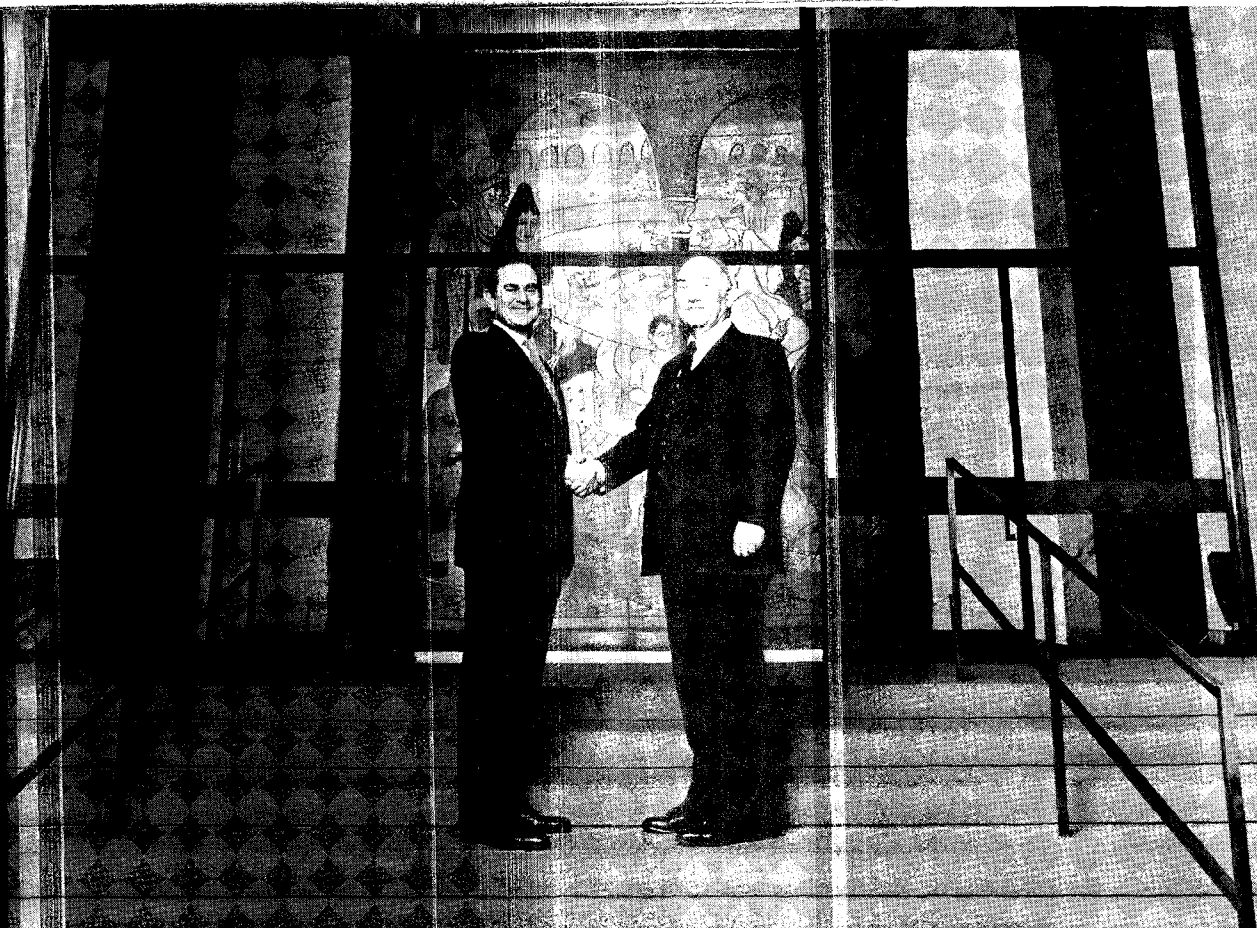
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Our 14th annual love letter to New Yorkers

In our city's mercurial restaurant world, always bursting with new trends, we are particularly grateful to our many loyal customers for truly appreciating that there is only one Four Seasons.

In September we unveiled a glittering new dining experience in our refurbished Grill Room: new look, thanks to Philip Johnson and John Burgee; new menu, thanks to Chef Seppi Renggli, who evolved an entire new spectrum of tastes and flavors.

At our 7th Annual Bordeaux Dinner in April, those surprising Grand Cru Bordeaux wines of 1984 perked up many palates. Wine aficionados now avidly await our uncorking next year of the 1985's, widely expected to be of superb vintage!

Late dinners appear to be more and more popular in Manhattan. It certainly seems so here: more and more late nighters are choosing Four Seasons fare—prix fixe, a la carte or just desserts—those masterly creations of our enormously talented Chefs Renggli and Albin as well as our imaginative new pastry chef, Alain Roby.

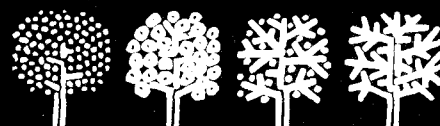
For the Holiday season we send you our warmest greetings for joy and peace. For the New Year we wish you and yours good luck, good fortune, good health, good times!

Tom Margittai
Tom Margittai

Paul Kovi
Paul Kovi

Alex von Bidder
Alex von Bidder

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FOUR
SEASONS



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—The fourth annual presentation of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday and Monday, Dec. 20-21, at 7, and Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

MADMOISELLE COLOMBE—Tammy Grimes in a musical with a score by Michael Valenti, lyrics by Edwin Dulchin, and a book by Mr. Valenti, Mr. Dulchin, and Albert Harris, who also directs. Based on Jean Anouilh's 1954 play of the same name. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Dec. 20, no performances until Tuesday evening, Dec. 29.)

THE MAHABHARATA—A nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic which uses pageantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE—This Tennessee Williams play dates from the early sixties, and it is essentially a reworking of "Sweet Bird of Youth," with the spectre of Death substituted for Age as its central theme. This revival—in which elaborate hamming from Elizabeth Ashley, Marian Seldes, Amanda Plummer, and Stephen McHattie makes the play particularly unpalatable—is strictly for those who feel either that Williams could do no wrong or that no wrong could be done him. (12/7/87) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

MOONCHILDREN—A delightful (though slightly anachronistic) revival of Michael Weiler's 1972 comedy, beautifully cast and directed by Mary B. Robinson. The play—about a group of college students in 1965—has the grace to examine what it thinks it loves most and to do so theatrically. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PENN & TELLER—Back for the holiday season with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Springsteen and Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolf, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. The production, starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem, is directed by Kenneth Elliott, and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas



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Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

LA PUTA VIDA TRILOGY—These three one-act plays by Reinaldo Povod, who wrote last year's fine "Cuba and His Teddy Bear," have strong dialogue and a good performance by John Turturro, but little else to recommend them. (12/7/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

REAL ESTATE—A woman in her late thirties, unmarried and pregnant, returns after a twenty-year absence to her mother's house in a suburb near London. Louise Page's play, about strong, matching feelings of daughter and mother, doesn't amount to much, but it does give us the opportunity to see some excellent acting by Roberta Maxwell and Sada Thompson, as the protagonists, and by Charles Cioffi and Lewis Arlt, as their men. Brian Murray was the director. (12/14/87) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 758-8770. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ROMANCE/ROMANCE—Two one-act musicals by Keith Herrmann and Barry Harman. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. 645-0783. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

SARAFINAL—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

SERIOUS MONEY—Caryl Churchill's play attempts to send up the world of high finance by having characters talk in rhyme. In fact, both the satire and the verse are rather limp. The fine cast, led by Allan Corduner, Scott Cherry, Linda Bassett, and Joanne Pearce, is directed by Max Stafford-Clark. (12/14/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

A SHAYNA MAIDEL—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances:

one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE SIGNAL SEASON OF DUMMY HOY—A play by Allen Meyer and Michael Nowak. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

TAMARA—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa (wear your sneakers). Prehappening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price (\$85 to \$135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

TEDDY & ALICE—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

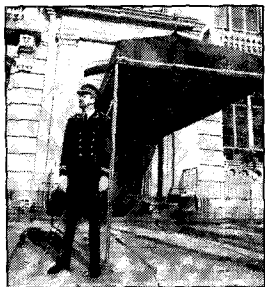
TRINITY—Three one-act plays by Edgar White. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

UNCLE VANYA—Austin Pendleton and Michael O'Keefe in a revised version of Chekhov's play. Adapted by Maria Irene Fornes, who also directed. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

LONG RUNS—BROADWAY BOUND: A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ...

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **COASTAL DISTURBANCES**: Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 11,504 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FENCES**: August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant perfor-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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mance by James Earl Jones, Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he is hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays—except Saturday, Dec. 19, and Christmas—at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 19, at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Dec. 21, at 8. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.) ... **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL:—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS:—Paul Binder's old-fashioned one-ring circus, back for the holiday season, is the sort of circus a child could dream of running away to. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. For information about show times and tickets, call 391-0767.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS:—Presenting two works in repertory. **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD:** Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. ... **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 22-23, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinee Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

OIL CITY SYMPHONY:—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays—except Christmas Eve—and Christmas at 8; Fridays, except Christmas, at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ON SECOND AVENUE:—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturdays at 3 and 8, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

SING HALLELUJAH!—A gospel-music revue. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET:—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 21-23, at 6; Friday, Dec. 18, at 8; Saturdays, Dec. 19 and 26, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1 and 5; and Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2. The season continues through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE:—Wednesday evening, Dec. 16: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." ... Thursday evening, Dec. 17: "Divining," "Treading," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." ... Friday evening, Dec. 18: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Survivors," and "For Bird with Love." ... Saturday matinee, Dec. 19: "Speeds," "Night Shade," and "The Stack-Up." ... Saturday evening, Dec. 19: "Caverna Magica," "Vespers," and "Revelations." ... Sunday matinee, Dec. 20: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Survivors," and "Memoria." ... Sunday evening, Dec. 20: "The Stack-Up," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." ... Tuesday evening, Dec. 22: "Bad Blood," "Survivors," and "The Stack-Up." ... Wednesday evening, Dec. 23: "Divining," "Witness," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." ... Friday evening, Dec. 25, and Saturday matinee and evening, Dec. 26: "The Magic of Katherine Dunham." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 27.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE AND MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY:—A joint engagement—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 8: "Glyphics," "Odyssey," "Kaleidoscope," and "Bach Suite." ... Friday, Dec. 18, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Pond," "A Stravinsky Montage," "Persons and Structures," "Eruptions and Entanglements," and "Gallery." ... Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:30: "Glyphics," "Odyssey," "Kaleidoscope," and "Bach Suite." ... Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 21-22, at 8: "Crucible," "Bach II" (première), "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." ... Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Bach II," "Arc en Ciel" (American première), "Blank on Blank" (première), and excerpts from the Nikolaïs and Louis repertoires. ... Thursday, Dec. 24, at 2: "Crucible," "Bach II," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." ... Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8: "Bach II," "Arc en Ciel," "Blank on Blank," and excerpts from the Nikolaïs and Louis repertoires. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Jan. 17.)

SUSAN MARSHALL & COMPANY:—Presenting "Kiss," "Companion Pieces," "Aerialist," "Arms," and "Arena." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 17-19, and Monday, Dec. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a singer who's always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is in the oak-timbered seat of power known as the Oak Room concentrating on the works of Stephen Sondheim. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Christmas) at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

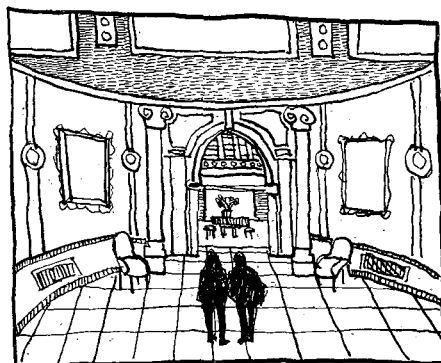
BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** small, delicate voice, a precision instrument, is the fashion here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight. The comedy troupe Artificial Intelligence performs Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Closed Christmas.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. The much decorated **DIZZY GILLESPIE** has cooled down a little while gaining on seventy—he tends to hang out in the middle register, where he sounds almost reflective—but he hasn't become solemn; the slyboots performer is still in evidence, and will be here through Sunday, Dec. 20. Music from nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, horn players. Hard-bop tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** works with pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANER** through Saturday, Dec. 19. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**, which performs here through Sunday, Dec. 20, travels light (without a rhythm section), and it goes into areas not often explored by the avant-garde (Ellington, for instance). On Tuesday, Dec. 22, **HENRY THREADGILL** brings in his inventive and needling "Sextett," which is composed of two tat-tatting percussionists, a bassist, a cellist, a trombonist, a trumpeter, and the leader on assorted woodwinds. Music from nine. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT.** He's flanked





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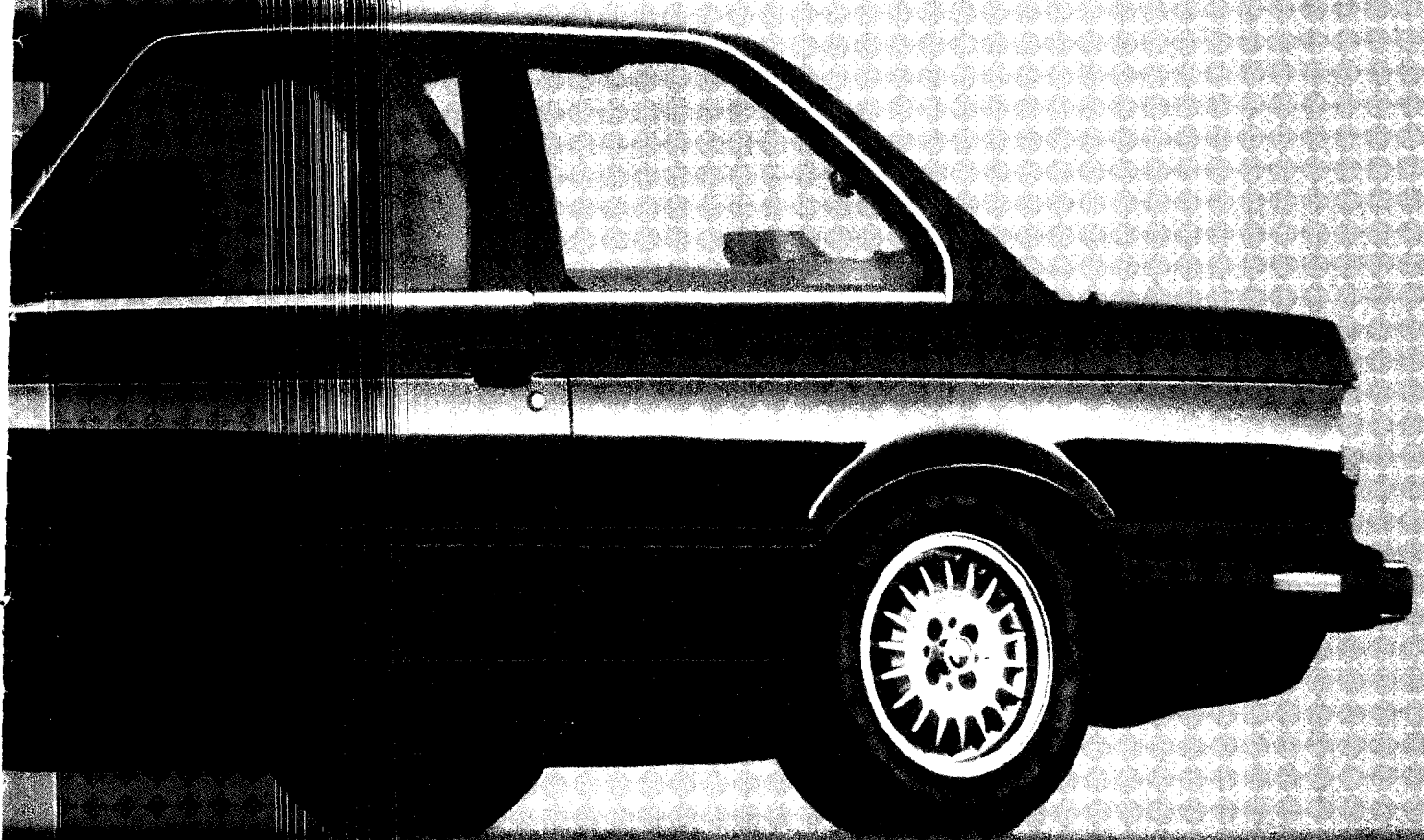
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by **BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums). Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Christmas Eve and Christmas) at ten and midnight.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **ELLIS MARSAIS**, a post-bop New Orleans pianist and teacher who is probably best known for his work with Mrs. Marsalis, leads a trio through Sunday, Dec. 20. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**. Music from eight. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. **HILTON RUIZ** mans the keyboard on Wednesday, Dec. 16, and Saturday, Dec. 19. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, and Sunday and Monday, Dec. 20-21.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 16-19, the twangy-voiced **BOB DOROUGH** is in the catbird seat, singing such things as "Your Feet's Too Big." Randy Newman's "Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear," Henry Nemo's "'Tis Autumn" (which he embellishes with whistling wind sounds), and his own "Bijou" (a bossanova-ish song about love and insanity). **BILL TAKAS**, his longtime partner, is on bass. Music from ten. **BROOKS KERR**, a major fund of Ellingtonia, plays and sings Mondays through Fridays from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Christmas.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. **BARBARA LEA**, a singer who can make you see open country spaces when she sings Alec Wilder's "It's So Peaceful in the Country" and a whistler who could knock a bird out of a tree, is here on Sunday, Dec. 20, with pianist **WES MCAFEE**. Shows at six and eight on Sundays, and at nine and eleven the rest of the week. Dining. Closed Christmas.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, one smooth half of the Monk-inspired quartet Sphere, work together through Saturday, Dec. 19. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. Activity from nine or so. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). Wednesday, Dec. 16, is in the hands of **PINETOP PERKINS**, a seventy-four-year-old piano thumper, who when last seen was got up in a blue derby and an eye-popping sports coat and was rolling through a set that included a couple of numbers by his onetime boss, Muddy Waters. Drummer and singer **LEVON HELM** has a band here on Thursday, Dec. 17, and the Marshall Tucker band

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performs Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and a solid rear guard, immodestly called the Great American Swing Band, on the dais. **WALT LEVINSKY**, a Benny Goodman alumnus, is its leader. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **RANDY WESTON**, a long-legged pianist whose repertoire includes some Ellington and off-speed Monk as well as his own percussive tunes, leads his trio on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19. Music from about ten until two. Closed Christmas.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougall St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, bluegrass fiddlers, and others of a non-electric bent. **DAVE VAN RONK**, a Brooklyn-born folk-blues singer who has been roaming this neighborhood for thirty years, will be here, with **TOM INTONDI**, on Saturday, Dec. 19. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ABDULLAH IBRAHIM**, the expatriate South African pianist known as Dollar Brand when Duke Ellington took him under his wing in the early sixties, will be in this Village meetinghouse with his seven-piece band, **EKAYA**, through Sunday, Dec. 20. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 21-24, **ARR EVANS**, the wispy white-haired pianist and arranger, conducts his fifteen-piece orchestra; it's souped up with electronics, and Evans' old dreamy French sound has given way to a thick Germanic one. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. Veteran blues guitarist **OTIS RUSH** has the floor Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**HERMAN FOSTER**, a pianist who likes to set off his heavy chordal attack with dainty, winking runs, works with bassist **JAY LEONHART** in the Terrace Bar nightly, except Mondays and Christmas Eve. Music from ten. Fridays through Sundays, from about six until nine-thirty, **PATTI BOWN** can be found at the piano, rocking and swaying beneath one of her homemade picture hats.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz



club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MCPHERSON** pilots a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 20, and on Tuesday, Dec. 22, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** arrives with his foursome. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** shoot the breeze through Saturday, Dec. 19; **RUBY BRAFF**, a pippin of a cornettist, will be in the company of pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** starting Monday, Dec. 21. Music from eight every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Closed Christmas.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PAUL WINTER CONSORT—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8.

MUSIC OF EAST AND WEST AFRICA—With Djimo Kouyate, James Makubuya, and Seleshe Damessae. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

FRANK SENIOR—With the Frank Owens quartet. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some, as indicated, will also be closed on other days during the holidays, and some are likely to close early on Thursday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JULIAN BARROW—Small cityscapes of New York, London, and Venice. Through Dec. 31. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

HERBERT FERBER—New paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Knoodler, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MARION KENYON JONES—Abstract works on paper mounted on canvas. Through Jan. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

WILL MACLEAN / ITALO SCANGA—Sculptures using such materials as driftwood and bone. / Works on paper. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Nude figures on docks, near railroad tracks, and in other unlikely settings, by a Nicaragua-born painter. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER (1899-1987)—Paintings, in what has become a memorial show for the artist, who died last month. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG—Pencil drawings used to illustrate a children's alphabet book. Through Jan. 9. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: Drawings with texts by Doty Attie and photographs by Sandra Schwimmer and Christine Oatman. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) ... **HAMILTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Works on wood by ten artists, including Sol LeWitt, Betty Parsons, and James Surls. Through Jan. 5. (Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 23, for twelve days.)

... **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in which lead is used in some way—a drawing in pencil (a.k.a. black lead) by Jennifer Bartlett and a cast-lead sculpture by Roni Horn, for instance. Through Jan. 16. (Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ART AND LANGUAGE—Paintings and works on paper from a series by this pair of British art-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ists, titled "Incident in a Museum." Through Jan. 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Figure drawings and still-life prints. Through Jan. 6. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

STANLEY BOXER / HELEN FRANKENTHALER—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. / Paintings on canvas and on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Abstract paintings, drawings, and photographs from throughout his career. Through Jan. 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings and sculptures. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Through Jan. 9. . . . 112 Greene Street Gallery, in SoHo. Through Jan. 2. Both galleries closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

P. S. GORDON / ANNE DUNN—Watercolor still-lives. / Portraits; landscapes of New Brunswick, Canada; and studio interiors. Through Dec. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOHN HUBBARD—A two-gallery exhibit of abstract paintings and drawings based on floral subjects. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 2. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26. . . . 11 Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 16. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Oil paintings and monotypes, plus jewelry designed in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 9. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. Closes after Thursday, Dec. 24, for eight days.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983) AND MARK ROTHKO (1903-70)—Mural-size paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . 11 Works on paper by Miró are at the Silberberg Gallery, 16 E. 79th St. Through Dec. 31. (Open Mondays.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—White Carrara-marble sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Cubist-period paintings, drawings, sketchbooks, and prints. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOSÉ MARÍA SICILIA / EDDA RENOUF—Small-scale abstract paintings. / Layered, incised oil pastel drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ (1922-83)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Jan. 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

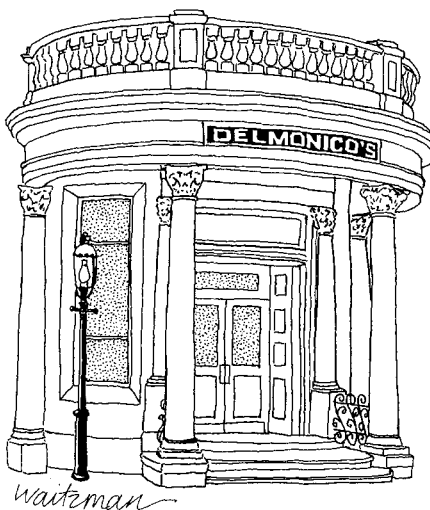
JONATHAN TALBOT—Small collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GÉRARD TITUS-CARMEL—A two-gallery exhibit of abstractions. Paintings with an architectural influence. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . 11 Additional abstract paintings, plus papiers collés. (Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 23-26.) Both shows through Jan. 23.

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947) AND JUSTIN MCCARTHY (1891-1977)—Watercolors and drawings by two naïfs. Through Jan. 16. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

SCULPTURE—Abstract works by Richard Stankiewicz, Gabriel Kohn, and Jenny Lee. Through Jan. 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings connected, by virtue of shared symbols, to the moralizing attitude of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Dutch vanitas paintings. Janet Fish, Jerome Witkin, Robert Birmelin, and Alice Neel are among those represented. Through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: "Recent Tendencies in Black and White" is a show that, its catalogue says, "lays to rest the idea that reduction leads to empti-



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ness." The works—paintings and photographs—are by Sherrie Levine (the woman of the moment), Peter Halley (the man of the moment), and about a dozen others. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENT**, 41 E. 57th St., and **MARCUS**, 578 Broadway: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings, drawings, and photographs that vary in theme and subject but over all reflect the singular point of view of the curator, Douglas Blau. Among the eighteenth-to-twentieth-century works are oils by Joseph Wright of Derby and by Winslow Homer, a black-and-white film still by Cindy Sherman, and an ink drawing by David Deutsch. Through Dec. 31. . . . **LAMAGNA**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings that incorporate single words, sentence fragments, or even whole stories. By Nancy Spero, Valerie Hammond, Dotty Attie, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.) . . . **SCHMIDT BINGHAM**, 41 W. 57th St.: Animals are depicted in the paintings, drawings, and sculptures of seven artists, including Melissa Miller and Philip McCracken. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CAROL ANTHONY—Atmospheric landscapes painted with enamels and Cray-pas, and box assemblages. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

GEORG BASELITZ—Oil paintings dating from 1964 to 1978. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

ALIGHIERO E BOETTI / VICTOR BURGIN—Works on paper by a member of the Arte Povera movement. / Photographic works with texts. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

ROBERT BORDO—Paintings of imaginary geographical features. Through Jan. 6. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

MAX COVER—New paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

ADAM CVIJANOVIC—The artist paints landscapes and figures on canvas and on Plexiglas, and combines the two parts (one in front of the other) in single works. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

VINCENT DESIDERIO—Very large narrative paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

GIANNI DESSI—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

MICHELE OKA DONER—Bronze sculptures from a series titled "Celestial Objects." Another work from the series can be seen just outside

the entrance to the Hayden Planetarium. Through Jan. 9. (Brown, 560 Broadway. Closes after Thursday, Dec. 24, for eight days.)

JASPER JOHNS—Six lead reliefs from 1969. Through Jan. 9. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

LISA LAWLEY—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

MIKE METZ / ANNE BARNARD—The artist applies acrylic paint to color photographs of abstract images that have been created on a computer. / Photographs of women and of landscapes viewed through perforated screens. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

KEITH MILOW / LOÏC LE GROOMELLE—Gouaches with architectural motifs. / Four black-and-white landscape paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

PAUL MOGENSEN—Abstract paintings by an artist who was once allied with the minimalist movement. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

HENRY PEARSON—Abstract geometric paintings from the past thirty years. Through Jan. 9. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

ARCHIE RAND—Twenty-nine self-portraits related to the last twenty-nine poems in Rilke's "Sonnets to Orpheus." Through Jan. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

ED RUSCHA—Thirty-five lunette paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

LEON POLK SMITH—A fifty-year retrospective of his abstract geometric paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

BILL WOODROW—Constructions made with found objects and metal modelled into, for instance, roasting chickens. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

SIMILIA / DISSIMILIA—A three-gallery exhibit in which paintings and sculptures from the sixties are compared and contrasted with more recent works. Joseph Beuys, Eva Hesse, Not Vital, Roni Horn, and John Chamberlain are among the twenty-eight artists represented. (Castelli and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway. Through Tuesday, Dec. 22. . . . 11 Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University, near Amsterdam Ave. and 119th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays. Through Jan. 30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by Nancy Bowen, Jannis Kounellis, and Nunzio, and panel paintings by Günter Förg. Through Jan. 12. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 26.) . . . **STEPHEN ROSENBERG**, 115 Wooster St.: Three abstractionists (Claire Seidl, Michael Chandler, and Louis Lieberman) showing works in three different mediums. Through Jan. 30. . . . **SANDER**, 51 Greene St.: Works on paper by American and European artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Robert Mapplethorpe, Helmut Federle, and Brice Marden. Through Jan. 23. (Closes after Tuesday, Dec. 22, for two weeks.) . . . **STEINBAUM**, 132 Greene St.: The affinity between art and fashion is the idea behind a show pairing designer clothing with paintings, drawings, and sculptures: an American West landscape painting by Paul Brach is side by side with Ralph Lauren jeans and chambray shirt, for instance. Through Jan. 5. . . . **TWINING**, 568 Broadway: Paintings, drawings, photographs, sculptures, and prints inspired by classical art. Janet Stayton, Christopher Hewat, and Adolf Benca are among the artists represented. Through Jan. 20. (Closes after Thursday, Dec. 24, for eight days.)

OTHER GALLERIES

DIKE BLAIR—Glass wall constructions that take a cue from the fortune-telling toy Magic 8 Ball, and include such texts as "Reply hazy try again" and "Cannot predict now." Through Jan. 3. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays; closed Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27.)

CHRIS BURDEN—Six hundred and twenty-five miniature cardboard submarines hang from the Burgin Gallery's ceiling. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. (270 Lafayette St.)

MARY CARLSON—Large abstract wall sculptures. Through Jan. 30. (Klein, 611 Broadway. Closes after Wednesday, Dec. 23, for twelve days.)

HEIDI GLÜCK—Paintings from her "Ramp Series" (1971-85). Through Jan. 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closes after Thursday, Dec. 24, for eight days.)

EVA HESSE (1936-70)—Wall sculptures, including two sections (from two private collections) of "Sans II," a group of shallow, irregular boxes made of fibre glass. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesday through Sundays.)

CHRISTOPHER LUCAS—Molded laminated-wood constructions that have been painted with Constructivist-influenced designs. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

EDGAR NEGRET—Painted metal sculptures. Through Jan. 3. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Both open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays; closed Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26-27.)

JODY PINTO—Photographs, videos, drawings, and models document the recent installation of the artist's steel bridge in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park. Through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1.)

JEAN-PAUL RIOPELLE—Recent painted etchings, plus a group of older works. Through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Briet, 377 Broome St., between Mott and Mulberry Sts.)

GROUP SHOWS—At CERES, 91 Franklin St.: "Outrageous Women," a show of paintings and sculptures by nine artists, among them Petah Coyne, Carol Jacobsen, and Selina Trieff. Through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Opens at noon.) ... P.P.O.W., 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C: Janet Fish, Ida Applebroog, Barbara Zucker, and Louise Bourgeois are among the hundred or so women showing works to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the feminist magazine *Heresies*. Through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

GARY BROTMAYER/MICHAEL SPANO—New photocollage portraits. /Large black-and-white candids of New Yorkers. Through Feb. 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

MITCH EPSTEIN—Photographs of the Caribbean. Through Thursday, Dec. 24. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St.) ... And of India. Through Jan. 23. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon; closed Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 24-26.)

EVELYN HOFER—Photographs of Emerson's Italy. Through Jan. 9. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays; closed Saturday, Dec. 26.)

FRANK MAJORE—Large Cibachrome prints. Through Jan. 2. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

KURT MARKUS—Photographs of the modern American cowboy. Through Jan. 30. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

NORMAN PARKINSON—A retrospective of works by this fashion photographer and portraitist. Through Jan. 31. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

WILLIAM WEGMAN/RALPH EUGENE MEATYARD (1925-72)—Color Polaroids of his dog, Fay. / Vintage surreal prints. Through Jan. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St.: Surrealist-inspired photographs by more than forty contemporary artists, including Lucas Samaras, Barbara Ess, and Frank Majore. Through Wednesday, Dec. 23. ... INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Polaroid prints spanning more than thirty years by about sixty artists. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. ... Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs. Through Jan. 5. ... The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Christmas Eve, until 9. The hours on Christmas Eve will be 11 to 5.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. One section of the exhibit will present postwar paintings in three installments; the first (through Sunday, Dec. 20) concentrates on European artists. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45. Closes at 4 on Christmas Eve.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Jan. 10. ... A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935). Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily, except Tuesdays and Christmas, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays, except Christmas, and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The tradition of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustrated in an exhibition (on loan from the Shanghai Museum) focussing on two Ming-dynasty artists. Paintings, calligraphy, and such paraphernalia as ceramics, jades, inkstones, and wrist rests, some seen in a furnished studio typical of the vocation. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of a display of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas.)



Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—In a display of bequests and loans, a predella panel of the Crucifixion by the quattrocento painter Piero della Francesca has been reunited with three other paintings, all originally part of an altarpiece in Borgo San Sepolcro, the artist's home town. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 24-25. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of contemporary book bindings by French artisans. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, from 10 to 5.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Emile Zola by Claude Monet). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael and his circle. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closes at 1 on Christmas Eve.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Christmas. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, except Christmas, and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit, in Gottesman Hall, that surveys the age of English Romanticism with paintings, drawings, manuscripts, books, and memorabilia. An autograph copy of Wordsworth's poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," Turner's painting "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley's annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein," and Wordsworth's inkstand are included. Through Jan. 2. ... Papers left by Truman Capote to the library have been put on display in the Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Through March 19. (Open daily, except Sundays and Christmas, 10 to 6; closes at 5 on Christmas Eve.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424 and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

"CHRISTMAS RAPPINGS"—Al Carmines' theatrical version of the Christmas story, which uses rock, funk, folk music, and hymns in the telling. (Trinity Presbyterian Church, 422 W. 57th St. Thursday, Dec. 17, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8; and a benefit performance Sunday, Dec. 20, at 5. For information about tickets, call 245-8128.)

NEW CALLIOPE SINGERS—With Trio Chanteclair, performing Christmas music from England. Peter Schubert directing. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

GRANDE BANDE—Frederick Renz conducting cantatas, *symphonies des Noëls*, and other holiday-inspired tunes from the seventeenth century. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

CONCERTS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 6:30 and 8:30: The Aulos Ensemble; Lynn Aspnæs, harp; and members of the Riverside Choir. ... Sunday,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 20, at 6:30 and 8:30: Pomerium Musices and Calliope: A Renaissance Band. . . .
Monday, Dec. 21, at 6:30 and 8:30: The Boston Camerata. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of processions, dramatic scenes, antiphons, and other Christmas ceremonies and festivities of the Middle Ages. (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3700, Ext. 16. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Gerald Wirth directing the group that Maximilian I founded in 1498. (Avery Fisher Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

MANHATTAN MARIMBA QUARTET—In a varied program that includes a marimba version of a Bach chorale and Daniel Levitan's "Yule Flip." (Immanuel Lutheran Church, Lexington Ave. at 88th St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

CLARION CONCERTS—Newell Jenkins directing the chorus and orchestra in a mostly Monteverdi program. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

COLUMBUS BRASS—With Mary Jane Newman, organist-conductor, and Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

MUSIC FOR A WHILE—Medieval chamber music. With assisting artists. (Phyllis Kind Gallery, 136 Greene St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Blanche Moyse directing Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Benita Valente, soprano; Catherine Robbin, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; David Eviitts, baritone; and the Blanche Moyse Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

MUSIC OF THE BAROQUE—The "Christmas Oratorio" performed by this Chicago-based group (twenty-nine singers, thirty instrumentalists), making its first New York appearance. Directed by Thomas S. Wikman. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 7:30.)

NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS—Gary Miller directing a program that features the premiere of David Conte's "Hymn to the Nativity," for men's chorus and soprano. Faith Esham will be the soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL: Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by eighteen choral conductors. With Crail Conner, soprano; Michael Dash, alto; Stephen Oosting, tenor; Stephen West, bass; Kenneth Bowen, organ; and the audience itself as the chorus. (Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30.) . . . **MUSICA SACRA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA**: Richard Westenburg directing, with Nancy Argenta, soprano; Michael Chance, countertenor; Neil Rosen-schein, tenor; and David Eviitts, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 7:30.) . . .

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA: David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Jeffrey Horvath, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 6:30.) . . . **CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY**: Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with Barbara Peters, soprano; Martha Dunn and Trudy Weaver, mezzo-sopranos; Jim Fredericks, tenor; John-Arthur Miller, bass; Louis Bagger, harpsichord; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 20, at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3400.) . . . **CHOIRS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE**: Paul Halley directing, with vocal soloists and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 7:30.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Dec. 16: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci, conducted by Richard Bonyng. . . . Thursday evening, Dec. 17: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Brian Schexnayder; Thomas Fulton. . . . Friday evening, Dec. 18: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Mollo, Vladimir Popov, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. . . .

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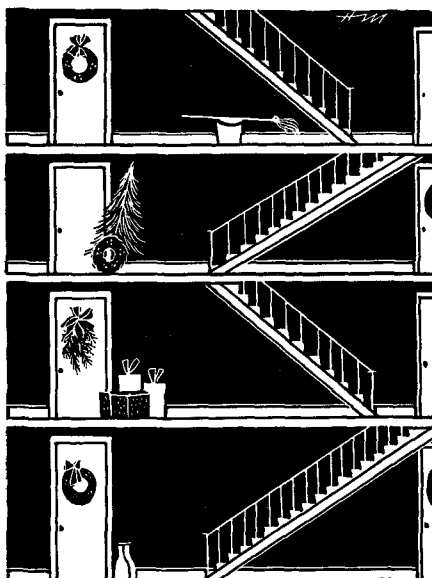
¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 19: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonyng. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 19: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Claudio Nicolai; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 21: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 22: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Neil Rosen-schein, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 23: "Turandot," with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Mollo, Vladimir Popov, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 24: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Gail Dobish, Brenda Boozer, David Rendall, Vernon Hartman, and Sid Caesar in the speaking role of Frosch; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 25: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 26: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Neil Rosen-schein, and Sherrill Milnes; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 26: "Turandot" (a nonsubscription performance), with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Mollo, Vladimir Popov, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8; Friday, Dec. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8. A program of music by Vaughan Williams, Erb, and Brahms, with the Brass Players of the New York Philharmonic. After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Tuesday, Dec. 29.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 8: A Brahms-Stravinsky program. With Peter Serkin, piano, and John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: Strauss's "Elektra," with Hildegard Behrens, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; and others.

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Nadia Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin, and David Shifrin, clarinet. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-



4410. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA—Alexander Schneider conducting a Bach-Mendelssohn program. With William Sharp, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

RECITALS

NEW ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—A Haydn-Rochberg-Schubert program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

SPOLETO FESTIVAL CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM—The first in a series of seven concerts, this one containing works by Bach, Webern, Shostakovich, and Tchaikovsky. With the Meliora Quartet; Joseph Swenson, violin; Colin Carr, cello; Yefim Bronfman, piano; John Gibbons, harpsichord; and Sara Thompson, double bass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

MENDELSSTOHN STRING QUARTET—With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

ELIZABETH RICH AND ROLF SCHULTE—Piano and violin, playing works that Beethoven composed in 1802. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Monday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—Presenting a program of music by Bach and three contemporary composers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

THRUSTON JOHNSON—Violin, with David Garvey, piano, performing music by Scandinavian composers. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"HADDOCKS' EYES"—A staged performance of a new work by David Del Tredici, derived, not surprisingly, from Lewis Carroll and scored for chamber orchestra and soprano. Tom Hulce will portray Carroll, and Noëmi Nadelmann will be the soprano. Directed by David Warren. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 22-23, and Saturday, Dec. 26, all at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

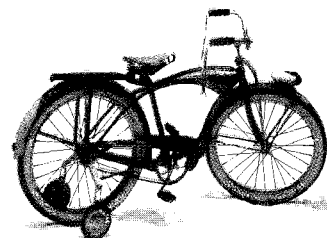
BASKETBALL—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Nets vs. Dallas Mavericks, Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah Jazz, Monday, Dec. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Thursday, Dec. 17, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit Pistons, Friday, Dec. 25, at noon.

FOOTBALL—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Giants vs. Green Bay Packers, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Sunday, Dec. 20, at 1.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Dec. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Dec. 22, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Dec. 17, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Dec. 26, at 7:05.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Wednesday through Monday, Dec. 16-21, and Saturday, Dec. 26, at 12:30.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8; through Thursday, Jan. 7. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Week-nights at 7:30; starting Saturday, Dec. 26.



Remember the day you
took off your training wheels?

Legs pumping. Feet flying. You flew.
No longer would you be held back. Or
slowed down. This was the ultimate
pleasure. You had grown up.
The new Audi 90 brings forth similar
feelings.
Here is a car that matches your passion

for performance.

Five cylinders produce 130 HP. Sixty is
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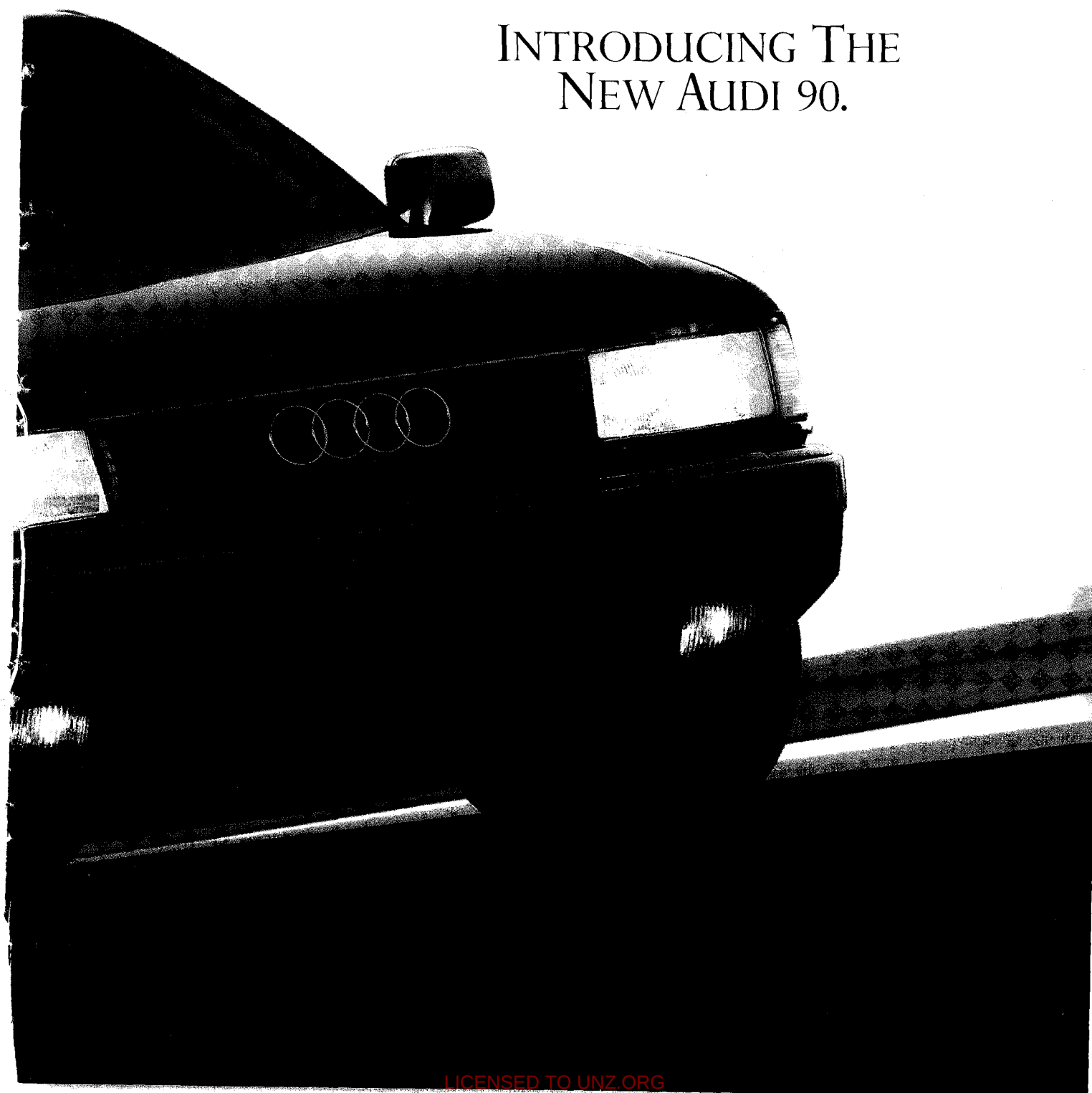
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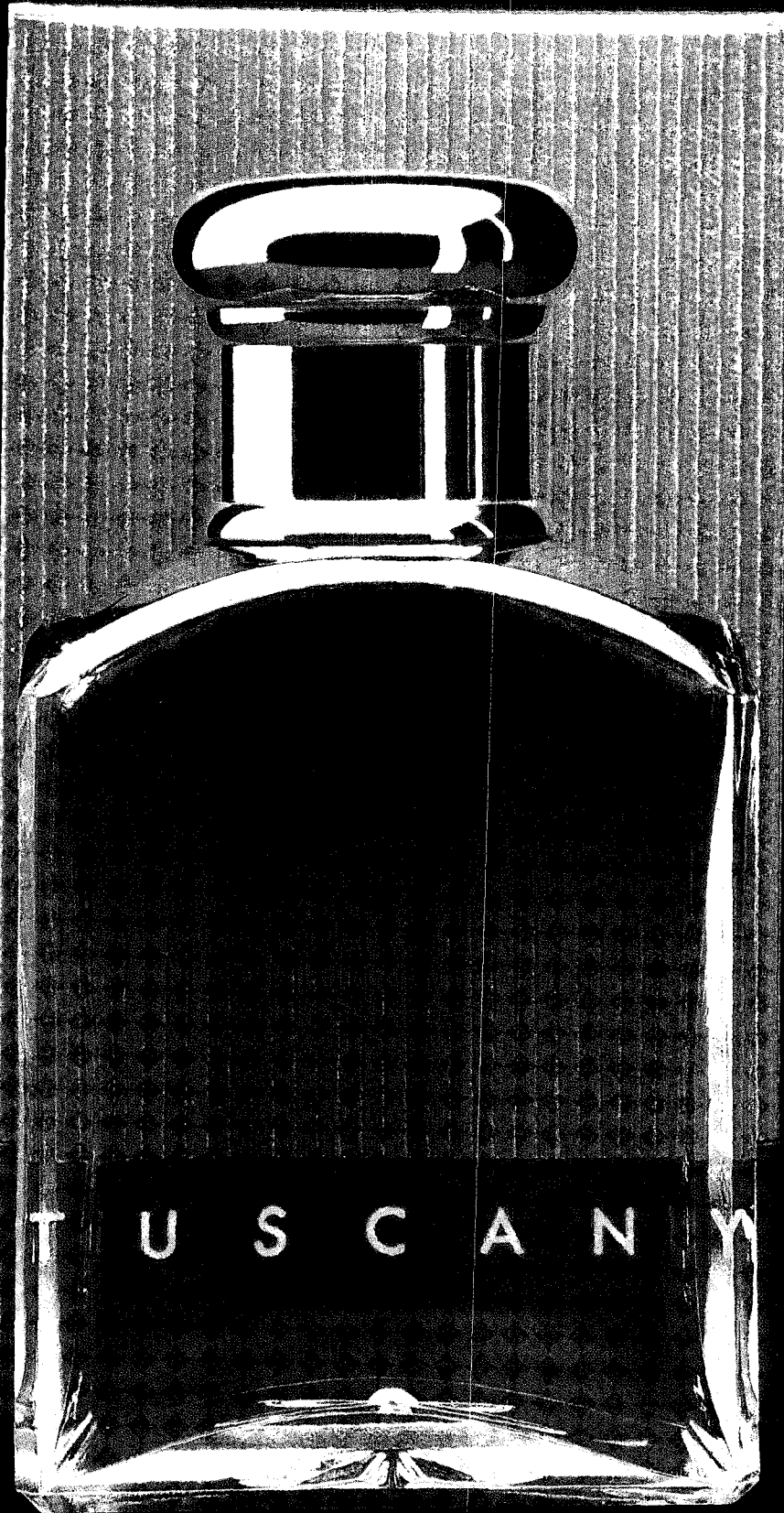
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Dec. 16: At 5:45, "Love in the City" (1953; in Italian), five episodes by five directors; at 7:30, "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; directed by Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and, at 9:30, "Portrait of Jason" (1967; Shirley Clarke).

Dec. 17: At 5:45, "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; a Senegalese film, in Wolof); at 7:30, "Black Moon" (1975; Louis Malle), with Cathryn Harrison; and, at 9:15, "Innocence Unprotected" (1968; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film).

Dec. 18: At 5:30, "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Farley Granger and Alida Valli; at 7:40, "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuelle Béart and Eiji Okada; and, at 9:30, "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Giulietta Masina.

Dec. 19-20: At 3:45, "Plantation Boy" (1965; Walter Lima, Jr.; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 5:30, "Senso"; at 7:40, "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"; and, at 9:30, "The White Sheik."

Dec. 22-23: At 5:30, "Boy" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); at 7:30, "Alphaville" (†); and, at 9:30, "Why Love Has Been Burning" (1949; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Dec. 24-25: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 26: At 3:45, "Muddy River" (1983; Kohei Oguri; in Japanese); at 5:45, "Elevator to the Gallows" (†); at 7:30, "They Don't Wear Black Ties" (1983; Leon Hirschman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 9:45, "Men ..." (†).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 17: "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands. From Dec. 18: "The Last Emperor" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Dec. 24: "The Princess Bride" (†).

From Dec. 25: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 3: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (583-0255)

"Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 15th. (755-3020)

Through Dec. 17: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Dirty Dancing" (†).

From Dec. 18: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

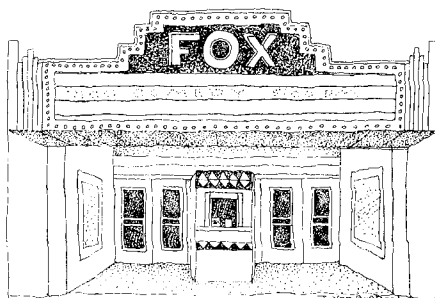
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Manon of the Spring" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leon-

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

ard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby."

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

CINEMA 1 AND 11, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Dec. 16: "The Last Emperor" (†).

From Dec. 17: "The Dead" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 22: "The Whales of August" (†). From Dec. 23: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (Barry Levinson), with Robin Williams.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "Cry Freedom" (†). From Dec. 18: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso. From Dec. 18: "September" (Woody Allen).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through Dec. 22: "Anna" (†).

From Dec. 23: "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (Jack Clayton), with Maggie Smith and Bob Hoskins.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Dec. 17: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

From Dec. 18: "Ironweed" (Hector Babenco), with Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Dec. 17: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

From Dec. 18: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

so. From Dec. 18: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Spirit Moves: A History of Black Social Dance on Film, Parts 1 and 2" (1986; directed by Mura Dehn) and "In a Jazz Way: A Portrait of Mura Dehn" (1986; Louise Gertler and Pamela Katz), both documentaries.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: "The Wannsee Conference" (Heinz Schirk; in German). From Dec. 18: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema). From Dec. 18: "Tampopo" (†).

WAYERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "Walker" (Alex Cox), with Ed Harris and Marlee Matlin.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 17: "Suspect" (†).

From Dec. 18: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From Dec. 18: "September" (Woody Allen).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).

Theatre 2: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Housekeeping" (†).

Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0600)

Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 17: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna. From Dec. 18: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 17: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant. From Dec. 18: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Cry Freedom" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

Through Dec. 17: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

From Dec. 18: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Dec. 16: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 17: "The Last Emperor" (†).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Dirty Dancing" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Housekeeping" (†).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

Through Dec. 22: "A Boy from Calabria" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volontè.

From Dec. 23: "Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Vis-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Repentance" (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "The Princess Bride" (†). From Dec. 25: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 22: "Fatal Attraction" (†). From Dec. 23: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (Barry Levinson), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 17: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso. From Dec. 18: "September" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 17: "Cry Freedom" (†). From Dec. 18: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
Theatre 6: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 17: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands. From Dec. 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

COLUMBIA CINEMA, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Dec. 17: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.
From Dec. 18: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with

Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 17: "Wild Pair." From Dec. 18: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 17: "Suspect" (†). From Dec. 18: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 17: "Less than Zero" (Marek Kaniévski), with Andrew McCarthy, Jami Gertz, and Robert Downey, Jr. From Dec. 18: "Sign o' the Times" (Prince), with Prince.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Dec. 16: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso. Dec. 17: Theatre closed. From Dec. 18: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 17: "The Hidden" (Jack Sholder), with Michael Nouri and Kyle MacLachlan. From Dec. 18: "Eddie Murphy Raw."
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 17: "Dirty Dancing" (†). From Dec. 18: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant. From Dec. 25: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

WARNER, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 17: "Touch of Evil" (1958; directed by Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
Dec. 18-19: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C.



- Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.
- Dec. 20: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Last Ten Days" (†).
- Dec. 21-22: "Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Straight to Hell" (1987; Alex Cox).
- Dec. 23-24: "Molière" (1978; Ariane Mnouchkine; in French).
- Dec. 25-26: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood; and "The Bells of St. Mary's" (1945; Leo McCarey), with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby.
- FILM FORUM 2**, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
- Dec. 16: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.
- Dec. 17-18: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "The Big Knife" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, and Rod Steiger.
- Dec. 19-20: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
- Dec. 21-22: "The Cameraman" (1928; Edward Sedgwick; a silent film), with Buster Keaton; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner; a silent film), with Buster Keaton.
- Dec. 23-25: "Les Misérables" (1935; Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.
- From Dec. 26: "Lord of the Dance" (1987; Richard Kohn).
- THALIA SoHo**, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
- Dec. 16: "In a Lonely Place," (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.
- Dec. 17: "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell, Rod Steiger, Robby Benson, and Barry Miller; and "Yiddle with His Fiddle" (1937; Joseph Green; in Yiddish), with Molly Picon.
- Dec. 18-19: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.
- Dec. 20: "El Amor Brujo" (1986; Carlos Saura; in Spanish); and "The Garden of Delights" (†).
- Dec. 21: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†); and "The Sailor from Gibraltar" (1967;

- Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau, Ian Bannen, and Vanessa Redgrave.
- Dec. 22: "Black Christmas" (1975; Bob Clark), with Olivia Hussey and Keir Dullea; and "Alice Sweet Alice" (1977).
- Dec. 23: "Bombshell" (†); and "Slightly French" (1949; Douglas Sirk), with Dorothy Lamour and Don Ameche.
- Dec. 24: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "St. Benny the Dip" (1952; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Dick Haymes, Nina Foch, Freddie Bartholomew, and Roland Young; and "Bluebeard" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker.
- Dec. 25: "White Christmas" (1954; Michael Curtiz), with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen, and Dean Jagger; and "Holiday Inn" (1942; Mark Sandrich), with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Marjorie Reynolds.
- Dec. 26: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
- Dec. 16: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn; and "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (1965; Carol Reed), with Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison.
- Dec. 17: "Somewhere in the Night" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with John Hodiak; and "House of Strangers" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson and Susan Hayward.
- Dec. 18-19: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea.
- Dec. 20: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "A Christmas Carol" (1938; Edwin L. Marin), with Terry Kilburn, Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll.
- Dec. 21-24: Theatre closed.
- Dec. 25-26: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

- MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
- THEATRE 1**: Dec. 17 at 2:30: "The Little Attorney" (1986; directed by Hark Bohm; in German, with English subtitles). . . . Dec. 17 at 6: "Francesca" (1986; Verena Rudolph; in German, with English subtitles). . . . Dec. 17 at 8: "Time of Silence" (1986; Thorsten Näter; in German, with English subtitles). . . . Dec. 18 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Family" (1987; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ar-

- dant, and Stefania Sandrelli. Mr. Scola will be present at the 5:30 showing. . . . Dec. 19 at 2: "Mississippi Blues" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier and Robert Parrish), a documentary. . . . Dec. 19 at 5: "Round Midnight" (1986; Bertrand Tavernier; in French and English, with English subtitles), with Dexter Gordon. . . . Dec. 20 at 2 and 5: "Power of Evil" (1985; Krzysztof Zanussi; in French, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman and Marie-Christine Barrault. . . . Dec. 21 at 2:30: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1974; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, and Stefania Sandrelli. . . . Dec. 21 at 6: "Clean Slate" (1982; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Isabelle Huppert, and Jean-Pierre Marielle. . . . Dec. 22 at 2:30: "The Judge and the Assassin" (1976; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret and Isabelle Huppert. . . . Dec. 22 at 6: "Passion d'Amore" (1981; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Bernard Giraudeau. . . . Dec. 24 at 6: "The Terrace" (1980; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Ugo Tognazzi, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . Dec. 26 at 2: "Contract" (1981; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Maja Komorowska. . . . Dec. 26 at 5: "The Terrace."
- THEATRE 2**: Dec. 17 at 3 and 6:30: "Roads Home: The Life and Times of A. B. Happy Chandler" (1987; Robert Henson) and "Las Vegas Odds" (1985; Richard Boehm), both documentaries. . . . Dec. 18 at 3: "Hands Up!" (1926; Clarence Badger; a silent film), with Raymond Griffith and Mack Swain. . . . Dec. 19 at 3: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, and Jack Nicholson. . . . Dec. 20 at 2:30: "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy. . . . Dec. 20 at 5:30: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger, and Jack Nicholson. . . . Dec. 22 at 3: "Reds." . . . Dec. 26 at 2:30: "Terms of Endearment." . . . Dec. 26 at 5:30: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford and Kelly McGillis.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A retrospective of films and videotapes by Shirley Clarke. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . Through Jan. 2: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings daily at 12:05, 2:05, and 4:05 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. The picture is brilliant, yet it's no good. At first, the dehumanization is funny and alluring and a little eerie, but the people of Alphaville are ruled by a giant computer, and soullessness can be very monotonous. The movie was shot at night, and it seems to give off powerfully soporific vapors, especially since the comic-strip story is an uninspired mixture of sci-fi and private eye that never takes hold. With Eddie Constantine as cool, tough Lemmy Caution (his face is so tired and leathery he's like an old shoe), Anna Karina as the most radiant of robots, and Akim Tamiroff, Laszlo Szabo, Michel Delahaye, and Howard Vernon. Written and directed by Godard. In French. (Public Theatre; Dec. 22-23, at 7:30.)

ANNA—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of

cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 22.)

BARFLEY—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke,

who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin.)

BOMBHELL (1933; also known as "Blonde Bombshell")—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blond movie star. Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style, made at M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star's finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent and Franchot Tone is

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slickly funny as the man who woos her with such lines as "Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair." With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Pat O'Brien, Louise Beavers, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 23.)

CRY FREEDOM—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (Ziegfeld. . . .) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 17.)

DARK EYES—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merry-making, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

THE DEAD—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I; starting Dec. 17.)

DIRTY DANCING—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-dis-

covery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hokey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (New Carnegie. . . .) (Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 17, evenings only. . . .) (U.A. East, and Movieland; through Dec. 17.)

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT (1983)—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic, and the people talking are popin-jays in perukes shaped as geometrically as the shrubs at Marienbad. This impishness congeals, because there's no dramatic motor in the sequences. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 21.)

FATAL ATTRACTION—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference; she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoid fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal.

Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Embassy. . . .) (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 17. . . .) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 22. . . .) (Eastside Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex; starting Dec. 18.)

FULL METAL JACKET—With Matthew Modine, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (7/13/87) (Art Greenwich Twin; through Dec. 17.)

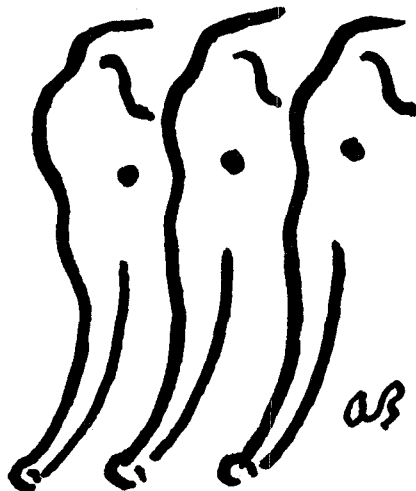
THE GARDEN OF DELIGHTS (1971)—Carlos Saura's comedy about upper-middle-class greed is the story of an amnesiac industrialist (J. L. López Vázquez) whose relatives act out grotesque psychodramas from his childhood, trying to shock him into remembering and telling them the number of his Swiss bank account. The film is elegant in a dark, heavy-lidded sort of way, but Saura has a maddening habit of cutting away from a sequence just when we've got interested in where it's going, and the film lacks impetus. Saura works in a sedate, measured style; he isn't an instinctual Surrealist, and, given the nature and drive of Surrealism, that's the only authentic kind. He's an academic Surrealist: his images don't come from the hidden and unadmitted—they're impeccably planned to be Surreal. There's one brief gloriously redemptive sequence: when the voluptuous Lina Canalejas enters the industrialist's Art Deco bedroom, opens the French windows, and lets the breeze waft through the curtains and her chiffon gown, the film has a trace of magical reminiscence—she brings back all the sexy, elusive movie stars who ever wafted through our imaginations. Written by Rafael Azcona and Saura. In Spanish. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 20.)

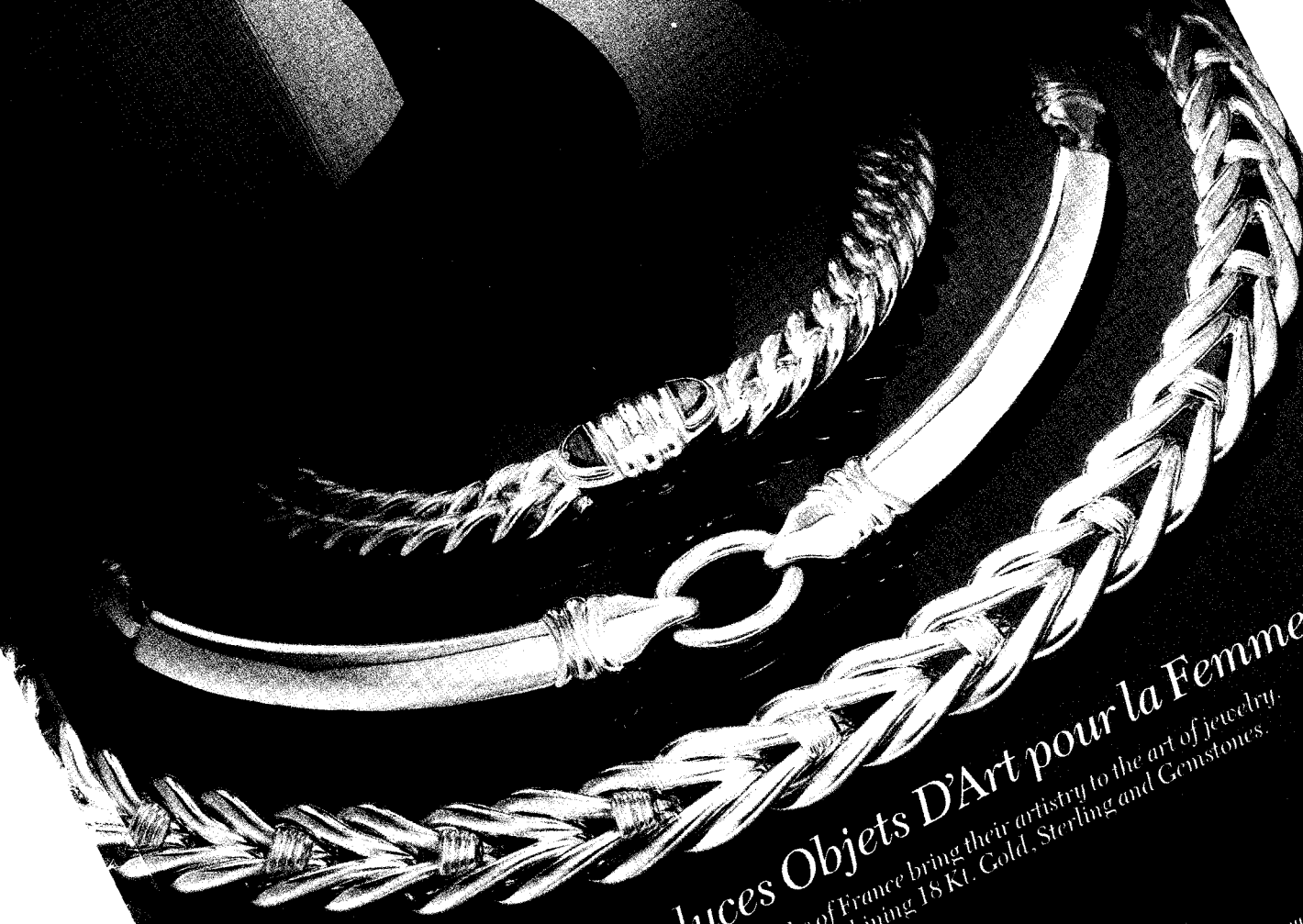
HOPE AND GLORY—With Sebastian Rice Edwards, directed by John Boorman. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema.)

HOUSEKEEPING—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, was perhaps too respectful of the internalized and estranged nature of Robinson's vision. (It's all subtext.) He doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre (Lionel Barrymore). Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, the picture is well done, but it's doggerel trying to pass as art. With Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, Thomas Mitchell, and Ward Bond. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 20.)

JEAN DE FLORETTE—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous,





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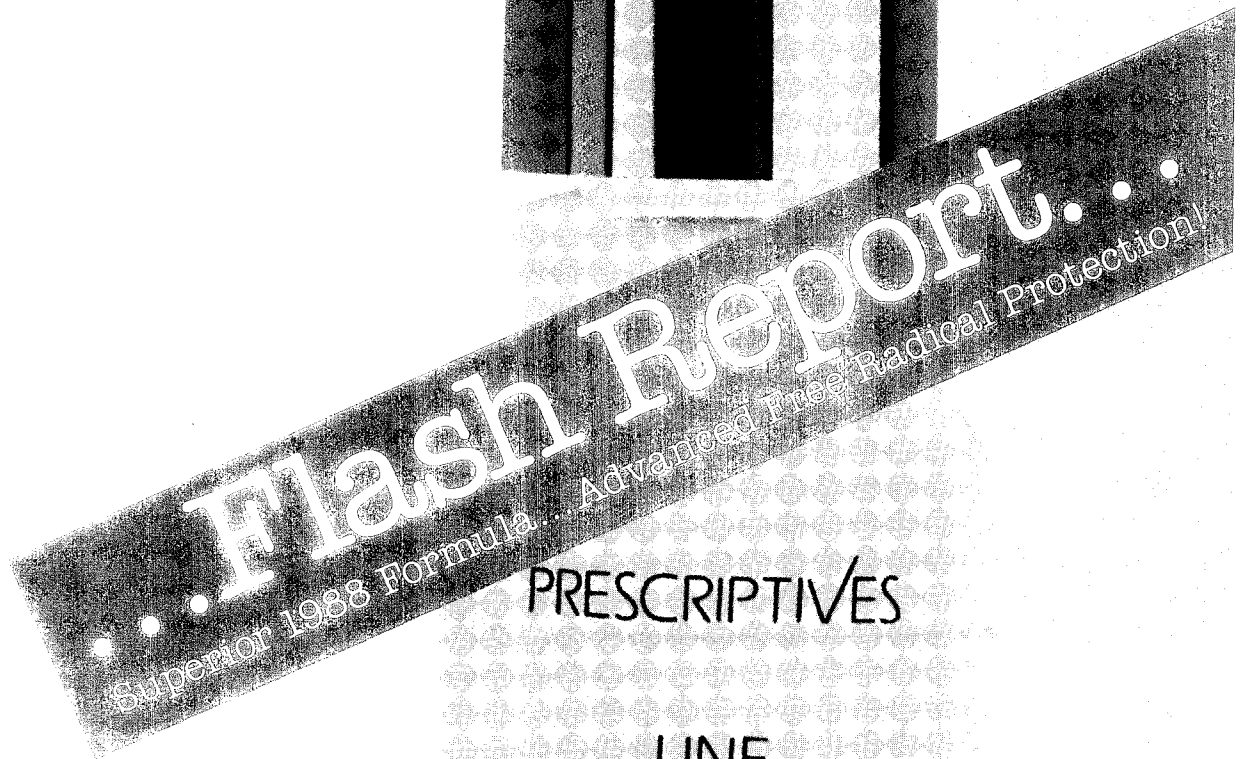
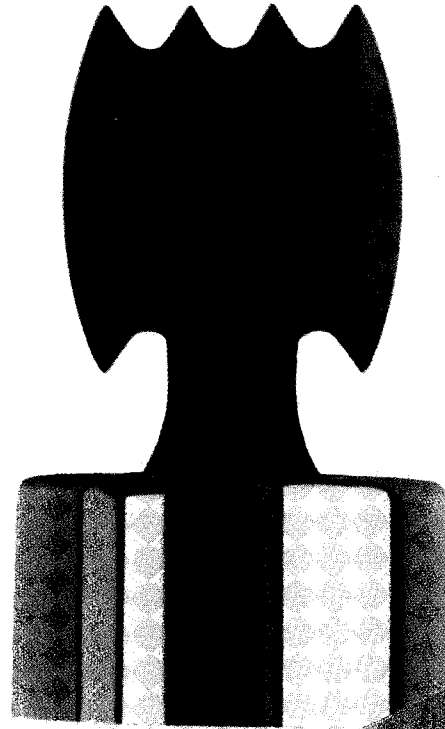
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greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what he thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THE LAST EMPEROR—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reeducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Cinema I; Dec. 16. . . . 57th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 17. . . . 42nd St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 18.)

THE LAST TEN DAYS (1955)—G. W. Pabst, who directed this account of the last ten days in Hitler's headquarters, employs a restrained style that makes the collapse of discipline and the final disintegration seem like an enveloping nightmare. Erich Maria Remarque's script, based on Judge Michael A. Musmanno's chronicle "Ten Days to Die," perhaps errs in systematically constructing little episodes to illuminate chaos; the atmosphere is so compelling that these vignettes seem trite and unnecessary. Albin Skoda's Hitler is an intelligent approach to a terribly difficult part; Oskar Werner's heroic role as a liaison officer from one of the Army corps is a flamboyant invention, and he gives it a fine flourish. Made in Austria. In German. (Cinema Village; Dec. 20.)

MANON OF THE SPRING—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gapping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza.)

MAURICE—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repres-

sion and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clutches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. The cast also includes Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Aldridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

MEN... (1986)—This West German comedy was written and directed by Doris Dörrie, and people go to it hoping to see men through a woman's eyes. The disappointment is not just that you don't see men through a woman's eyes. Dörrie's characters have no substance; they're not quite human—you don't see anybody through anybody's eyes. When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine," it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. In German. (9/8/86) (Public Theatre; starting Dec. 26, showings at 9:45.)

MY LIFE AS A DOG—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingemar Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännström, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish. —T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the targets of this famous thirties comedy. Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, has them happily dripping crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter-hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard, any different. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phonyness. William Wellman's direction is more leisurely than usual; he has such good material here that he takes his time. With

Walter Connolly, Charles Winninger, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, Frank Fay, Margaret Hamilton, Monty Woolley, Hattie McDaniel, John Qualen, Hedda Hopper, and Sig Ruman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 25-26.)

THE PRINCESS BRIDE—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredeviltry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). The cast includes Chris Sarandon, Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant, Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. (10/19/87) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 24.)

SAMMY AND ROSIE GET LAID—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvelous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

SUSPECT—With Cher, Dennis Quaid, Liam Neeson, and John Mahoney; directed by Peter Yates. (11/16/87) (8th St. Playhouse, and Criterion Center; through Dec. 17.)

TAMPOPO—With Nobuko Miyamoto and Tsutomu Yamazaki, directed by Juzo Itami. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Dec. 18.)

THE WHALES OF AUGUST—This is the sort of movie in which dignified old people study the horizon and ask each other, "Have you seen the whales?" It doesn't take much imagination to figure out that those whales are going to stay offscreen for the duration. Bette Davis and Lillian Gish aren't so lucky. Playing a pair of sisters who live together on the Maine coast, they're trapped before our eyes, trying to give a semblance of reality to writer David Berry's clunky, fake-Chekhovian conceits. They get no help from Lindsay Anderson's direction; the rhythm he imposes on the film is punishingly slow, and has the cruel effect of making us irritable and impatient with his elderly characters. Endangered by Anderson and Berry, the actresses somehow manage to escape with their dignity. Also featuring Ann Sothern, in good sidekick form as a gossip neighbor, and Vincent Price. —T.R. (Cinema II; through Dec. 22.)



Christmas is...



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It all falls into place the moment you give her diamonds. Shown: diamond pins ablaze in platinum from our antique and estate collection. Platinum and diamond bow pin, reg. \$14,000, sale \$11,200. Platinum and diamond drop pin, reg. \$20,000, sale \$16,000. Platinum and diamond swirl pin, reg. \$16,000, sale \$12,800. Visit our Antique and Estate Gallery on our 34th St. Balcony in Herald Square. Call Macy's By Appointment, your fashion consultants, for details: 560-4181. Antique and Estate Jewelry (D:759), Main Floor Herald Square and 34th St. Balcony. Items shown actual size. All items subject to prior sale. Similar selections at your Macy's. Sale ends 12/24. Use your Macy's charge. Or, the American Express® Card.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, on the border of Harlem, is so reverberant that the sound of drums—or even of a single drum—fills it. One drum and then, suddenly, eight drums began the funeral service for James Baldwin the other day at noon. For the opening procession—a crucifer flanked by two candle-bearers and followed by priests, pastors, acolytes, the cathedral choirs, the Baldwin family, and the pallbearers, all slowly making a half circuit of the aisles—the Babatunde Olatunji Ensemble played “A Drum Salute.” For some two hours after that, though, there was stillness, except for occasional clicking cameras or a fussing baby, and the congregation listened as Psalms were chanted, prayers were offered, and Scripture was read, and as friends of Baldwin’s spoke about him, or to him. “You made American English honest,” Toni Morrison said. “You stripped it of ease and false comfort. . . . You went into that forbidden territory and decolonized it. . . . In your hands, language was *handsome* again.” Toward the end came Baldwin’s own gentle baritone voice, in a recording, singing the gospel hymn “Precious

Lord, take my hand, lead me on.” It was so quiet that you could hear, a long way off, the muffled ringing of a telephone.

In some ways, it was as if the service (“A Celebration of the Life of James Arthur Baldwin” was the title on a printed program) were a pageant, meant to be seen as a play is seen. The men and women presiding and serving wore their plain dark cassocks and white surplices; the choir wore red robes. Some of the women in the procession were in regal-looking fur coats, and several wore tall, squared African head wraps, one with a parade of zebra stripes around it. And when two jazz musicians played a horn salute the trumpet and flugelhorn shone under the lights.

At the end, a recessional called “Continuum Drums” (also played by Babatunde Olatunji) went on until the church was empty and hollow-sounding. The congregation slowly filed out through the main doors, but didn’t leave. Instead, people stood on the wide steps leading down to Amsterdam Avenue—in small groups, mostly, though there was one classroom-sized crew of third graders—and greeted each other, posed with programs for each other’s snapshots, called out to those still leaving the church, chatted

(“But you *never* wear a tie!”) or spoke privately for a long time. They seemed less like isolated mourners than like friends who hadn’t seen one another in an age—who had come not as strangers but as a family.

Doo Dah Parade

POSTCARDS from a friend:

MISSOULA, MONTANA: Malaise rampant. Find self gorging on empty calories while switching remote control between “Bachelor Father” rerun and weeks-old waterskiing tournament. Deserve Frequent Eater Card from major frozen-chicken company. Attribute mood and girth to arrival of winter. Vow action. Gather wits and wallet. Pack Hawaiian shirt, sunglasses, sunscreen, Joan Didion essays. Get mod haircut. Tuck in stomach. Plan: Get to Southern California. Alternative plan: Get farther south than Boise. Plan within plan: Expand horizons. (Example: Eat food cooked over mesquite.) Plan within plan within plan: Do something hip, dangerous. (Example: None yet.)

STUDIO CITY: Plan going badly. Mesquite cooking past tense here. Sunscreen works too well. Rented subcompact object of actual derision on



Arthur H. 66282

freeway. Girth object of imagined derision everywhere else. Horizons not expanding. (Example: Friend with satellite dish in Valley hands over controls. One hour later, with choice of hundred fifty-odd channels, find self still glued to Exxtasy Channel.) Hawaiian shirt a joke—see self as pale Tahitian. Haircut worse joke—look like cross between Burl Ives and Keith Richards.

PASADENA, CORNER OF FAIR OAKS AND UNION, 9 A.M. Near formation area for Eleventh Occasional Doo Dah Parade. Parade billed as parody of Rose Bowl Parade. Thought Southern California already parody of real life. Perplexed.

Pleasant surprise: Offered Bloody Mary by Jon Giberson. Giberson co-director of TelePros, social organization of telecommunicators. TelePros readying to march in self-mockery, carrying signs: "REPAIRATES—\$879 for the First 2 Minutes. Then we charge whatever we can." "Telephone Repairman from Hell." "Out of Order Phone Booth." "Unreadable Phone Bill." One TelePro, wrapped in yards of coiled plastic, calls self the Tangled Phone Cord.

Observe Pen Clicking Band

("When we go by, listen for our Doppler effect"). Meet Whittier After-shocks—nine women tap dancers. Richter scale printed on T-shirts. Lively, friendly gals. Is pavement hard on taps? Yes. "But after you've been in an earthquake, ruined taps are just no big deal." Unable to agree more.

Stop at Cal-State Fullerton sculpture department's "Not-So-Still-Life"—pyramid of five connected bicycles, of which three on ground, two on top. Pedals multi-functional: move bikes, move power brooms to clear way, turn twelve-flag wheel above riders. Frames pink with black leopard spots. Ask co-designer, "Don't you have anything better to do with your time?" Answer: "No." Guys not tan, not body-toned. Odd. Reassuring.

CORNER OF COLORADO AND FAIR OAKS: Eat breakfast. Countermate wears T-shirt asking "Are You Stoned or Just Stupid?" Assume rhetorical. Next to him, man in pajamas and robe reading *Los Angeles Times*.

Outside restaurant, bump into bunch of guys in gray suits and skinny bow ties, attending to various bicycles. Make inquiry. United Youth Synagogue Pee-wee Herman Brigade.

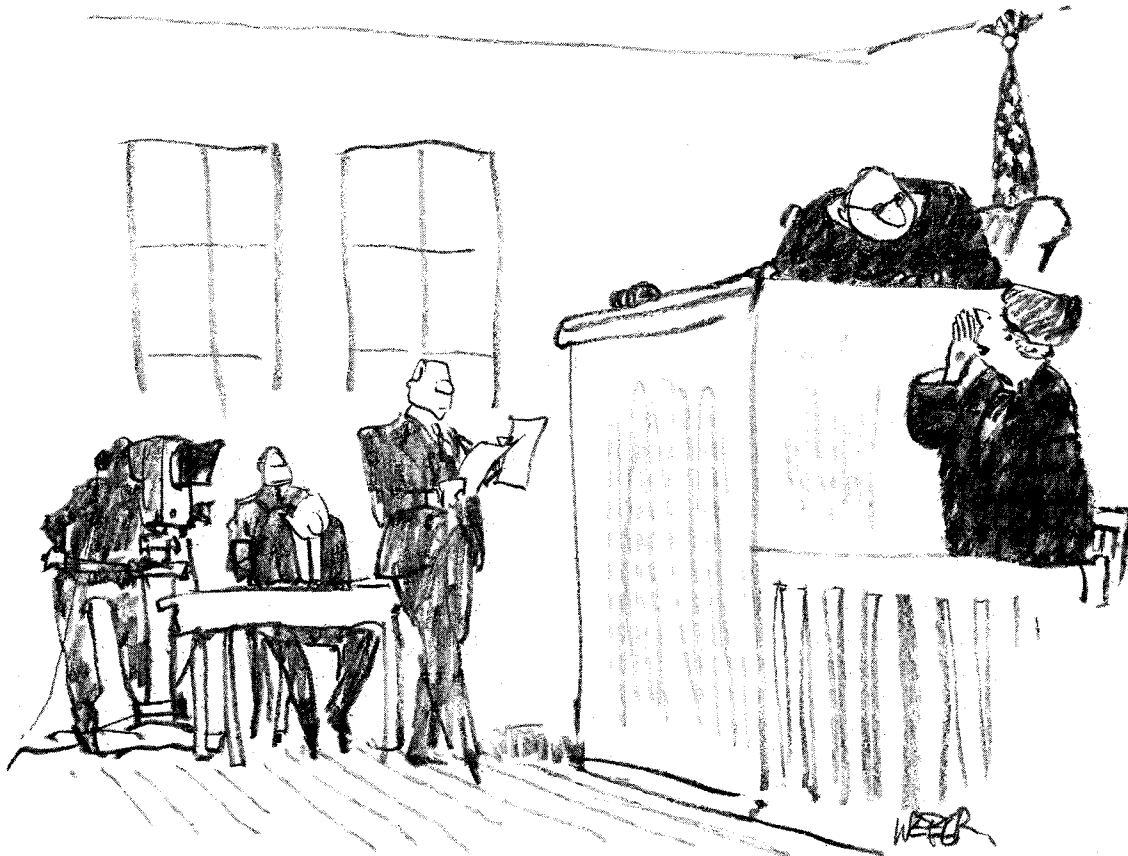
CORNER OF DELACEY AND UNION:

Formation area bustling, raucous. Four tubas practicing "Louie, Louie"—snare drums, laughter, whistles, wood flutes. Elvis imitator; Pope John Paul imitator; devil; blue nun; several witches; several belly dancers; black man with bagpipes and kilt; ballerina; L.A. Kings National Hockey League team boosters, with net, sticks, and Nerf ball; cowboys; "Yuppie Self-Flagellators," lashing selves with floppy disks; Roach Busters, in fatigues; human beings in roach costumes. Pass by practicing Pen Clickers. Doppler effect not discernible. Is hearing loss function of gathering hipness?

Find TelePros. Bad news: Bloody Mary supply exhausted. Good news: More on way. Given plastic packet of sand labelled "Pasadena City Beach" by member of World Premier Mobile Volleyball Team setting up mobile volleyball net and mobile palm trees. Where is Pasadena City Beach? "Across from the toxic-waste dump, near the nuclear plant, at the end of the Hyperion sewer outlet. Mayor Bradley had a net installed there for us. Do you think that means anything?"

Surrounded by Ocean Beach Geriatric Surf Club Precision Marching Surfboard Drill Team. Hawaiian shirts, trunks, shifts; one grass skirt and coconut-husk bra; lifeguard stand; large polymer shark with hand protruding from mouth; many battered surfboards, one with doll attached and sign "Baby on Board." Given another small packet of sand, with legend "INSTANT SURF KIT—just add waves and 'Take off Dude!'" For first time in fifteen years, hear someone say "Bitchin'" out loud. Watch Geriatrics practice formations: Waxin' Up, Wipeout, Surfrider. Serious business. Practice lasts fifteen or twenty seconds.

COLORADO BOULEVARD: Parade passing. Crowd eight deep on both sides of street. Camp stoves, folding



"There's a little jelly or something on your chin."

chairs, tables; sausage, eggs, pancake breakfasts, fruit and pastry brunches, chips and salsa, champagne. Kids on skateboards, bicycles. Many T-shirts with Hard Rock Cafe logo. Watch parade: Betty, Goddess of Produce, Doo Dah grand marshal; Nixon in '88 Committee, with sign "He's Tan, Rested, and Ready;" Texas Chainsaw Massacre Drool Team; Night of the Living Dead Dishonor Guard; drill teams twirling snow shovels, briefcases, *Wall Street Journals* and coffee cups, beach chairs, regular folding chairs, ironing boards. Miss glimpse of Claude Rains Memorial 20-Man Invisible Marching Drill Team but catch Chiropractic Spinal Column's formations: Whiplash, Slipped Disk, Floating Vertebrae. Adults laughing, kids bewildered. Music unmartial: "Little Old Lady from Pasadena," "Surf City," "Twist and Shout," "Second That Emotion," "Tequila," "Surfin'," and refrain from "Camp-town Races."

Cops along parade route unnecessary. One cop grabs cymbals of last entrant, John Muir Junior High School Drum Section, and high-steps with spirit. Crowd roars approval. Disperses.

Ask weary returning Geriatric why he loves Doo Dah Parade: "No prizes. No grief. No bad vibes. No horses."

CORNER OF HOLLY AND WALNUT: Ready to return to Montana, winter. Bursting with resolve. Decide former goal of hip, dangerous activity immature. Look at belly, recent source of shame, with new interest. Decide body is warehouse, not temple. Plan: Enter 1988 parade carrying sign "Bellness, not Wellness." Give tummy a rub-a-dub-dub. "Ho Ho Ho" out loud. Passerby looks my way. Smiles. Sings "Doo dah, doo dah."

Darts

THE *Bull's-Eye News*, which is the *Partisan Review* of the dart world, recently carried a symposium on the crisis in dart culture. (Like the old *P.R.*, *BEN*—as darters call it—has a generally tetchy and contentious tone. The first two letters in that issue's correspondence section begin, "It's about time someone addressed the issue of dart wholesalers selling to anyone who has access to their phone number," and "Please correct a couple of misconceptions presented in the July-August issue.") The editor of



"Do you know what I like about being with you, Mr. Buskin? You make history come alive for me."

the symposium asked, "Would you pay to attend and watch the finals of a tournament, and, if so, whom would you consider worth paying a fee to watch play darts?" Almost all the participants agreed, however reluctantly, that they would pay if they had to, and that one of the people they would consider paying to watch is Sandy Reitan, who is the premier woman darter in the world.

When Sandy Reitan was in New York last week for the Lucky Lights Challenge of Champions Dart Tournament, at the Penta Hotel (perhaps seizing on a tenuous resemblance between the Lucky Strike insignia and a dart board, Lucky Strike has become the corporate sugar daddy of tournament darts), we asked her to explain to us some of the social and economic background—the larger context—of the crisis in dart culture. Sandy Reitan is a handsome woman of thirty-four with short dark-blond hair, perfect posture, and Steve Garvey forearms. She grew up in Minnesota, where she excelled in almost every sport in which small things are directed at bigger targets (bowling and archery, say), but never saw a dart. Then, ten years ago, she wandered into a pub in Hermosa Beach, California, and discovered that

she was a natural darter. In 1983, she went to Scotland—for most of its history, darts has been dominated by the British—won the women's singles World Cup, and brought it home to America: the dart-world equivalent of a plucky girl from Newport winning Wimbledon in the eighteen-nineties.

In public appearances, Sandy Reitan (who, when she isn't touring, runs a dart shop in Anaheim) wears a red silk racing jacket with "Sandy" spelled out in red thread on one breast, and the insignia of the Lucky Lights Dart Series—a Lucky Strike bull's-eye with two darts rampant—on the other. In a column on her right sleeve are spelled out, in thread of different colors, the names of her various sponsors: Lucky Lights, Unicorn (a British darts concern, whose tungsten-alloy darts she uses exclusively), Sportcraft (the American distributor of Unicorn darts), and the *Bull's-Eye News*. In public, she regularly carries a dart board around, in a round dart-board case. This is not because she has any appetite for hustling dart games on the streets of New York but in order to show the uneducated what a dart board actually looks like. "People have these mental images of darts and dart boards that don't have much to do

with the truth," she told us. "If you close your eyes and think 'dart board,' what do you see? I bet you just saw a black-and-yellow cork board with rings on it and a bull's-eye in the center, and I bet if I asked you to throw a dart at it you'd take the dart, aim for the bull's-eye, and throw it like a baseball." Sandy explained that anyone who intends to approach darts in this way is living in a fool's paradise. "A real dart board is made of bristle—a kind of tightly wound rope," she said. "Because the rope, when it leaks out around the edges, looks like horsehair,

a lot of people come into my shop and ask for a horsehair board. So let me say this now: There is *no such thing* as a horsehair dart board. Also, darts is a game played with two things—the wrist and the mind. You have to hold the dart out in front of you, so that you can keep that hand-eye coordination going, and you shoot from the wrist."

In tournament darts, Sandy told us, you stand exactly seven feet nine and a quarter inches away from the target. (The distance is the consequence of a Grand Compromise reached about a

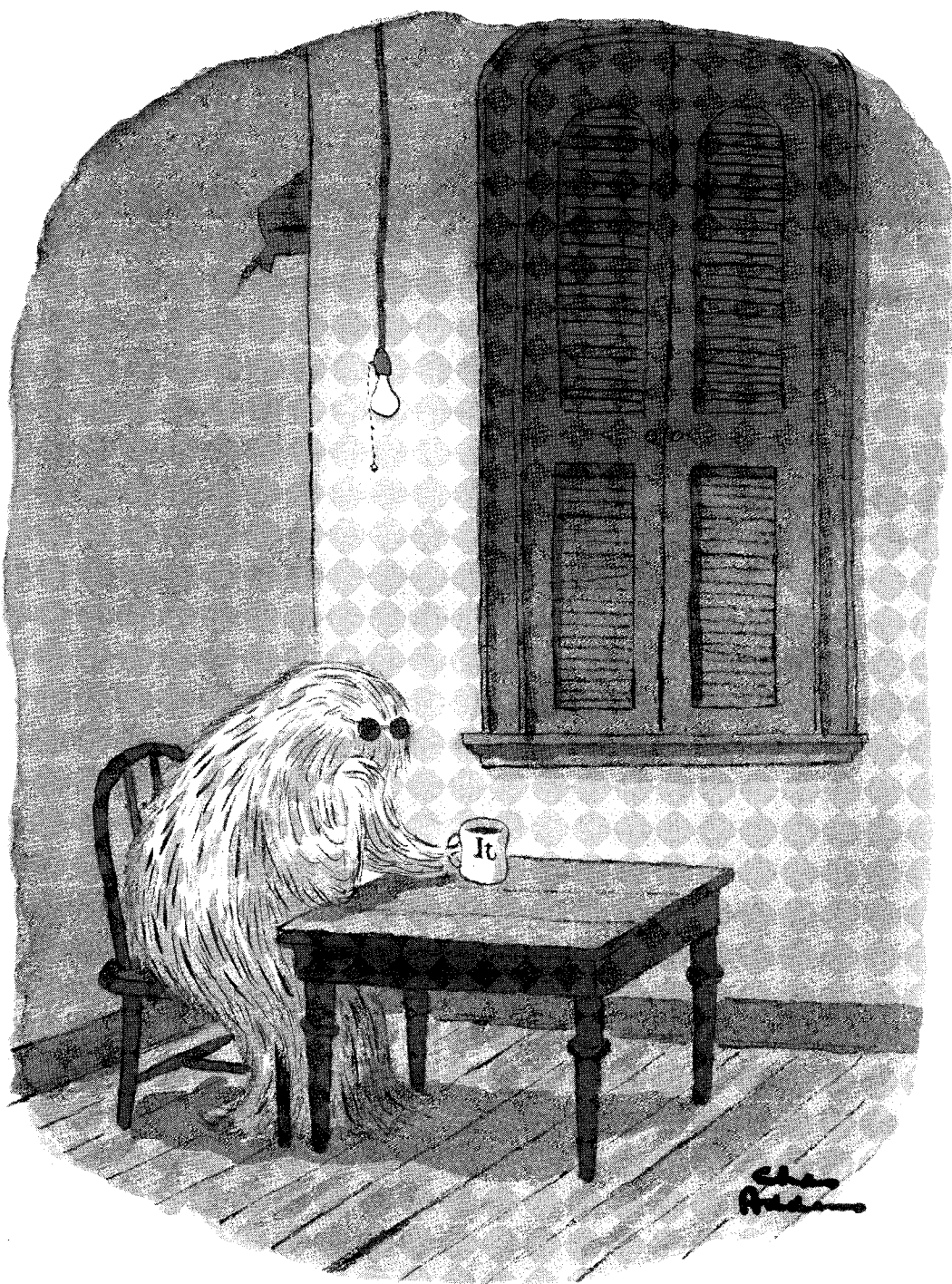
decade ago between the British, who had always stood eight feet away from the board, and the Americans, who stood seven and a half feet away.) And the basic tournament game is 501; that is, each player begins with five hundred and one points, and tries to reduce that *total exactly* to zero, using as few darts as possible.

A nine-dart game of 501 is the equivalent of bowling 300, and it has never been achieved in American tournament play. Among the few people who have achieved even a ten-dart game is Sandy's husband, Andy Green; he was

recently featured on the cover of the *Bull's-Eye News*, with the cover line "Andy Green takes aim at the perfect game." The Green-Reitan ménage is the dart-world equivalent of the Evert-Lloyd tennis marriage: while Andy Green is a very good darter, he is not someone whom other darters would actually pay to see in a darts final.

In an interview in *BEN*, Andy Green, perhaps unintentionally, touched on the source of the current crisis in darts. Recalling his beginnings in darts, he said, "I found that I could drink most of the night for nothing by playing darts."

Sandy Reitan explains, "Most darters come out of a kind of pub culture, and the tournaments were always an extension of that. You just paid an entry fee and you were a darter. That was the fun of it. A top player and a beginner might find themselves playing against each other, or, if it was a doubles tournament, they might find themselves playing on a team. It was good for everybody's game, because you play better darts against a better player. The prize money came out of the entry fees, plus whatever the sponsor would put up. The problem is that we've seen a phenomenal growth in darts in the past decade, and the tournaments are getting out of



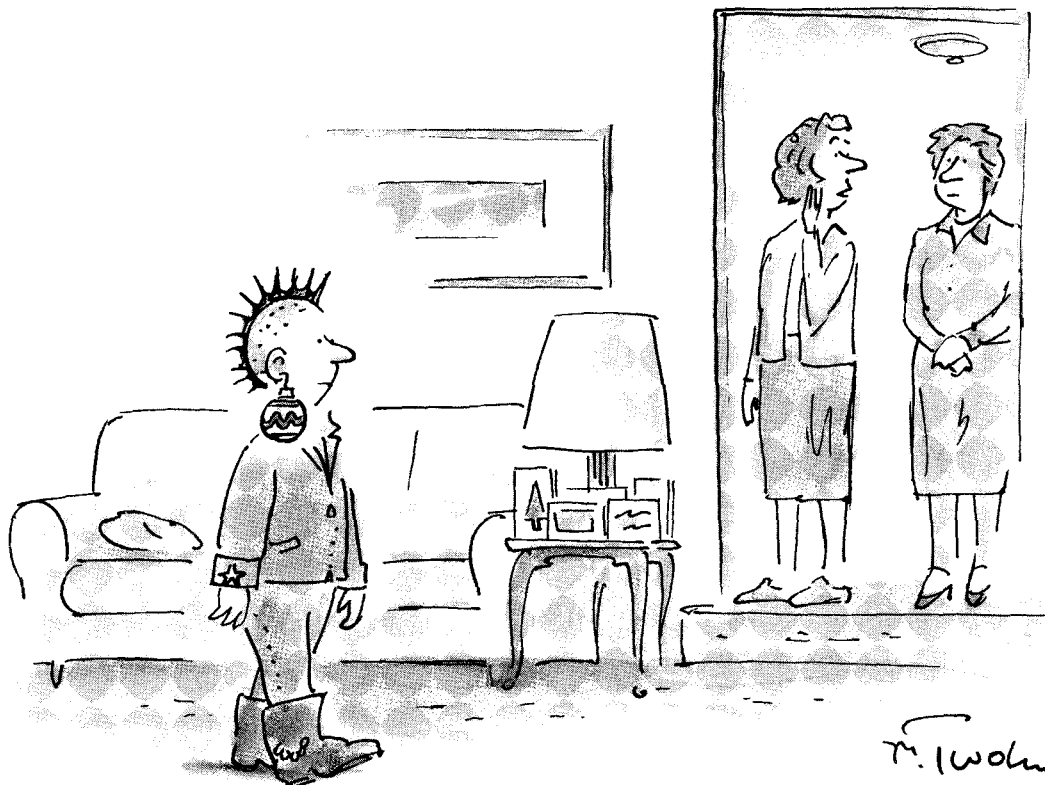
hand. A weekend tournament's qualifying round now may start early on Friday evening and keep going until two or three o'clock on Saturday morning. It's exhausting, and nobody knows exactly what to do about it. We can't have qualifying rounds during the week, because most darters have full-time jobs. And people are worried that if you start separating the pro darters from the amateurs everything that makes darts special will evaporate. Nobody's ever had to pay to watch another darter, and some people feel that the moment that happens—well, then the genie's out of the bottle, and darts will become just like bowling or squash, or something."

Sandy paused, and then said, "On the other hand, some people feel that the future of darts is as a spectator sport more than as a participant sport. After all, there are already dart legends out there—like Eric Bristow, the Crafty Cockney. I guess you'd say he's got the personality to take darts up to another level of public awareness. So we're a sport at the crossroads, and there are just a lot of mixed-up feelings all around. The Challenge of Champions is an attempt to deal with all this. It's an invitation-

al tournament, and starts in the middle of the week, but it has open entry for amateurs if they can qualify on Wednesday. And we're holding it in New York because this is the media capital."

Perhaps because she was concerned about making the dart world look too divisive, Sandy seemed to brighten when we raised an issue that had always interested us.

"Well, now you've touched on one thing that all darters can agree on," she said. "Every serious darter *hates* being asked to throw darts at somebody's picture. It's depressing—I can't walk into a television station to do a little promotion about darts without having them bring out a photograph of somebody with a lot of circles drawn on it. The thing is, it's never even a picture of somebody you'd *want* to throw darts at—like Qaddafi, say.



"We're just pleased he can still get into the Christmas spirit."

It's just some small-time jerk from around the station—the station manager, or somebody. I won't do it. It may seem like fun, but it's not really what the game is all about. *That's* an issue that unites darters everywhere."

Native Sons

TONY WATKINS, seated way at the back of the balcony, was plucking a Jew's harp while he waited for the start of the Arlo Guthrie concert at Carnegie Hall on the Saturday night of Thanksgiving weekend. He had come with his friend Ben Posnack, and we had a seat next to theirs. This was Ben's first Arlo Guthrie concert and Tony's second. "My dad drove me out with some friends to the concert at C. W. Post about ten months ago," Tony said. He was wearing overalls and sneakers, and had a brown felt hat pulled down over long, wavy brown hair.

Ben, dressed in a sweater and jacket, jeans, and recently repainted Reebok high-tops, undraped his legs from the seat in front of him to allow a ticket holder to pass. "Tony told me about this concert a few weeks ago, and we

listened to Arlo records, and I got excited about it," he said. "I think we got the last two seats together." He added that they are both sixteen years old and juniors at Stuyvesant High School, where they're in a math class together, and that they've been friends since the eighth grade.

Tony first heard about Arlo Guthrie four or five years ago, at his uncle's house in Ithaca. "I heard 'Motorcycle Song' on the radio, and I thought it was the greatest song," he told us. "Then my grandfather—or my grandmother?—found an eight-track tape of Arlo's at a flea market for me and that's what got me started."

The concert, which had been sold out two weeks before, was being held to commemorate the twentieth anniversaries of Woody Guthrie's death and of the Reprise Records release of "Alice's Restaurant Massacre," the true story of a Thanksgiving adventure that Arlo Guthrie had one year, when he dumped garbage illegally in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, while trying to do a friend a favor. The dumping had led to his arrest and imprisonment, a court appearance, a fine, and, finally, his disqualification by the Selective Service from active



"This isn't going to do the old ozone layer any good, that's for sure."

military duty during the Vietnam War.

Reading the program, we noticed a reference to something called *The Rolling Blunder Review*—a newsletter put out by Arlo from his farm, in Massachusetts, which prints "All the News That'll Fit." "The news is pretty funny—Arlo writes most of it," Tony said. "Sometimes it's not that funny. We're going to publish our own newsletter."

We asked what they were going to call it, and understood Tony to say, "*The World at Large*." We were quickly put right.

"Lard!" both boys said, very loudly. "*The World of Lard*."

"It's underground," Tony added. "We can't really use the school equipment to print it."

The printing of the first edition, it turns out, is still pending, because final production details haven't been worked out, but the planned subject matter is examples of what Tony and Ben find "impersonal" and "absurd" in some acts of authority. "Just look at this, for one," Ben said, pulling something from his wallet. It was a blue

plastic card that read "Republican National Committee" and had his name embossed at the bottom. "It came in the mail. I'm supposed to send them a thousand dollars." He laughed.

"I heard a good oxymoron today," Tony said. "Military intelligence."

Arlo Guthrie was suddenly onstage, and was greeted with great applause. His hair was long and curly, and he was dressed in a blue tunic with wide sleeves over a shirt and jeans. He broke into a song by his dad, called "Oklahoma Hills," and Tony put his harp away in his pocket. Arlo and his band—guitars, bass, and drums—went on to play a tribute to Woody Guthrie with, among other songs of his, "Pastures of Plenty," "Talking Dust Bowl," "East Texas Red," and the famous sing-along number "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You."

Arlo told about attending President Jimmy Carter's Inauguration, and about being tapped on the shoulder by the President's son Chip, who revealed to him that a copy of the "Massacree" had been discovered in the Nixon Presidential record library during the

1977 transfer of power. "Was it open?" Arlo said he asked. "It was," Chip replied. Then Arlo performed the "Massacree" in full, and afterward said he wouldn't do it again until 1997, because once every ten years was plenty.

At intermission, Tony offered us some Balashin Sai mints, from Singapore—unappetizing-looking pellets made of licorice, peppermint oil, honey, and gambier ("the key ingredient," according to Tony). We declined.

"They add like a thousand pounds of pressure to make them last," Ben said.

We asked Tony and Ben what they planned to do after graduation.

"I don't know," Ben said, shaking his head. "I just don't know."

Tony said he thought he'd like to take a year off and go to Oregon. "My uncle said I could do it and go to college later," he explained. Then he and Ben talked for a while about renting a large land-roving vehicle, perhaps a "Blunder Bus," like the one Arlo uses to take the band on tour.

Besides Arlo Guthrie, Tony told us, they listen to the Grateful Dead.

"I don't know them that well," Ben put in.

"Bob Dylan," Tony went on.

"Yeah," Ben said. While Tony thought further, Ben added, "Mrs. Miller. My parents have a record of hers. I can never get through listening to one number without losing control."

"Who's Mrs. Miller?" we asked.

"She used to be on TV. On the record cover, she looks like she's about three hundred years old, and she's very serious," Ben replied, and then said he didn't want to spoil it for us—we'd have to try Mrs. Miller on our own.

Arlo, back onstage, sang "City of New Orleans," written by the late Steve Goodman, and we sang along when he reached the chorus: "Good morning, America, how are you? Said don't you know me, I'm your native son."

After the concert, Ben and Tony rushed to the backstage entrance. "Arlo shook my hand," Ben told us later.

"And he signed my shoe," said Tony.

PILGRIMAGE

EVERYTHING that surrounds my meeting with him has the color of shame.

December, 1947. I was fourteen, steeped in vehement admirations and impatience for the reality to which I would travel once released from that long prison sentence, my childhood.

End almost in sight. Already in my junior year, I'd finish high school while still fifteen. And then, and then . . . all would unfold. Meanwhile I was waiting, I was doing time (still fourteen!), recently transferred from the desert of southern Arizona to the coastland of southern California. Another new setting, with fresh possibilities of escape—I welcomed that. My peripatetic widowed mother's remarriage, in 1945, to a handsome, be-medalled and beshrapnelled Army Air Forces ace who'd been sent to the healing desert to cap a year-long hospitalization (he'd been shot down five days after D Day) appeared to have grounded her. The following year our newly assembled family—mother, stepfather, kid sister, dog, notionally salaried Irish nanny left over from the old days, plus the resident alien, myself

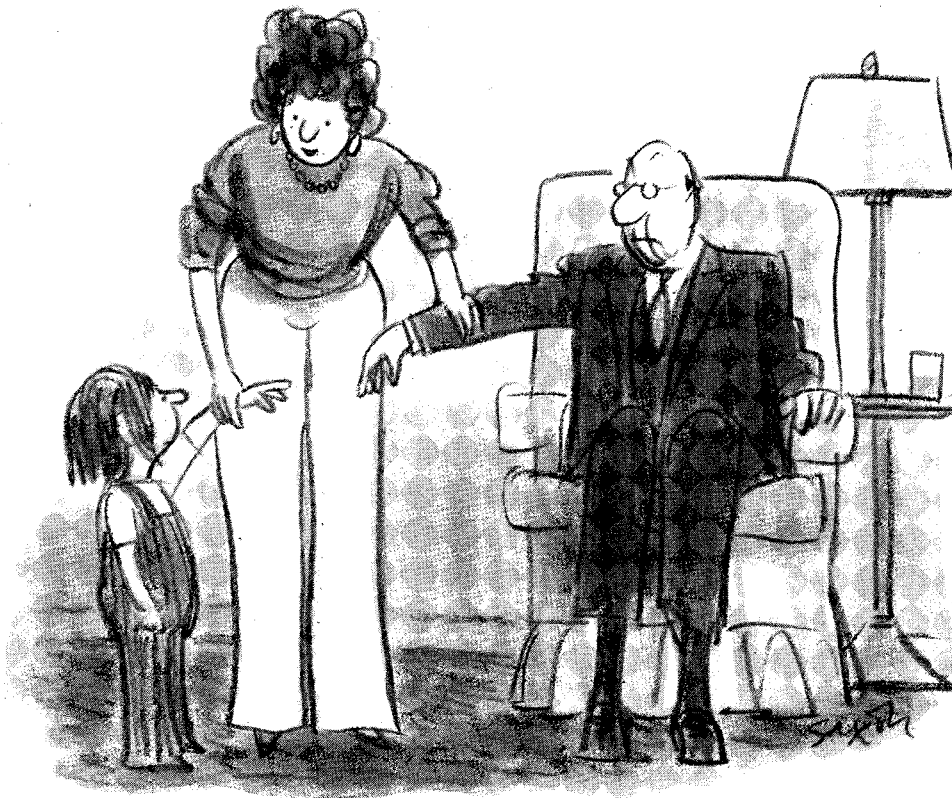
—had vacated the stucco bungalow on a dirt road on the outskirts of Tucson (where we'd been joined by Captain Sontag) for a cozy shuttered cottage with rosebush hedges and three birch trees at the entrance of the San Fernando Valley, where I was currently pretending to sit still for a facsimile of family life and the remainder of my unconvincing childhood. On weekends my now out-of-uniform but still militarily perky stepfather marshalled sirloins and butter-brushed corn tightly wrapped in tinfoil on the patio barbecue; I ate and ate—how could I not, as I watched my morose, bony mother fiddling with her food? His animation was as threatening as her apathy. They couldn't start playing family now—too late! I was off and running, even if I looked every inch the baby-faced, overgrown elder daughter effusively munching her fourth ear of corn; I was already gone. (In French one can announce, while lingering unconscionably, *Je suis moralement partie.*) There was just this last bit of childhood to get past. For the duration (that wartime locution that gave me my first model of

condescending to present time in favor of the better future), for the duration it was permissible to appear to enjoy their recreations, avoid conflict, gobble their food. The truth was, I dreaded conflict. And I was always hungry.

I felt I was slumming; in my own life. My task was to ward off the drivel (I felt I was drowning in drivel)—the jovial claptrap of classmates and teachers, the maddening bromides I heard at home. And the weekly comedy shows festooned with canned laughter, the treacly Hit Parade, the hysterical narratings of baseball games and prize fights—radio, whose racket filled the living room on weekday evenings and much of Saturday and Sunday, was an endless torment. I ground my teeth, I twirled my hair, I gnawed at my nails, I was polite. Though untempted by the new, tribal delights of suburban childhood that had quickly absorbed my sister, I didn't think of myself as a misfit, for I assumed my casing of affability was being accepted at face value. (Here the fact that I was a girl seeps through.) What other people thought of me remained a dim consideration, since other people seemed to me astonishingly unseeing as well as uncurious, while I longed to learn everything: the exasperating difference between me and everyone I'd ever met—so far. I was certain there was a multitude like me, elsewhere. And it never occurred to me that I could be stopped.

If I didn't mope or sulk, it was not just because I thought complaining wouldn't do any good. It was because the flip side of my discontent—what, indeed, throughout my childhood had made me so discontented—was rapture. Rapture I couldn't share. And whose volume was increasing steadily: since this last move I was having near-nightly bouts of jubilation. For in the eight houses and apartments of my life before this one I had never had a bedroom to myself. Now I had it, and without asking. A door of my own. Now I could read for hours by flashlight after being sent to bed and told to turn off the light, not inside a tent of bedclothes but outside the covers.

I'd been a demon reader from earliest childhood (to read was to drive a knife into their lives), and therefore a promiscuous one: fairy tales and comics (my comics collection was vast), Compton's Encyclopedia, the Bobbsey Twins and other Stratemeyer



"All right, now. I want you and Grandpa to run along and interact."



series, books about astronomy, chemistry, China, biographies of scientists, all of Richard Halliburton's travel books, and a fair number of mostly Victorian-era classics. Then, drifting to the rear of a stationery and greeting-card store in the village that was downtown Tucson in the mid-nineteen-forties, I toppled into the deep well of the Modern Library. Here were standards, and here, at the back of each book, was my first list. I had only to acquire and read (ninety-five cents for the small ones, a dollar twenty-five for the Giants)—my sense of possibility unfolding, with each book, like a carpenter's rule. And within a month of arriving in Los Angeles I tracked down a real bookstore, the first of my bookstore-besotted life: the Pickwick, on Hollywood Boulevard, where I went every few days after school to read on my feet through some more of world literature—buying when I could, stealing when I dared. Each of my occasional thefts cost me weeks of self-revilement and dread of future humiliation, but what could I do, given my puny allowance? Odd that I never thought of going to a library. I had to acquire them, see them in rows along a wall of my tiny bedroom.

My household deities. My spaceships.

Afternoons I went hunting for treasure: I'd always disliked going home directly from school. But in Tucson, visits to the stationery store excepted, the most cheering postponement I'd come up with was a walk out along the Old Spanish Trail toward the Tanque Verde foothills, where I could examine close up the fiercest saguaros and prickly pears, scrutinize the ground for arrowheads and snakes, pocket pretty rocks, imagine being lost or a sole survivor, wish I were an Indian. Or the Lone Ranger. Here in California there was a different space to roam and I had become a different Lone Ranger. Most days after school I boarded the trolley on Chandler Avenue to hasten into, not away from, town. Within a few blocks of the enchanted crossroads of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue lay my little agora of one- and two-story buildings: the Pickwick; a record store whose proprietors let me spend hours each week in the listening booths, gorging myself on their wares; an international newsstand where militant browsing yielded me *Partisan Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Sewanee Review*, *Politics*, *Accent*, *Tiger's Eye*, *Horizon*; and a storefront through whose open door one after-

noon I unself-consciously trailed two people who were beautiful in a way I'd never seen, thinking I was entering a gym, which turned out to be the rehearsal quarters of the dance company of Lester Horton and Bella Lewitzky. O golden age! It not only was, I knew it was. Soon I was sipping at a hundred straws. In my room I wrote imitation stories and kept real journals; made lists of words to fatten my vocabulary, made lists of all kinds; played conductor to my records; read myself sore-eyed each night.

And soon I had friends, too, and not very much older than myself—to my surprise. Friends with whom I could speak of some of what absorbed and enraptured me. I didn't expect them to have read as much as I had; it was enough that they were willing to read the books I lent them. And in music, even better, I was the novice—what bliss! It was my desire to be taught, even more thwarted than my desire to share, that made me my first friends: two seniors at whom I flung myself soon after entering this new school as a sophomore, whose taste in music was far superior to mine. Not only were they each proficient on an instrument—Elaine played the flute, Mel the piano—but they had done all their

growing up here, in southern California, with its infusion of refugee virtuosi, employed in the full symphony orchestras maintained by the major film studios, who could be heard at night playing the canonical and the contemporary chamber repertory to small gatherings scattered across a hundred miles. Elaine and Mel were part of that audience, with tastes elevated and made eccentrically rigorous by the distinct bias of high musical culture in Los Angeles in the nineteen-forties—there was chamber music, and then there was everything else. (Opera was so low on the scale of musical goodness it was not worth mentioning.)

Each friend was a best friend—I knew no other way. Besides my music mentors, who started at U.C.L.A. the following autumn, there was a fellow-sophomore, my romantic comrade for the remaining two years of high school, who was to accompany me to the college I had already elected at thirteen as my destiny—the College of the University of Chicago. Peter, fatherless and a refugee (he was part Hungarian, part French), had had a life even more marked by displacements than my own. His father had been arrested by the Gestapo, and Peter and his mother escaped Paris to the South of France and from there, via Lisbon, to New York in 1941; after a

spell in a Connecticut boarding school, he was now reunited here with the very single, tanned, red-haired Henya (whom I acknowledged to be as young-looking, if not as beautiful, as my own mother). Our friendship started in the school cafeteria with an exchange of boastful anecdotes about our glamorously dead fathers. Peter was the one with whom I argued about socialism and Henry Wallace, and with whom I held hands and wept through “Open City,” “Symphonie Pastorale,” “The Children of Paradise,” “Mädchen in Uniform,” “The Baker’s Wife,” “Brief Encounter,” and “Beauty and the Beast” at the Laurel, the theatre we’d discovered that showed foreign movies. We went bicycling in the canyons and in Griffith Park and rolled about, embracing, in the weeds—Peter’s great loves, as I remember, were his mother, me, and his racing bicycle. He was dark-haired, skinny, nervous, tall. I, though always the youngest, was invariably the tallest girl in the class and taller than most of the boys and, for all my outlandish independence of judgment on matters Olympian, on the matter of height had the most abjectly conventional view. A boyfriend had to be not just a best friend but taller, and only Peter qualified.

The other best friend I made, also a sophomore, though at another high

school, and also to enter the University of Chicago with me, was Merrill. Cool and chunky and blond, he had all the trappings of “cute,” a “dish,” a “dreamboat,” but I, with my unerring eye for loners (under all disguises), had promptly seen that he was smart, too. Really smart. Therefore capable of separateness. He had a low sweet voice and a shy smile and eyes that smiled sometimes without his mouth—Merrill was the only one of my friends I doted on. I loved to look at him. I wanted to merge with him or for him to merge with me, but I had to respect the insuperable barrier: he was several inches shorter than I was. The other barriers were harder to think about. He could be secretive, calculating (even literally so: numbers figured often in his conversation), and sometimes, to me, insufficiently moved by what I found moving. I was impressed by how practical he was, and how calm he remained when I got flustered. I couldn’t tell what he really felt about the quite plausible family—mother, real father, younger brother (who was something of a math prodigy), even grandparents—with which he came equipped. Merrill didn’t like to talk about feelings, while I was seething with the desire to express mine, preferably by focussing feeling away from myself onto something I admired or felt indignant about.

We loved in tandem. Music first—he’d had years of piano. (His brother played the violin, which made me equally envious, though it was for piano lessons that I’d implored my mother—rather, stopped imploring my mother—years before.) He introduced me to getting into concerts free by ushering (at the Hollywood Bowl in the summer), and I made him a regular at the Monday chamber-music series “Evenings on the Roof,” to which I’d been brought by Elaine and Mel. We were building our nearly identical, ideal record collections (on 78s, happily unaware that this was the last year before L.P.s), and joined forces often in the cool, dark listening booths of the Highland Record Store. Some-

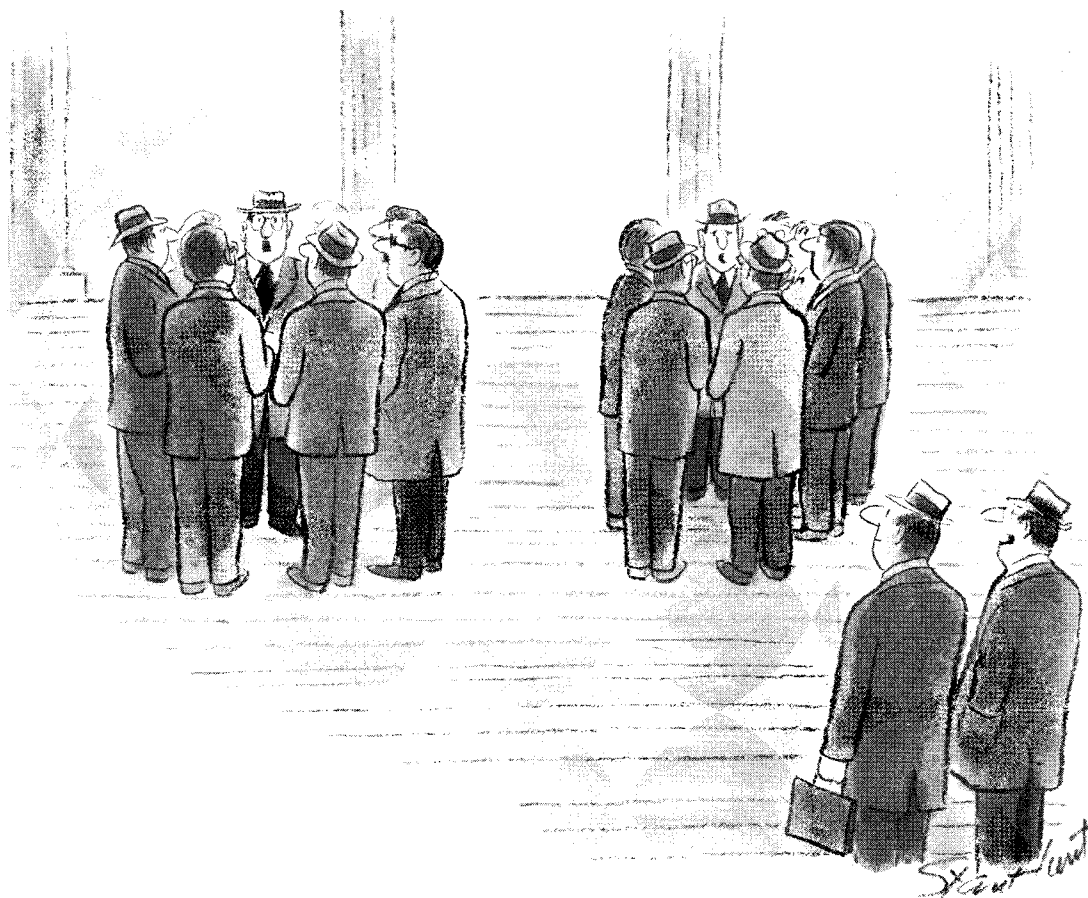


times he came to my house, even if my parents were there. Or I went to his house; the name of his frumpy, hospitable mother—I remember finding this embarrassing—was Honey.

Our privacy was in cars. Merrill had a real driver's license, while mine was the "junior" license one could hold from fourteen to sixteen in California then, entitling me to drive my parents' cars only. Since parents' cars were the only ones available to us, the difference was moot. In his parents' blue Chevy or my mother's green Pontiac we perched at night on the rim of Mulholland Drive, the great plain of twinkling lights below like an endless airport, oblivious of the mating couples in cars parked around us, pursuing our own pleasures. We pitched themes at each other in our inexact treble voices—"O.K., listen. Now, what's

this?" We quizzed each other's memory of Köchel listings, knowing by heart long stretches of the six hundred and twenty-six. We debated the merits of the Busch and the Budapest Quartets (I'd become an intolerant partisan of the Budapest); discussed whether it would be immoral, given what I'd heard from Elaine and Mel about Gieseking's Nazi past, to buy his Debussy recordings; tried to convince ourselves that we had liked the pieces played on the prepared piano by John Cage at last Monday's "Evenings on the Roof" concert; and talked about how many years to give Stravinsky.

This last was one of our recurrent problems. Toward John Cage's squawks and thumps we were deferential—we knew we were supposed to appreciate ugly music; and we listened devoutly to the Toch, the Krenek, the Hindemith, the Webern, the Schoenberg, whatever (we had enormous appetites and strong stomachs). But it was Stravinsky's music we sincerely loved. And since Stravinsky



"On the left is Senator Binghamton, giving his views, and on the right is Mr. Plimpton, his aide, echoing those views."

seemed grotesquely old (we had actually seen him on two Mondays in the small auditorium of the Wilshire Ebell, when Ingolf Dahl was conducting something of his), our fears for his life had given rise to a compelling fantasy à deux about dying for our idol. The question, a question we discussed often, was: what were the terms of the sacrifice we so relished contemplating? How many more years of life for Stravinsky would justify our dying now, on the spot?

Twenty years? Obviously. But that was easy and, we agreed, too good to hope for. Twenty years granted to the ancient homely person we saw Stravinsky to be—that was simply an unimaginably large number of years to the fourteen-year-old I was and the sixteen-year-old Merrill was in 1947. (How lovely that I.S. lived even longer than this.) To insist on getting Stravinsky twenty more years in exchange for our lives hardly seemed to show our fervor.

Fifteen more years? Of course.

Ten? You bet.

Five? We began to waver. But not to agree seemed like a failure of respect, of love. What was my life or Merrill's—not just our paltry California-high-school students' lives but the useful, achievement-strewn lives we thought were awaiting us—compared to making it possible for the world to enjoy five years more of Stravinsky's creations? Five years, O.K.

Four? I sighed. Merrill, let's go on.

Three? To die for only three additional years?

Usually we settled on four—a minimum of four. Yes, to give Stravinsky four more years either one of us was prepared right then and there to die.

READING and listening to music: the triumphs of being not myself. That nearly everything I admired was produced by people who were dead (or very old) or from elsewhere, ideally Europe, seemed inevitable to me.

I accumulated gods. What Stravinsky was for music Thomas Mann became for literature. At my Aladdin's cave, at the Pickwick, on Novem-

SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED

The bear at the door, begging
to be beaten free of his snowy coat,
was a king's son under a curse,
detail my sister and I learned long after

we scoured him with brooms and then lay down,
pale crescents pinned to his vast dark.
Rose claimed that in firelight
his fur glittered, but I saw no more

than before, when a coin warmed in my hand
pressed a queen's profile into the ice
grown in fronds against the window.
In the eye-size opening melted tear by cool tear,

had I seen something break from the forest's deep ranks?
I saw nothing beyond an animal knowing—
if it be knowing—what a lost hunter does:
on such a night any warmth will do.

So in the heart of a wood a man will sleep
inside the beast he's slain, waiting daybreak
to illumine the way toward any clearing.
Toward a cottage like the one where red roses

and white clambered to the window,
the sanguine and the snowflake's distant kin
spendthrift with promise of good company
as they vied for my sister's shears.

In a cut-glass vase too fine for the rough table
on which lay bread and books for two,
a bouquet would hold its salon
while as always we rudely, mutely read—

Rose, someone's travels bound in red morocco;
I, botany for the season ahead,
where "naked" meant "without specialized scales,"
and "tender": "not enduring winter,"

the author looking out for those
after his own heart: "If it is too cold
to read in the field, save this
for the warmth of home."

Shadows unroll across the bluing snow
but enough oblique light has pierced
a man-made pond gracing the palace grounds
that, out of a slow, internal melting,

ice crystals regrow into bloom and thorn
as men harvest them, sawing the water
into frozen bales, loading sledges
tomorrow will drag to the icehouse.

The tree overlooking this—is it weeping?
Not markedly weeping.
Are the leaf scars solitary?
There are two or more at each node.

The bear, that long-lost night?
He was one of two brothers.
One picked Rose to wed,
the one who had been animal chose me.

Wind rattles a fist of milkweed
until it's prised open, loosing a handful
of tufted ha'pennies one by one,
that each be borne far off and root where it falls.

—DEBORA GREGER

ber 11, 1947—taking the book down
from the shelf just now, I find the date
written on the flyleaf in the italic
script I was then practicing—I bought
"The Magic Mountain."

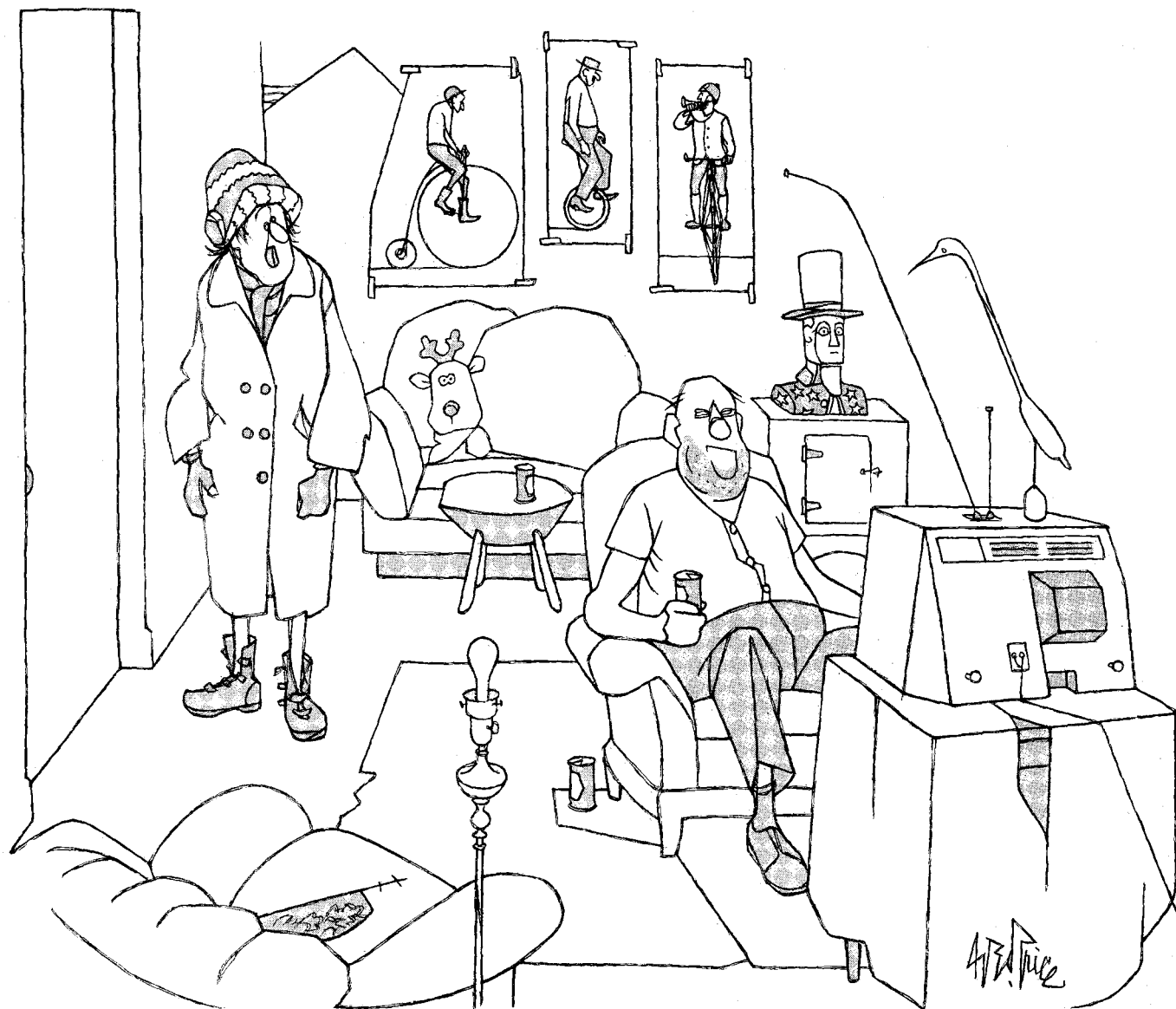
I began it that night, and for the
first few nights had trouble breathing
as I read. For this was not just another
book I would love but a transforming
book, a source of discoveries and
recognitions. All of Europe fell into
my head—though on condition that
I start mourning for it. And tubercu-
losis, the faintly shameful disease
(so my mother had intimated) of which
my hard-to-imagine real father had
died so long ago and exotically else-
where, but which seemed, once we
moved to Tucson, to be a commonplace
misfortune—tuberculosis was revealed
as the very epitome of pathetic and
spiritual interest! The mountain-
high community of invalids with af-
flicted lungs was a version—an exalt-
ed version—of that picturesque, cli-

mate-conscious resort town in the des-
ert with its thirty-odd hospitals and
sanatoriums to which my mother had
been obliged to relocate because of an
asthma-disabled child: me. There on
the mountain, characters were ideas
and ideas were passions, exactly as I'd
always felt. But the ideas themselves
stretched me, enrolled me in turn: Set-
tembrini's humanitarian élan but also
Naphta's gloom and scorn. And mild,
good-natured, chaste Hans Castorp;
Mann's orphaned protagonist, was a



hero after my own unprotected heart,
not least because he was an orphan and
because of the chastity of my own
imagination. I loved the tenderness,
however diluted by condescension,
with which Mann portrays him as a
bit simple, overearnest, docile, medio-
cre (what I considered myself to be,
judged by real standards). Tenderness.
What if Hans Castorp was a Goody
Two-Shoes (appalling accusation my
mother had once let fly at me)? That
was what made him not like but un-
like the others. I recognized his voca-
tion for piety; his portable solitude,
lived politely among others; his life
of onerous routines (that guardians
deem good for you) interspersed with
free, passionate conversations—a glori-
ous transposition of my own current
agenda.

For a month the book was where I
lived. I read it through almost at a
run, my excitement winning out over
my wish to go slowly and savor. I did



"I'll be on Fifth Avenue, pressing my cold little nose wistfully against shopwindows."

have to slow down for pages 334 to 343, when Hans Castorp and Clavdia Chauchat finally speak of love, but in French, which I'd never studied: unwilling to skip anything, I bought a French-English dictionary and looked up their conversation word by word. After finishing the last page, I was so reluctant to be separated from the book that I started back at the beginning and, to hold myself to the pace the book merited, reread it aloud, a chapter each night.

The next step was to lend it to a friend, to feel someone else's pleasure in the book—to love it with someone else, and be able to talk about it. In early December I lent "The Magic Mountain" to Merrill. And Merrill,

who would read immediately whatever I pressed on him, loved it, too. Good.

Then Merrill said, "Why don't we go see him?" And that's when my joy turned to shame.

OF course I knew he lived here. Southern California in the nineteen-forties was electric with celebrity presences for all tastes, and my friends and I were aware not only of Stravinsky and Schoenberg but of Mann, of Brecht (I'd recently seen "Galileo," with Charles Laughton, in a Beverly Hills theatre), and also of Isherwood and Huxley. But it was as inconceivable that I could be in contact with any of them as that I could strike up a conversation with Ingrid Bergman or

Gary Cooper, who also lived in the vicinity. Actually, it was even less possible. The stars stepped out of their limos onto the klieg-lighted sidewalk of Hollywood Boulevard for the movie-palace premiere, braving the surge of besieging fans penned in by police sawhorses; I saw newsreels of these apparitions. The gods of high culture had disembarked from Europe to dwell, almost incognito, among the lemon trees and beach boys and neo-Bauhaus architecture and fantasy hamburgers; they weren't, I was sure, supposed to have something like fans, who would seek to intrude on their privacy. Of course, Mann, unlike the other exiles, was also a public presence. To have been as officially

honored in America as Thomas Mann was in the late nineteen-thirties and early nineteen-forties was probably more improbable than to have been the most famous writer in the world. A guest at the White House, introduced by the Vice-President when he gave a speech at the Library of Congress, for years indefatigable on the lecture circuit, Mann had the stature of an oracle in Roosevelt's *bien-pensant* America, proclaiming the absolute evil of Hitler's Germany and the coming victory of the democracies. Emigration had not dampened his taste, or his talent, for being a representative figure. If there was such a thing as a good Germany, it was now to be found in this country (proof of America's goodness), embodied in his person; if there was a Great Writer, not at all an American notion of what a writer is, it was he.

But when I was borne aloft by "The Magic Mountain," I wasn't thinking that he was also, literally, "here." To say that at this time I lived in southern California and Thomas Mann lived in southern California—

that was a different sense of "lived," of "in." Wherever he was, it was where-I-was-not. Europe. Or the world beyond childhood, the world of seriousness. No, not even that. For me, he was a book. Books, rather—I was now deep in "Stories of Three Decades." When I was nine, which I did consider childhood, I'd lived for months of grief and suspense in "Les Misérables." (It was the chapter in which Fantine is obliged to sell her hair that had made a conscious socialist of me.) As far as I was concerned, Thomas Mann—being, simply, immortal—was as dead as Victor Hugo.

Why would I want to meet him? I had his books.

I DIDN'T want to meet him. Merrill was at my house, it was Sunday, my parents were out, and we were in their bedroom sprawled on their white satin bedspread. Despite my pleas, he'd brought in a telephone book and was looking under "M."

"You see? He's in the telephone book."

"I don't want to see!"

"Look!" He made me look. Horrified, I saw: 1550 San Remo Drive, Pacific Palisades.

"This is ridiculous. Come on—stop it!" I clambered off the bed. I couldn't believe Merrill was doing this, but he was.

"I'm going to call." The phone was on the night table on my mother's side of the bed.

"Merrill, please!"

He picked up the receiver. I bolted through the house, out the always unlocked front door, across the lawn, beyond the curb to the far side of the Pontiac, parked with the key in the ignition (where else would you keep the car keys?), to stand in the middle of the street and press my hands to my ears, as if from there I could have heard Merrill making the mortifying, unthinkable telephone call.

What a coward I am, I thought, hardly for the first or the last time in my life; but I took a few moments, hyperventilating, trying to regain control of myself, before I uncovered my ears and retraced my steps. Slowly.

The front door opened right into the small living room, done up with the Early American "pieces," as my mother called them, that she was now collecting. Silence. I crossed the room into the dining area, then turned into the short hall that went past my own room and the door of my parents' bathroom into their bedroom.

The receiver was on the hook. Merrill was sitting on the bed's edge, grinning.

"Listen, that's not funny," I said. "I thought you were really going to do it."

He waved his hand. "I did."

"Did what?"

"I did it." He was still smiling.

"Called?"

"He's expecting us for tea next Sunday at four."

"You didn't actually call!"

"Why not?" he said.

"It went fine."

"And you spoke to him?" I was close to tears. "How could you?"



"Avarice, gluttony, lust, and overweening pride.
Well, welcome aboard, Mr. Dexter!"

"No," he said, "it was his wife who answered."

I extracted a mental picture of Katia Mann from the photographs I'd seen of Mann with his family. Did she, too, exist? Perhaps, as long as Merrill hadn't actually spoken to Thomas Mann, it wasn't so bad. "But what did you say?"

"I said we were two high-school students who had read Thomas Mann's books and would like to meet him."

No, this was even worse than I imagined—but what had I imagined? "That's so . . . so dumb!"

"What's dumb about it? It sounded good."

"Oh, Merrill. . . ." I couldn't even protest anymore. "What did she say?"

"She said, 'Just a minute, I'll get my daughter,' " Merrill continued proudly.

"And then the daughter got on, and I repeated—"

"Go slower," I interrupted. "His wife left the phone. Then there was a pause. Then you heard another voice . . ."

"Yeah, another woman's voice—they both had accents—saying, 'This is Miss Mann, what do you want?'"

"Is that what she said? It sounds as if she was angry."

"No, no, she didn't sound angry. Maybe she said, 'Miss Mann speaking.' I don't remember, but, honest, she didn't sound angry. Then she said, 'What do you want?' No, wait, it was 'What is it that you want?'"

"Then what?"

"And then I said . . . you know, that we were two high-school students who had read Thomas Mann's books and wanted to meet him—"

"But I don't want to meet him!" I wailed.

"And she said," he pushed on stubbornly, "'Just a minute, I will ask my father.' Maybe it was 'Just a moment, I will ask my father.' She wasn't gone very long . . . and then she came back



"I'm in the mood for meat."

to the phone and said—these were her words exactly—"My father is expecting you for tea next Sunday at four."

"And then?"

"She asked if I knew the address."

"And then?"

"That was all. Oh . . . and she said goodbye."

I contemplated this finality for a moment before saying, once more, "Oh, Merrill, how could you?"

"I told you I would," he said.

GETTING through the week, awash in shame and dread. It seemed a vast impertinence that I should be forced to meet Thomas Mann. And grotesque that he should waste his time meeting me.

Of course I could refuse to go. But I was afraid this brash Caliban I'd mistaken for an Ariel would call on the magician without me. Whatever the usual deference I had from Merrill, it seemed he now considered himself my equal in Thomas Mann worship. I couldn't let Merrill inflict himself unmediated on my idol. At least, if I went along I might limit the damage,

head off the more callow of Merrill's remarks. I had the impression (and this is the part of my recollection that is most touching to me) that Thomas Mann could be injured by Merrill's stupidity or mine . . . that stupidity was always injuring, and that as I revered Mann it was my duty to protect him from this injury.

Merrill and I met twice during the week after school. I had stopped reproving him. I was less angry; increasingly, I was just miserable. I was trapped. Since I would have to go, I needed to feel close to him, make common cause, so we would not disgrace ourselves.

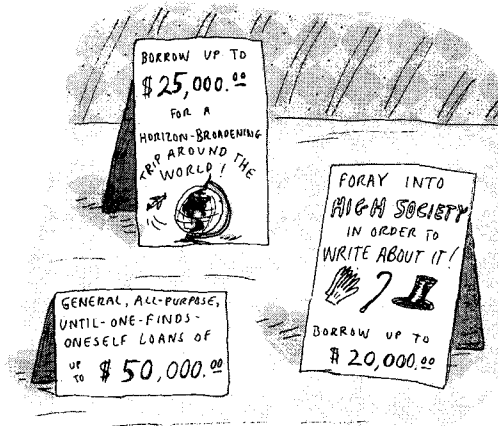
Sunday came. It was Merrill who collected me in the Chevy, at one exactly, in front of my house at the curb (I hadn't told my mother or anyone else of this invitation to tea in Pacific Palisades), and by two o'clock we were on broad, empty San Remo Drive, with a view of the ocean and Catalina Island in the distance, parked some two hundred feet up from (and out of sight of) the house at 1550.

We had already agreed on how we

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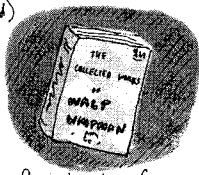
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R. Christ

would start. I would talk first, about "The Magic Mountain," then Merrill would ask the question about what Thomas Mann was writing at present. The rest we were going to work out now, in the two hours we'd allotted to rehearse. But after a few minutes, unable to entertain any idea of how he might respond to what we were considering saying, we ran out of inspiration. What does a god say? Impossible to imagine.

So we compared two recordings of "Death and the Maiden" and then veered to a favorite notion of Merrill's about the way Schnabel played the

"Hammerklavier," a notion which I found wonderfully clever. Merrill seemed hardly to be anxious at all. He appeared to think that we had a perfect right to bother Thomas Mann. He thought that we were interesting—two precocious kids, minor-league prodigies (we knew neither of us was a real prodigy, which was someone like the young Menuhin; we were prodigies of appetite, of respect, not of accomplishment); that we could be interesting to Thomas Mann. I did not. I thought we were . . . pure potentiality. By real standards, I thought, we hardly existed.

The sun was strong and the street deserted. In two hours only a few cars passed. Then, at five minutes to four, Merrill released the brake and we coasted silently down the hill and reparked in front of 1550. We got out, stretched, made encouraging mock-groaning sounds to each other, closed the car doors as softly as we could, went up the pathway, and rang the bell. Cute chimes. Oh.

A very old woman with white hair in a bun opened the door, didn't seem surprised to see us, invited us in, asked us to wait a minute in the dim entryway—there was a living room off to the right—and went down a long corridor and out of sight.

"Katia Mann," I whispered.

"I wonder if we'll see Erika," Merrill whispered back.

Absolute silence in the house. She was returning now. "Come with me, please. My husband will receive you in his study."

We followed, almost to the end of the narrow dark passageway, just before the staircase. There was a door on the left, which she opened. We followed her in, turning left once more before we were really inside. In Thomas Mann's study.

I saw the room—it seemed large and had a big window with a big view—before I realized it was he, sitting behind a massive, ornate, dark table. Katia Mann presented us. Here are the two students, she said to him, while referring to him as Dr. Thomas Mann; he nodded and said some words of welcome. He was wearing a bow tie and a beige suit, as in the frontispiece of "Essays of

Three Decades"—and that was the first shock, that he so resembled the formally posed photograph. The resemblance seemed uncanny, a marvel. It wasn't, I think now, just because this was the first time I'd met someone whose appearance I had already formed a strong idea of through photographs. I'd never met anyone who didn't affect being relaxed. His resemblance to the photograph seemed like a feat, as if he were posing now. But the full-figure picture had not made me imagine him as frail; it had not made me see the sparseness of the mustache, the whiteness of the skin,

the mottled hands, the unpleasantly visible veins, the smallness and amber color of the eyes behind his glasses. He sat very erectly and seemed to be very, very old. He was in fact seventy-two.

I heard the door behind us close. Thomas Mann indicated that we were to sit in the two stiff-backed chairs in front of the table. He lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair.

And we were on our way.

HE talked without prompting. I remember his gravity, his accent, the slowness of his speech: I had never heard anyone speak so slowly.

I said how much I loved "The Magic Mountain."

He said it was a very European book, that it portrayed the conflicts at the heart of European civilization.

I said I understood that.

What had he been writing, Merrill asked.

"I have recently completed a novel which is partly based on the life of Nietzsche," he said, with huge, disquieting pauses between each word. "My protagonist, however, is not a philosopher. He is a great composer."

"I know how important music is for you," I ventured, hoping to fuel the conversation for a good stretch.

"Both the heights and the depths of the German soul are reflected in its music," he said.

"Wagner," I said, worried that I was risking disaster, since I'd never heard an opera by Wagner, though I'd read Thomas Mann's essay on him.

"Yes," he said, picking up, hefting, closing (with his thumb marking the place), then laying down, open again, a book that was on his worktable. "As you see, at this very moment I am consulting Volume IV of Ernest Newman's excel-

lent biography of Wagner." I craned my neck to let the words of the title and the author's name actually hit my eyeballs. I'd seen the Newman biography at the Pickwick.

"But the music of my composer is not like Wagner's music. It is related to the twelve-tone system, or row, of Schoenberg."

Merrill said we were both very interested in Schoenberg. He made no response to this. Intercepting a perplexed look on Merrill's face, I widened my eyes encouragingly.

"Will your novel appear soon?" Merrill asked.

"My faithful translator is at work on it now," he said.

"H. T. Lowe-Porter," I murmured—the first time I'd actually said this entrancing name, with its opaque initials and showy hyphen.

"For the translator this is, perhaps, my most difficult book," he said.

"Never, I think, has Mrs. Lowe-Porter been confronted with such a challenging task."

"Oh," I said, having not imagined

H. T. L.-P. to be anything in particular but surprised to learn that the name belonged to a woman.

"A deep knowledge of German is required, and much ingenuity, for some of my characters converse in dialect. And the Devil—for, yes, the Devil himself is a character in my book—speaks in the German of the sixteenth century," Thomas Mann said, slowly, slowly. A thin-lipped smile. "I'm afraid this will mean little to my American readers."

I longed to say something reassuring, but didn't dare.

Was he speaking so slowly, I wondered, because that was the way he talked? Or because he was talking in a foreign language? Or because he thought he had to speak slowly—assuming (because we were Americans? because we were children?) that otherwise we wouldn't understand what he was saying?

"I regard this as the most daring book I have written." He nodded at us. "My wildest book."

"We look forward very much to reading it," I said. I was still hoping he'd talk about "The Magic Mountain."

"But it is as well the book of my old age," he went on. A long, long pause. "My 'Parzifal,'" he said. "And, of course, my 'Faust.'"

He seemed distracted for a moment, as if recalling something. He lit another cigarette and turned slightly in his chair. Then he laid the cigarette in an ashtray and rubbed his mustache with his index finger; I remember I thought his mustache (I didn't know anyone with a mustache) looked like a little hat over his mouth. I wondered if this meant the conversation was over.

But, no, he went on. I remember "the fate of Germany" . . . "the demonic" and "the abyss" . . . and "the Faustian bargain with the Devil." Hitler recurred several



"Psst. Two expired meters and a double-park at Thirty-fourth and Third."



"Knees peeking out of jeans are sexy, but what would you know?"

times. (Did he bring up the Wagner-Hitler problem? I think not.) We did our best to show him that his words were not wholly lost on us.

At first I had seen only him, awe at his physical presence blinding me to the room's contents. Now I was starting to see more. For instance, what was on the rather cluttered table: pens, inkstand, books, papers, and a nest of small photographs in silver frames, which I saw from the back. Of the many pictures on the walls, I recognized only a signed photograph of F.D.R. with someone else—I seem to remember a man in uniform—in the picture. And books, books, books in the floor-to-ceiling shelves that covered two of the walls. To be in the same room with Thomas Mann was thrilling, enormous, amazing. But I was also hearing the siren call of the first private library I had ever seen.

While Merrill carried the ball, showing that he was not entirely ignorant of the Faust legend, I was trying, without making the divagations of my glance too obvious, to case the library. As I expected, almost all the books were German, many in sets, leather-bound; the puzzle was that I could not decipher most of the titles (I didn't know of the existence of *Fraktur*).

The few American books, all recent-looking, were easy to identify in their bright, waxy jackets.

Now he was talking about Goethe. . . .

As if we had indeed rehearsed what we would say, Merrill and I had found a nice, unstrained rhythm of putting questions whenever Thomas Mann's glacial flow of words seemed to be drying up, and of showing our respectful appreciation of whatever he was saying. Merrill was being the Merrill I was so fond of: calm, charming, not stupid at all. I felt ashamed that I'd assumed he would disgrace himself, and therefore me, in front of Thomas Mann. Merrill was doing fine. I was, I thought, doing so-so. The surprise was Thomas Mann, that he wasn't harder to understand.

I wouldn't have minded if he had talked like a book. I wanted him to talk like a book. What I was obscurely starting to mind was that (as I couldn't have put it then) he talked like a book review.

Now he was talking about the artist and society, and he was using phrases I remembered from interviews with him I had read in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a magazine I felt I'd outgrown since discovering the

fancy prose and convoluted arguments of *Partisan Review*, which I had just started buying at the newsstand on Hollywood Boulevard. But, I reasoned, if I found what he said now a little familiar it was because I had read his books. He couldn't know he had in me such a fervent reader. Why should he say anything he hadn't already said? I refused to be disappointed.

I considered telling him that I loved "The Magic Mountain" so much that I had read it twice, but that seemed silly. I also feared he might ask me about some book of his which I had not read, though so far he hadn't asked a single question. "The Magic Mountain" has meant so much to me," I finally ventured, feeling that it was now or never.

"It sometimes happens," he said, "that I am asked which I consider to be my greatest novel."

"Oh," I said.

"Yes," said Merrill.

"I would say, and have so replied recently in interviews. . . ."

He paused. I held my breath. "The Magic Mountain." I exhaled.

THE door opened. Relief had come: the German wife, slow-gaited, bearing a tray with cookies, small cakes, and tea, which she bent over to set down on a low table in front of the sofa against one wall. Thomas Mann stood up, came around the table, and waved us toward the sofa; I saw he was very thin. I longed to sit down again, and did, next to Merrill, where we'd been told to sit, as soon as Thomas Mann occupied a wing chair nearby. Katia Mann was pouring tea from a heavy silver service into three delicate cups. As Thomas Mann put his saucer on his knee and raised the cup to his mouth (we followed, in unison), she said a few words in German to him in a low voice. He shook his head. His reply was in English—something like "It doesn't matter" or "Not now." She sighed audibly, and left the room.

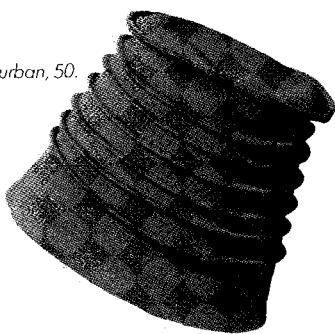
Ah, he said, now we will eat. Unsmiling, he motioned to us to help ourselves to the cakes.

At one end of the low table that held the tray was a small Egyptian statuette, which sits in my memory as a funerary votive figure. It reminded

Christmas gifts for the very, very good.
Or the very, very bored.



Accordion turban, 50.



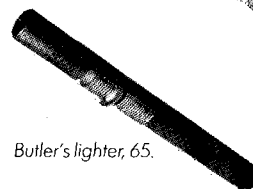
Claude Montana cartoon tie, 60.



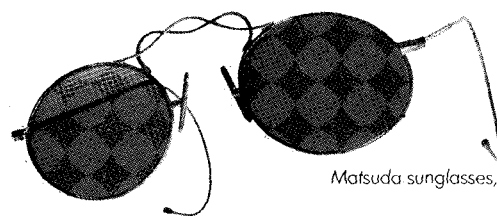
Pleated black & gold scarf, 95.



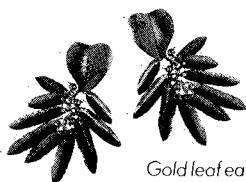
Studded leather bag, 270.



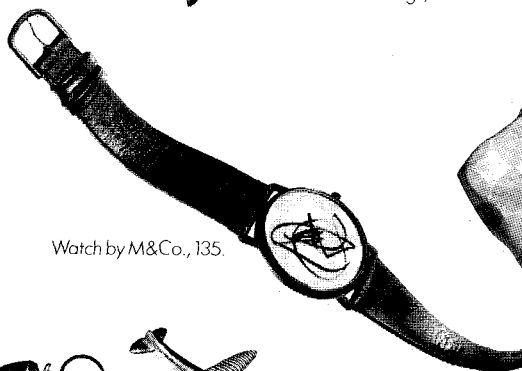
Butler's lighter, 65.



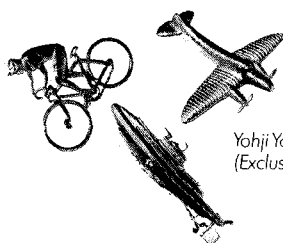
Matsuda sunglasses, 230.



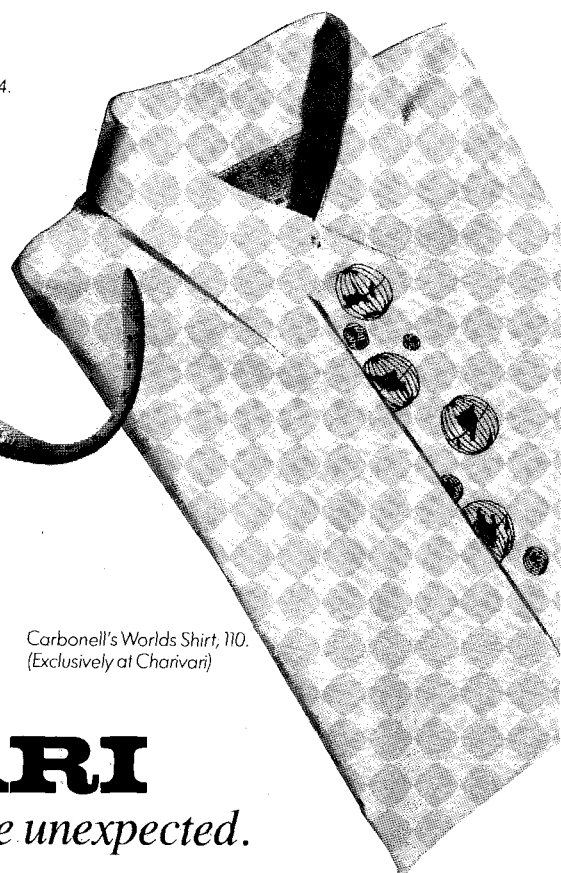
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me that Thomas Mann had written a book called "Joseph in Egypt," which in the course of a cursory browsing at the Pickwick I'd not found enticing. I resolved to give it another try.

No one spoke. I was aware of the intense, dedicated quiet of the house, a quiet I had never experienced anywhere indoors; and of the slowness and self-consciousness of each of my gestures. I sipped my tea, tried to control the crumbs from the cake, and exchanged a furtive glance with Merrill. Maybe it was over now.

Putting down his cup and saucer, then touching the corner of his mouth with the edge of his thick white napkin, Thomas Mann said that he was always pleased to meet American young people, who showed the vigor and health and fundamentally optimistic temper of this great country. My spirits sank. What I had dreaded—he was turning the conversation to us.

He asked us about our studies. Our studies? That was a further embarrassment. I was sure he hadn't the faintest idea what a high school in southern California was like. Did he know about Drivers' Education (compulsory)? Typing courses? Wouldn't he be surprised by the wrinkled condoms you spotted as you were darting across the lawn for first period (the campus was a favorite nighttime trysting spot)—my own surprise having revealed, the very first week I entered, my being two years younger than my classmates, because I'd witlessly asked someone why there were those little balloons under the trees? And by the "tea" being sold by a pair of pachukes (as the Chicano kids were called) stationed along the left wall of the assembly building every morning recess? Could he imagine George, who, some of us knew, had a gun and got money from gas-station attendants? Ella and Nella, the dwarf sisters, who led the Bible Club boycott that resulted in the withdrawal of our biology textbook? Did he know Latin was gone, and Shakespeare, too, and that for months of tenth-grade English the visibly befuddled teacher handed out copies of the *Reader's Digest* at the beginning of each period—we were to select one article and write a summary of it—then sat out the hour in silence at her desk, nodding and knitting? Could he imagine what a world away from the Gymnasium in his native Lübeck, where fourteen-year-old Tonio Krö-

ger wooed Hans Hansen by trying to get him to read Schiller's "Don Carlos," was North Hollywood High School, alma mater of Farley Granger and Alan Ladd? He couldn't, and I hoped he would never find out. He had enough to be sad about—Hitler, the destruction of Germany, exile. It was better that he not know how really far he was from Europe.

He was talking about "the value of literature" and "the necessity of protecting civilization against the forces of barbarity," and I said, yes, yes . . . my conviction that it was absurd for us to be there—what, all week, I'd expected to feel—at last taking over. Earlier, we could only say something stupid. Actu-

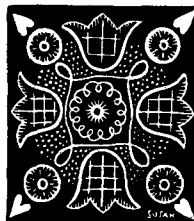
ally having tea, the social ritual that gave a name to the whole proceeding, created new opportunities for disgrace. My worry that I would do something clumsy was driving out of my head whatever I might have ventured to say.

I remember beginning to wonder when it would not be awkward to leave. I guessed that Merrill, for all the impression he gave of being at ease, would be glad to go, too.

And Thomas Mann continued to talk, slowly, about literature. I remember my dismay better than what he said. I was trying to keep myself from eating too many cookies, but in a moment of absent-mindedness I did reach over and take one more than I had meant to. He nodded. Have another, he said. It was horrible. How I wished I could just be left alone in his study to look at his books.

He asked us who our favorite authors were, and when I hesitated (I had so many, and I knew I should mention only a few) he went on—and this I remember exactly: "I presume you like Hemingway. He is, such is my impression, the most representative American author."

Merrill mumbled that he had never read Hemingway. Neither had I; but I was too taken aback even to reply. How puzzling that Thomas Mann should be interested in Hemingway, who, in my vague idea of him, was a very popular author of novels that had been made into romantic movies (I loved Ingrid Bergman, I loved Humphrey Bogart) and wrote about fishing and boxing (I hated sports). He'd never sounded to me like a writer I ought to read. Or one my Thomas Mann would take seriously. But then



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THE MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO DELEGATE

I understood it wasn't that Thomas Mann liked Hemingway but that we were supposed to like him.

Well, Thomas Mann said, what authors do you like?

Merrill said he liked Romain Rolland, meaning "Jean-Christophe." And Joyce, meaning "Portrait of the Artist." I said I liked Kafka, meaning "Metamorphosis" and "In the Penal Colony," and Tolstoy, meaning the late religious writings as much as the novels; and, thinking I must cite an American because he seemed to expect that, threw in Jack London (meaning "Martin Eden").

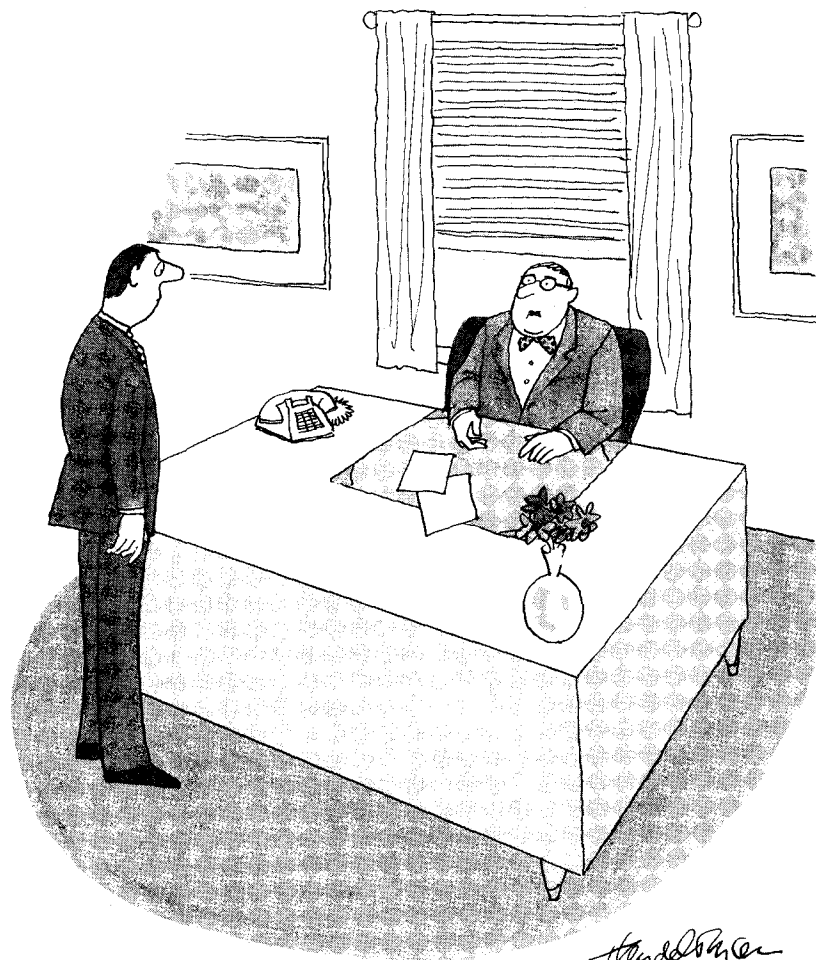
He said that we must be very serious young people. More embarrassment. What I remember best is how embarrassing it was.

I was still worrying about Hemingway. Should I read Hemingway?

He seemed to find it perfectly normal that two local high-school students should know who Nietzsche and Schoenberg were . . . and up to now I'd simply rejoiced in this first foretaste of the world where such familiarity was properly taken for granted. But now, it seemed, he also wanted us to be two young Americans (as he imagined them); to be, as he was (as, I had no idea why, he thought Hemingway was), representative. I knew that was absurd. The whole point was that we didn't represent anything at all. We didn't even represent ourselves—certainly not very well.

Here I was in the very throne room of the world in which I aspired to live, even as the humblest citizen. (The thought of saying that I wanted to be a writer would no more have occurred to me than to tell him I breathed. I was there, if I had to be there, as admirer, not as aspirant to his caste.) The man I met had only sententious formulas to deliver, though he was the man who wrote Thomas Mann's books. And I uttered nothing but tongue-tied simplicities, though I was full of complex feeling. We neither of us were at our best.

STRANGE that I don't recall how it ended. Did Katia Mann appear and tell us that our time was up? Did Thomas Mann say he must return to his work, receive our thanks for granting this audience, and take us to the study door? I don't remember the goodbyes—how we were released. Our sitting on the sofa having tea and cakes cross-fades in my memory to the scene in which we are out on San Remo Drive again, getting into the



"Thomson, I'm not feeling so well. Would you mind coming down with flu?"

car. After the dark study, the waning sun seemed bright: it was just past five-thirty.

Merrill started the car. Like two teen-age boys driving away after their first visit to a brothel, we evaluated our performance. Merrill thought it was a triumph. I was ashamed, depressed, though I agreed that we hadn't made total fools of ourselves.

"Damn, we should have brought the book," Merrill said, as we neared my neighborhood, breaking a long silence. "For him to sign."

I gritted my teeth and said nothing.

"That was great," said Merrill, as I got out of the car in front of my house.

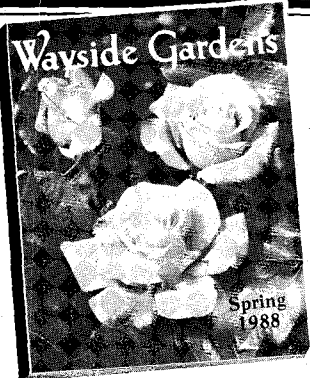
I doubt we spoke of it again.

TEN months later, within days of the appearance of the much-heralded "Doctor Faustus" (Book-of-the-Month Club selection, first printing over a hundred thousand copies),

Merrill and I were at the Pickwick, giddily eying the piles of identical books stacked on a metal table in the front of the store. I bought mine and Merrill his; we read it together.

Acclaimed as it was, his book didn't do as well as Thomas Mann expected. The reviewers expressed respectful reservations, his American presence began to deflate slightly. The Roosevelt era was really over and the Cold War had started. He began to think of returning to Europe.

I was now within a few months of my big move, the beginning of real life. After January graduation, I started a term at the University of California at Berkeley, luckless George started doing his one-to-five at San Quentin, and in the fall of 1949 I left Cal and entered the University of Chicago, accompanied by Merrill and by Peter (both of whom had graduated in June), and studied philosophy, and then, and then . . . I went

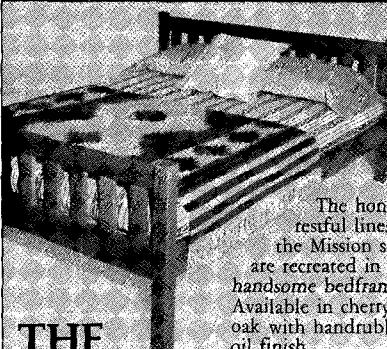


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on to my life, which did turn out to be, mostly, just what the child of fourteen had imagined with such certitude.

And Thomas Mann, who had been doing time here, made his move. He and his Katia (who had become American citizens in 1944) were to leave southern California, returning to the somewhat levelled magic mountain of Europe, for good, in 1952. There had been fifteen years in America. He had lived here. But he didn't really live here.

Years later, when I had become a writer, when I knew many other writers, I would learn to be more tolerant of the gap between the person and the work. Yet even now the encounter still feels illicit, improper. In my experience deep memory is, more often than not, the memory of embarrassment.

I still feel the exhilaration, the gratitude for having been liberated from childhood's asphyxiations. Admirations set me free. And embarrassment, which is the price of acutely experienced admiration. Then I felt like an adult, forced to live in the body of a child. Since, I feel like a child, privileged to live in the body of an adult. The zealot of seriousness in me, because it was already full-grown in the child, continues to think of reality as yet-to-be. Still sees a big space ahead, a far horizon. Is this the real world? I still ask myself that, forty years later... as small children ask repeatedly, in the course of a long, tiring journey, "Are we there yet?" Childhood's sense of plenitude was denied me. In compensation, there remains, always, the horizon of plenitude, to which I am borne forward by the delights of admiration.

I NEVER told anyone of the meeting. Over the years I have kept it a secret, as if it were something shameful. As if it happened between two other people, two phantoms, two provisional beings on their way elsewhere: an embarrassed, fervid, literature-intoxicated child and a god in exile who lived in a house in Pacific Palisades.

—SUSAN SONTAG

FIREFIGHTING NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Burlington (Iowa) Hawk Eye]

At 4:29 p.m. Saturday firefighters were called to 909 Summer Street, to investigate a reported chimney fire, but they learned upon arrival that the house does not have a chimney.

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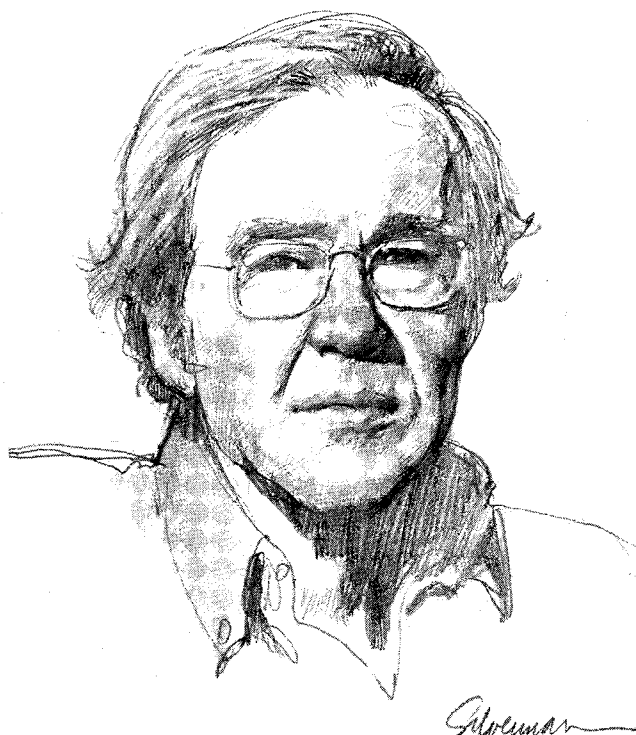
BY THE NUMBERS

LAST August 10th, a three-year-old colt named Parochial ran in a claiming race at Monmouth Park, in New Jersey. The field was mediocre, filled with failed prodigies and modest talents—horses whose owners were quite willing to sell for fifty thousand dollars, the fixed claiming price. Parochial's history was typical. A dark-bay son of the standout sire Mehmet, he had been bought as a two-year-old, for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, by Robert Levy, (the chairman of the board of Atlantic City Race Course), for his mother, who also owned the brilliant Bet Twice. Parochial raced three times in 1986, and won only two of nine starts in his three-year-old campaign, against obscure opposition. A latent ankle injury limited the colt's resale value, and Levy had seen enough. He was ready to cut his losses.

Surprisingly, three stables filed claim slips to buy Parochial: Glenn Lane, Tresvant, and Gold-N-Oats. It was no coincidence. All three are clients of Leonard Ragozin—that rare man, racing experts agree, who can figure out just how well a horse has really run.

"I said this was the claim of the century—before Lane claimed it," Ragozin announced not long ago. He was locked, as usual, inside his East Village office—a ramshackle loft crammed with yellowing *Racing Forms* and spent seltzer bottles. Hunched over a draftsman's table, he kept his back turned to a visitor—not in rudeness but in deference to his work. "True, Parochial does have a bad ankle, and he isn't a champion. But the fact is that Levy and his trainer didn't know how good the horse was *already*. Every time the horse popped one of his best efforts, by sheer coincidence one or two other horses woke up and ran the race of their lives. So his losing was practically a *miracle*."

Glenn Lane won the "shake"—a



Leonard Ragozin

random drawing—and claimed Parochial, and the stable ran the colt three weeks later in the \$113,200 Fairmount Derby, in Illinois. Sent off at 22-1, Parochial won by a neck in track-record time—a stunning career turnabout, even in a sport known for its upsets. On September 27th, the erstwhile claimer took on Alysheba, the winner of the 1987 Kentucky Derby, and several other proved stakes performers—at even weights—in the million-dollar Super Derby, in Bossier City, Louisiana. Going off at 60-1, Parochial led for three-quarters of a mile and wound up third, only two lengths behind Alysheba. On November 21st, Parochial capped his season by breezing to almost a three-length victory in the \$182,700 Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct. In three tries, Glenn Lane had grossed two hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars—more than five times the colt's winnings in thirteen previous races.

On that day in November, Ragozin was absent from Aqueduct. He didn't even bet the Discovery at OTB. He was in his office, doing what he has done almost every day for the last thirty-three years—determining precisely how much energy a bunch of fifteen-thousand-dollar claimers had

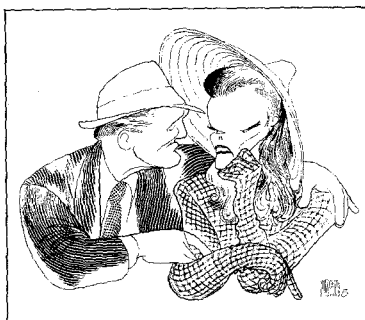
expended two days before at Aqueduct or Hialeah, and then translating each animal's performance into a one- or two-digit number—the speed figure—as absolute as a batting average.

Ragozin, who is fifty-nine, has gambled on horses, and has also owned some, but now he does neither. Instead, he devotes himself to the task of isolating a horse's true speed. He cares nothing for such popular notions as "class" (the company a horse runs with) and "pace" (the fractional times of a race). He ignores hot jockeys. He throws out the blizzard of *Racing Form* data which overwhelms most fans and dopesters. He considers only objective, physical factors: the horse's final time,

the jockey's weight, the wind speed, the lengths lost when a horse races wide, and (most subtle of all) the resilience of a track's dirt or turf on the day of a race. In a profession crowded by shams and romantics, Ragozin looms like a Descartes—the supreme rationalist codifier.

"I love to bring order to all this messy input and come down to something that has purity of line—that shows you the physical animal underlying all these variables," he explained that day in his office. "You have all these random factors that are very hard to understand. You comb them out and weigh them properly, and the end product has an amazing, beautiful simplicity. The speed figure is my $E=mc^2$, my Picasso sketch."

Ragozin has a gravel baritone voice that can gallop over three octaves and more when he tells a story. His face is melancholy in repose, and has an Eastern European cast; in *The Thoroughbred Record*, there is a black-and-white photograph of him in a flat fur cap which evokes a turn-of-the-century Bolshevik intellectual. In the office, Ragozin likes to wear a leather visor, which protects his eyes from glare. His arms are long—he is six-two—and he sometimes flails them

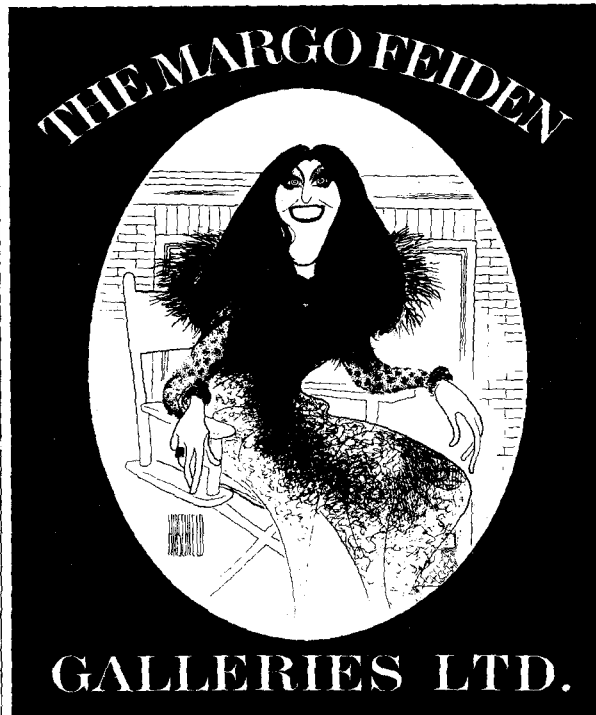
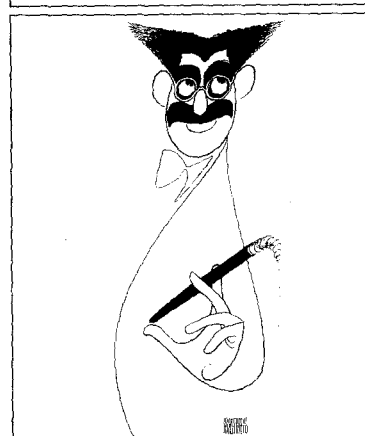


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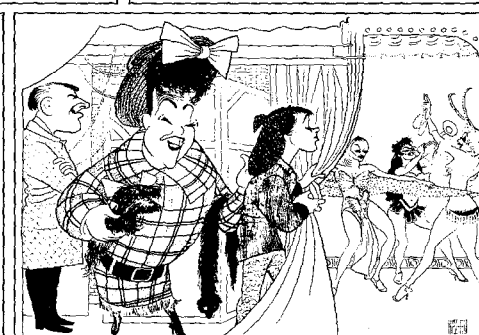
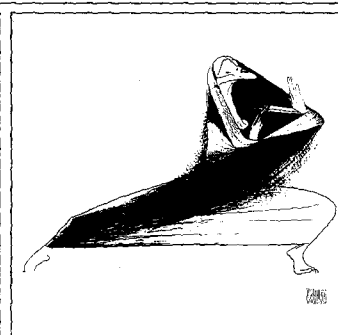
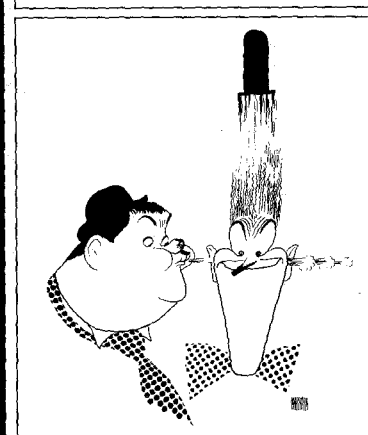
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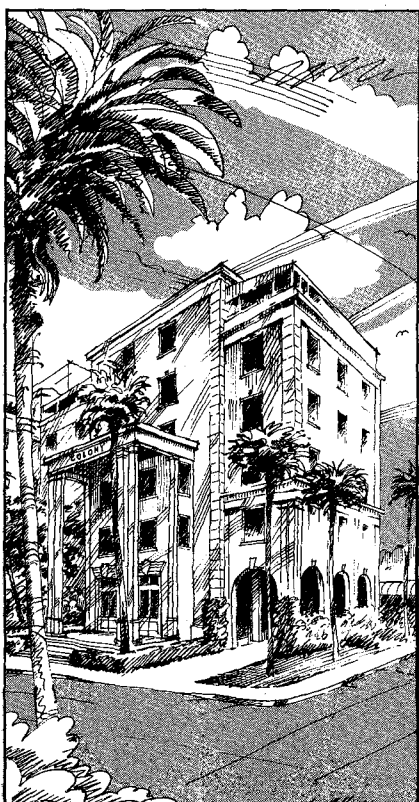
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as he talks. ("I used to be a very good defensive basketball player," he has said.) Ragozin is famous in racing circles for his wardrobe, which includes items from the L. L. Bean catalogue and from discount bins in the Flower District: corduroy pants, printed cotton shirts, a pair of Reebok knockoffs that squeak with each stride, a suede jacket stained at the sleeves by the ink of a thousand *Racing Forms*. The shirts he wears are clean, but rarely ironed and never starched.

Ragozin cares nothing for amenity, and his moods are transparent and fleeting. In the space of ten minutes, he may seem grumpy, distracted, expansive, and uproarious. He loves to talk (though he can also listen), and since he talks most while slumping or lounging, folded in upon himself, the impression he creates is more verbal than physical. But he is also capable of quite tangible rage, as when he took a hatchet to a neighbor's stereo speakers at four in the morning, or when he demolished a movie theatre's glass ticket booth after the house refused him a refund on a film he'd already seen.

For all his eccentricity, however, Ragozin is now, after three decades on the fringe, a central figure in his realm. His terminology is borrowed by mainstream racing writers, his guidance accepted by the top trainers in the country. Harvey Pack, a backstretch maven and NBC's analyst for last month's Breeder's Cup, used photocopies of Ragozin's data to make his selections.

In June, Ragozin went against the experts in a *Post* survey and picked Bet Twice to upset Alysheba in the Belmont Stakes; Bet Twice romped by fourteen lengths at 8-1. In October, the New York Racing Association hired Ragozin to lead six seminars at an OTB outlet. Meanwhile, veteran Raggies—as his customers are called—keep assaulting the pari-mutuels with confidence, and bagging 10-1 shots like so many slow ducks in a high sky.

"Ragozin's a brilliant guy—he takes the game to a new level," Pack has said. "Once I started with his sheets, I fell in love with them. I wouldn't go to the track without them."

Ragozin now has about three hundred occasional betting customers—about twice as many as he had ten years ago—plus a corps of twenty-five daily hard-hitters. They pay him two per cent of the amount they bet or a minimum of thirty dollars a day for a

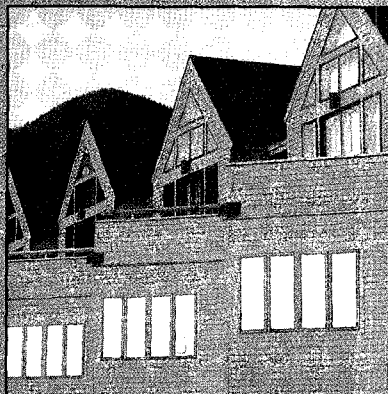
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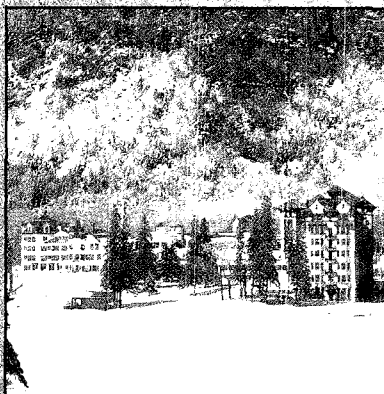
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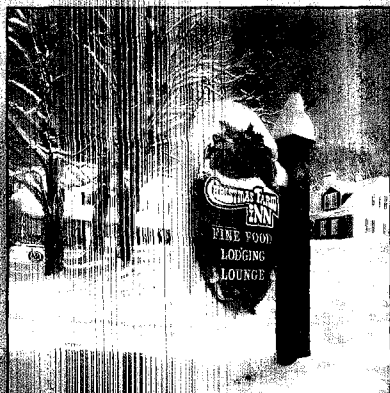


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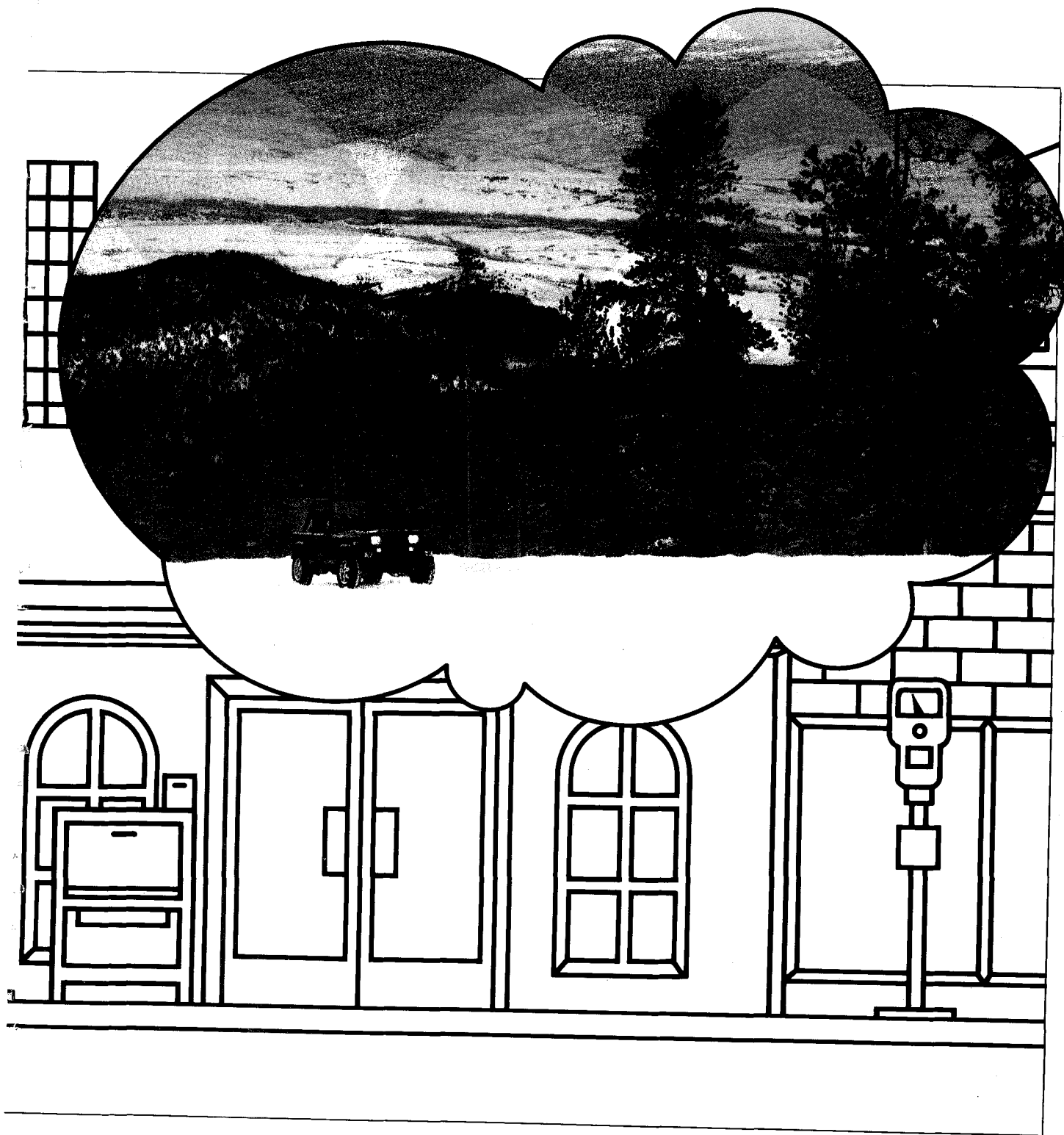
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sheet of past-performance figures for every horse on the card, and the smart ones get good value. In November, a regular known as Stretch held the single winning ticket to a then record \$201,008 Pick Six at Aqueduct; last May, Bud Gottesman, a seventy-two-year-old retiree, crowned his gambling career with a \$216,000 Pick Six at Calder, in Florida. And on December 1st, at Laurel, in Maryland, Ragozin's timer and race observer cashed a Double Triple ticket worth \$120,422.

While Ragozin's customers are notorious for carrying on Talmudic disputes about what his numbers actually mean (Ragozin charts each horse's development but refuses to pick winners), they're in agreement often enough to hurt many a price. An independent handicapper will spend fifteen hours a week on his research to ferret out a hot horse who's buried in the *Form*, only to watch the Raggies pour in and kill the nag's odds. A 6-1 bargain in the morning line will go off at 5-2; a tepid 3-1 favorite will drop to 6-5. Andy Beyer, the Washington *Post's* track writer and the author of the celebrated book "Picking Winners," has compared the August onslaught of Raggies at Saratoga to "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." "I couldn't make it," he said at a Saratoga meet two summers ago. "The Ragozin people rule the tote board. They're so influential that you almost have to play *against* them—to look for holes in their approach."

Ragozin's influence doesn't end at the windows. In 1986, five Ragozin-linked owners, while running their horses mainly in cheap claiming races, captured more than two million dollars in purses; this year, the same group should win close to three million. As of November 1st, the leader of that group, Glenn Lane, ranked fourth nationally in races won in 1987. Using two of the top New Jersey trainers, Dennis Heard and Robert Klesaris, the stable devastated last summer's meet at Monmouth Park, winning a remarkable thirty-four per cent of the races it entered. Glenn Lane aggressively hews to the cardinal Ragozin strategy on race-riding (be patient, and save ground by hugging the rail), which has helped fuel the ascent of Julie Krone, a twenty-four-year-old phenom who became the leading Jersey jockey this year. "It works, you know," Krone said after jumping to the major leagues at Aqueduct this fall, where she rode

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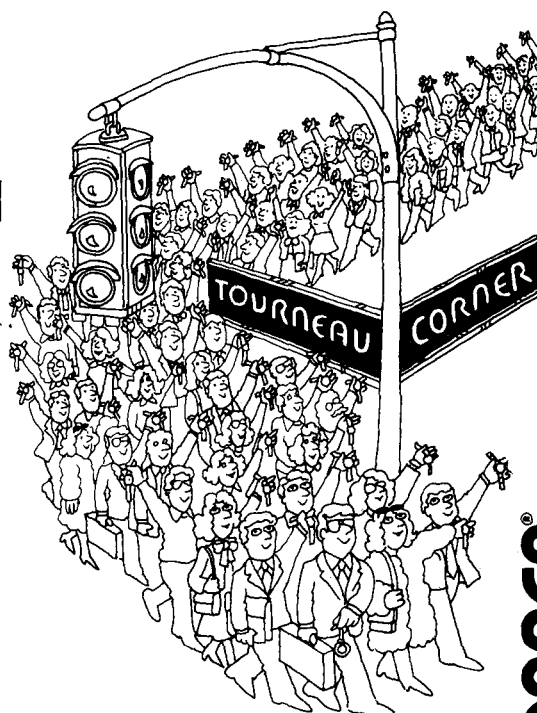
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Parochial in the Discovery. "There's no pressure on me to make an outside move, because I'm doing what they wanted, and when you're relaxed other good things happen."

In New York, meanwhile, Ragozin plots every purchase, claim, and sale for the Gold-N-Oats Stable, which was established in 1986. In 1987, the first year of Ragozin's stewardship, which had the willing cooperation of half a dozen trainers (including New York kingpin Peter Ferriola), Gold-N-Oats stands to gross more than a million dollars. "I'm in the construction business, and I meet a lot of people every day," the agent for Gold-N-Oats, a Long Island paving magnate named Aly Lizza, said recently. "And Ragozin is so far ahead. It's not only that he's a genius but that he's also so honorable. If he says something, it's his word. If he makes a mistake, he's the first to admit it. It's only because of Lenny that Gold-N-Oats is in this game. Once he goes, we're gone."

So potent are Ragozin's figures that they tilt even the billion-dollar world of the New York Racing Association. The Raggies account for as much as twenty per cent of the on-track action in New York. "When they're clicking, they bet more, and our handle increases—our turnaround is greater," says Clem Imperato, the N.Y.R.A.'s vice-president of operations. On a hot day, Ragozin's customers can add as much as six hundred thousand dollars to the on-track handle, boosting revenues for the state and the N.Y.R.A. by more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Ragozin currently produces figures for tracks in six states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Florida, and Illinois—and in Ontario, Canada. But although he is a reluctant marketer ("Len doesn't lack business skills. He just disdains selling things," says a friend), he has gradually expanded from a one-man cottage industry to an operation employing twenty people, and has recently begun to computerize. He plans to penetrate California in 1988, and ultimately, with new software in place, he hopes to blanket the nation's hundred or so major tracks. If all goes according to plan, with major owners and trainers joining a national pool of Ragozin bettors, the business—now about five hundred thousand dollars a year—is expected to grow tenfold by 1990. The computer will also enable Ragozin to engage in even more sophisticated analysis. How much do colts out of Hot n Nasty progress as three-year-olds?

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"My figures are so good that nobody but me really knows how good they are," Ragozin said not long ago. "What we're doing is sound and right, but I can't prove it to anybody except that we have a body of bettors who can't all be geniuses and they make money. But even if they all went broke I'd *know* it's right. I know it the way mathematicians know things, because of the elegance of the results."

LEONARD RAGOZIN was born on September 30, 1928, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, the first of three children. His family was a Russian-Jewish-immigrant clan of enormous vitality and political variety. His mother, Sarra, hailed from prosperous Russian peasantry, lived through the 1917 Revolution, left for the United States in 1919, and then, on a return visit in 1928, helped translate for Stalin at some talks with an American delegation. His father, Harry, was a son of a famous anti-Zionist rabbi from the Ukraine named Sholom Ragozin, and the youngest of eight accomplished children. One of them, Ragozin's uncle Israel Rogosin (he preferred a less ethnic spelling of the family name), parlayed two knitting machines into a hundred-million-dollar textile concern called Beaunit Mills, in New York, and contributed funds to a notorious rabbi whose mission was witch-hunting Jewish Reds in America. Aunt Rachel Ragozin was a charter member of the American Communist Party. Her nephew recalls her as "a Stalinist hit woman—when the line got hard to take, she would lecture the various clubs on the importance of Party discipline." Politically, Harry stood uneasily between his two siblings; he called himself a "progressive," and spelled his last name both "Ragozin" and "Rogosin." He worked as a production manager for Beaunit, and the job took him to factories far from home, which moved during Ragozin's childhood from Forest Hills to Fort Plain, upstate, and then to Flatbush. Harry became comfortable with distance from his wife and children; though well past draft age, he enlisted in the Army during the Second World War—the period of his firstborn's adolescence. It was not a demonstrative family, in any case. Parental pride—particularly in clever young

Leonard—replaced outward affection.

Even when Harry was gone, family dinner conversations were sharp, heated, and invariably left of center, Len Ragozin recalls. "I was always anti the fat cats," he has said. "It was osmosis, like being brought up in a religious household."

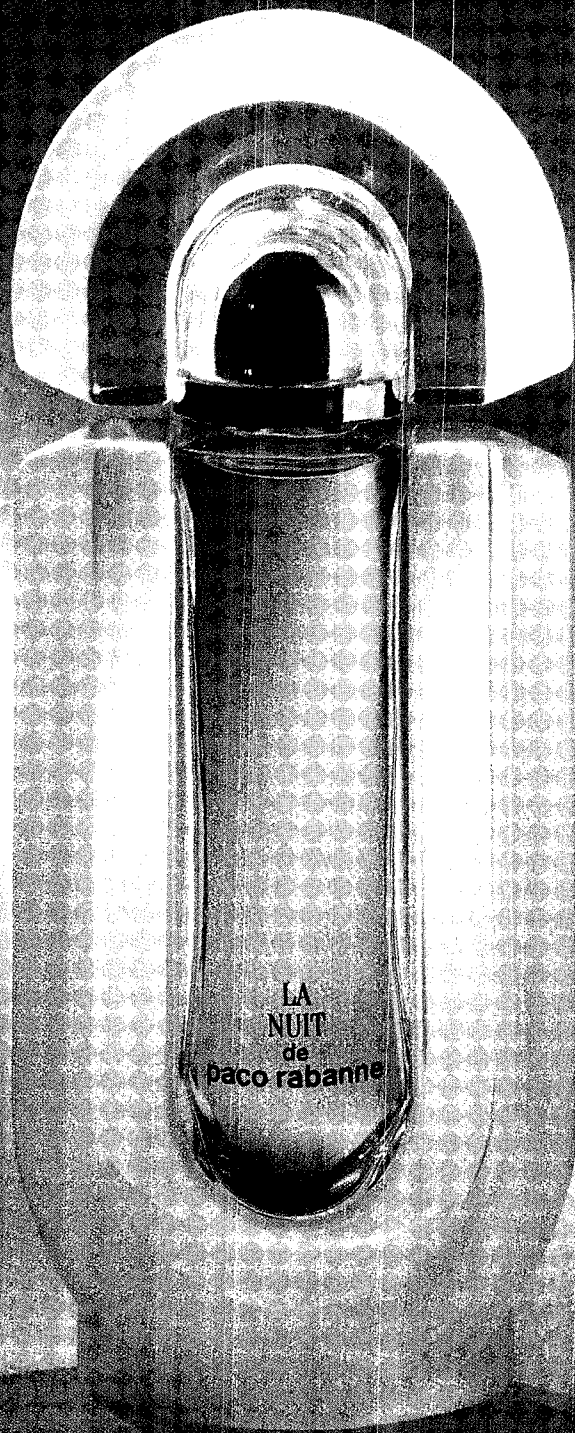
Ragozin began reading at age two, and his favorite toys were radio kits and chemistry sets. In public school, in Fort Plain, he skipped second grade—"I had an I.Q. of 184," he says—and for the rest of his school years he made no close friends; he had a certain social awkwardness, which stayed with him. In 1945, Ragozin entered Harvard—"to major in poker"—and shortly after he graduated, in 1949, his father faced a financial crisis. Always a gambler at business, Harry had taken to playing cotton futures on his own, and soon was heavily margined. When the federal government froze cotton prices during the Korean War, he was unable to support his position but unwilling to pull out. He sold all his assets, then borrowed to the hilt, and eventually took a net loss of a hundred thousand dollars. ("We had a ticker tape in the house, and I remember him sitting and watching it and turning green," his son says.)

During the same period, Beaunit stock fell from more than thirty dollars a share to thirteen. Since Harry had purchased twenty-five thousand shares largely on credit, he was faced with imminent bankruptcy. As a last resort, he turned for help to his older brother. By that time, Uncle Israel (or Rogy, as he was known, not always with affection) saw Harry and Sarra as political embarrassments, who had the ill judgment to support Henry Wallace for President. Rogy agreed to cover Harry's obligations to banks and brokers, but only in return for control over the twenty-five thousand shares, and eventually forced Harry to sell while the stock was rising again. "If I could have hung on for another year or so," Harry maintained many years later, "I would have recovered all my losses." Rogy then seized the opportunity to squeeze his brother out of the business. (Harry finally resigned from the board of directors in 1954, and later latched on with a nephew's textile firm.)

One winter's day back in 1948, to escape the stress of family and finance, Harry joined a friend at Hialeah. He lost, but was immediately hooked on racing—a passion that deepened after he left Beaunit. "I was a production



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the animal and *itself*, and Ragozin learned to predict a thoroughbred's fitness from the pattern of its past figures—to tell, in short, whether the beast was ready to run its best that day. “I was at Hialeah in March of '56, carrying all these speed cards around in a monster suitcase,” he recalls. “One day, I started to give the horses a letter on condition—A, B, C—besides projecting a number for speed. That day, the horses with my best numbers didn't win, but a bunch of horses with the best letters came in at long prices, including an eighty-dollar filly.”

Guided by the graphs, Ragozin began to discern how patterns repeated themselves beyond statistical coincidence: how horses were affected by layoffs or overuse, how certain lines signalled imminent improvement and others sure decline. Most startling, he saw that a horse that had just run its top race—not necessarily its best time but its best pure *effort*—would almost invariably “bounce” back to a relatively poor performance. Sometimes the bounce would be drastic and permanent, sometimes mild and temporary. The immediate result was the same. While the average punter would see some promising numbers in the *Form* and jump in with both feet, Ragozin gained a huge edge by betting against these short-priced horses.

It was a remarkable theory, both obvious and radical, and only a Marxist might have embraced it so readily. Ragozin considered the bounce a case study in dialectics. “You're dealing with complicated ebbs and flows, the two-sidedness of every development,” he says. “When a horse runs a good race, it's both good and bad. The question is to decide which is predominant in each individual case. Did that race hurt him, or was it a springboard for further good efforts? It's a very *live* problem, and not a dead statistical problem, or a lot of people would have solved it.”

Thirty years later, the bounce principle remains controversial. “Ragozin is a very intelligent guy, and the numbers themselves are very, very sound, but there's a considerable element of bullshit in interpreting them,” says Andy Beyer, whose “Picking Winners” became the bible on speed when it was published, in 1975. “His numbers are great as a measurement of previous performances, and who ran better than whom. But to look at a horse with numbers of 17-17-13 and say he'll run badly today because of the effort of the 13—that's stretch-

ing the point. To say this horse is like a pitcher going on three days' rest—I just can't believe it.”

But a former owner who is now a trainer for Glenn Lane has utter faith in the bounce. He says he has watched it for the last ten years. “Sometimes the horse actually damages a bone or muscle, or aggravates some dormant injury,” he claims. “Or sometimes you'll just see a change in the horse's attitude. He'll be physiologically knocked out. His appetite will be poor, he'll lose some of his coat, he'll be dull around the stall.”

To Ragozin, the proof was that he typically made a twenty-per-cent profit whenever he found a bookie brave or dumb enough to take his action. By 1968, he had split from his father over money. He took his speed cards—fifteen thousand of them—to a fourth-floor walkup apartment on Perry Street, and became a noted Village character. His stamina was extraordinary. He would pore over the numbers all day, hit the Lion's Head and have dinner, and then move on to the Chess and Checker Club, on Forty-second Street, or, once in a while, to a floating high-limit poker game. (“He was very serious, very decisive,” one of the people who played cards with him says. “He was either in a pot or out of it—he didn't mess around.”) For a holiday, Ragozin would make a foray to some minor track, like Atlantic City, and beat the rubes blind. In his spare time, he made spot picks for the *Boston Herald American*. “The whole world thought he was nuts,” says Marion Buhagiar, who was his second wife and is still a close friend. “It was very hard for him to sustain the idea that his work would ever catch on.”

But Ragozin persevered, and the figures got better and better.

When they seemed just right, he would steer a hot horse to his father, who had retired in 1968 and was the owner of a small

stable in New York. In 1972, Ragozin found a fifteen-thousand-dollar colt named Sunny and Mild racing in New Jersey. Harry made the claim, and hit the jackpot. Sunny and Mild had been running mediocre 18s in New Jersey, but advanced rapidly to 9s in New York. The colt won a major stakes race and placed in three others, and even set an Aqueduct record for a mile and three-sixteenths. Harry cleared sixty thousand dollars before Sunny and Mild was through, and he gave a one-third commission to his



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son. After raising another twenty thousand from a Brooklyn lumber dealer, Ragozin finally had the capital to put his theories into practice. He bought some horses.

"I had thought, with my great genius, that I would spot horses running cheap, win a few races, and sell them for a lot more," he recalled recently. "I would beat the rate structure—the high price of training—by holding them for a short time. But it didn't work out that way. Even with my figures, I wound up with some cripples. For every horse on the track, there's one who can't get to the post. The only way to make up for such horses is through purses, and the purses aren't enough. The whole game is rigged against you."

For all that, Ragozin held his own. He remained an owner for five years, and throughout that time his winnings exceeded his expenses. In 1975, his stable collected \$263,429, ranking forty-seventh in the country in races won. From 1975 through 1977, in a business where a winning percentage of fifteen is respectable and twenty outstanding, his entries won twenty-two per cent of their races. Ragozin's methods were no less surprising than his results. He gave his trainers rigid instructions but rarely visited the barn. Grapefruit knees and swaybacks never bothered him as long as the graph looked good. "To me, a horse is hardly even an animal with four legs that runs around the track," he said. "I hardly even remember the names. To me, a horse is this slim piece of paper with numbers written on it—a line of development. I was dealing once with an owner named Joe Parisi, who wanted to get rid of a horse who'd been doing poorly. I told him to wait—that the figures showed the horse wasn't lame. The line was like the curve of a disease, first waxing and then waning, and now it seemed that the horse was getting better. Parisi said, 'How the hell can you say that? You're sitting in your office and you never talked to the vet, and you're telling me this is some infection?' A dramatic pause. 'Well,' he said, 'it happens you're right. I just talked to the vet today.'" Ragozin broke into one of the long, chesty laughs he reserves for his favorite stories. "And the horse came around!"

He went on, "What trainers can see with their eyes has to be such a small part of the total organism. They're looking at the legs—for what they call soundness—but that's all they can

look for. They can't look to see if a horse has some kind of degenerative disease that's going to show itself later in a gradually decreasing blood count. If a horse is developing a fracture because of a weakness in the bone, there will be a tiny split first, which will keep it from racing quite as fast, before the real injury happens. So I'm not surprised that it would show up in the figures first. I had a three-year-old named Stagecraft, and he was busy winning and running second, but on the figures he was running a little worse in every race, and, with a young horse, that was a bad sign. Somebody in California bought him, and two months later he was dead. I had a three-year-old, named Mr. Jag, winning every other race, and my trainer was as happy as a lark. But the horse kept refusing to come back to his peak figure, and to me this was a very bad sign. Why shouldn't a young, healthy animal occasionally run his best? I figured there must be a weakness. I told my trainer to peddle the colt, and finally somebody bought him. Four races later, he broke a leg."

Ragozin's greatest coup as an owner was Frampton Delight, a \$26,500 claimer. Unlike Sunny and Mild, Frampton Delight never improved. But Ragozin's figures showed that the colt would be competitive in some late-autumn stakes at Aqueduct which traditionally drew soft, tired fields. He laid the colt off all summer, to get the right condition line. He hired Steve Cauthen, then a little-known apprentice jockey, to get a break on the weights. He told Cauthen to stay on the rail at all costs. The result proved how powerful Ragozin's system could be. Frampton Delight surged in the stretch to capture the Gallant Fox Handicap in 1976. He went on to win the Display, and more than a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in all.

BY then, Ragozin was exhausted, a man who worked and slept and did little else. The figures were both sharper than ever and more demanding; he hired on-track observers to gauge how wide a horse ran, and to provide more accurate finish times than the official teletimers. Besides directing his stable's every move, he was placing bets at as many as five different tracks a day. At first, he enjoyed the wagering, and the heady rush of having his wisdom confirmed within minutes. "I stopped playing poker, because I didn't like the idea of seeing the guys I was beating," he

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observed. "When you're playing the horses, either you don't see the guys you're beating or you're beating bookmakers and you don't really care." But horseplaying had its own drawbacks. Ragozin decided he needed balance and control, he says, and he distrusted the intoxication of a big score. He resented the fact that even successful bettors must lose four of five races. He positively feared the days when all went wrong and he'd lose thousands by a flaring nose. He *hated* to be wrong, he says, although he knew that it was the very uncertainty—the play of probabilities—that gave his work life.

When Ragozin ran hot, he found that he couldn't stand prosperity. A successful gambler has long been defined as "a six-figure man," but whenever Ragozin's share of his stable grew to a hundred thousand dollars he'd slide into neurotic losing streaks. In both bets and claims, he'd desert blue chips for rank speculations. "Instead of doing what I had done to build the stable, which was to go into situations I understood completely, I was looking for a brilliancy prize," he says. "I was *trying* to lose, and, since I wasn't completely crazy, I had to work out a rationale for losing money. It was just disgusting."

But back in 1967 he had formed an informal partnership with a young man who was known as the Bomber, for his heavy raids on the betting windows. A brilliant law student from the Midwest who never got around to studying for his bar exam, the Bomber met Ragozin through the antiwar movement. He knew nothing about the racetrack, had none of the usual stale biases, and was seduced by Ragozin's figures. "It was fascinating to find a game where you had a secret that unlocked all the mysteries," he said recently. The two struck a deal: Ragozin would give his young protégé full access to the figures, teach him all he could, and supplement his bankroll. The Bomber turned out to be a prodigy at the track—cool where Ragozin was frantic, and especially gifted at knocking down fifty-thousand-dollar triples. By 1972, he was winning steadily and big. Word of his plunder spread, and other charter Raggies surfaced, eager to pay two per cent of their handle for the best speed ratings around. They were characters all: the Big Man, a bridge master, who went on to net more than three million dollars with the figures, including a \$304,663 twin trifecta at Suffolk

Downs, in Massachusetts; Normie O., a bald psychology major, who took top honors and ten thousand dollars in an N.Y.R.A. handicap challenge; Mr. Dirt, a former script man for "Be-witched," who jammed crumpled C-notes into his trousers.

The mid-seventies were golden years for the sheet players. It was not uncommon for a horse to ship into New York from out of state, have the best figures and condition line in a race, and go off at 15-1. "In those days, it was like going into a chicken coop with a gun and shooting anything you wanted," one of the Raggies says. "No one else knew what was going on. No one else had figures." The conventional wisdom then was "class" handicapping, which judged horses by the company they kept and the money they'd won. A class handicapper would be loath to bet on ex-claimers like Sunny and Mild or Frampton Delight to win an allowance race, much less a stakes. Such horses would be deemed ill-bred party crashers, out of their depth. It was a comfortable theory, in line with the sport's elitist origins. It was also hopelessly outmoded. "It was always the class bettors against us," the Bomber says, "and in the long run they went broke and we made a fortune."

In the short run, there were outlandish betting coups. In the autumn of 1976, the sheets led the Bomber to claim a four-year-old colt named Sea Train in a three-thousand-dollar race at Atlantic City, normally the province of cripples and plow horses. Sea Train lost again that day, but the Bomber didn't care. Earlier in the meet, Sea Train had run on the turf for the first time, and had finished a distant sixth. Ragozin's figures, however, showed that Sea Train had run the race of his life that day—a full eight points better than his best run on dirt. The quality of his effort, lost in the *Racing Form*, made Sea Train irresistible to the Bomber. "If I don't claim him," he explained, "no one ever runs him on the grass again, and I can't make the bet." His plan was derailed for several months after Sea Train bowed a tendon, but the horse recovered, and the Bomber found the right spot in September 1977: a starter handicap on the grass at Delaware Park. Sea Train won by daylight at odds of nearly 10-1, and the Bomber took sixty per cent of the win pool and two-thirds of the triple pool. He netted more than fifty thousand dollars.



By that time, sheet sales generated enough income to allow Ragozin to phase out his stable and stop betting for good. He moved his office quarters out of his apartment and into his present office, on East Eleventh Street. Still, he fretted about his hard-core clientele. "These guys are all psychos, they're total social rejects," he said. "They're like Moonies—they devote their whole lives to one thing." Ragozin felt responsible for his regulars, even when they bet his figures wrong. When they busted, he carried them, or granted loans and "rebates" up to ten thousand dollars. "You've got to be their nursemaid," he complained.

"I'm not going to tell them to get lost, but it's a lot of trouble." In recent years, he has broadened his customer base, and the new-era Raggies are moderate men with families and real careers. They include eye specialists and tax lawyers, Texas real-estate magnates, and a vice-president at Continental Can. They play perhaps once or twice a week, but Ragozin prefers it that way.

Betting clients supply about three-quarters of Ragozin's revenues. The remainder comes from half a dozen owners, who pay five per cent of their purses plus twenty-five per cent of net profits for his data. It's a stiff fee (Ragozin's lone competitor, a former employee named Jerry Brown, charges three per cent of a horse's purchase price and three per cent of its purses), but the customers aren't complaining. In only his second year, Dennis Heard, who established his stable after selling a Wall Street messenger service, finished fourteenth nationally in races won. Tresvant Stable, which is now managed by the Bomber, has won more than five million dollars in seven years. But no one has taken Ragozin's theories as far as Glenn Lane, a twenty-eight-year-old wunderkind who got his start in the bond market, and whose expertise with Ragozin's data has won him well over a million dollars this year. "When I first started out as a horseman, I got all the information I could and it always seemed that something was missing," he says. "Ragozin's figures gave me a way to analyze clearly, to cut through all the irrelevancies and garbage that are entrenched in this game."

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alibis. Most owners prefer to hear that their horse lost because he didn't like the surface, or some dirt had lodged in his eye, or the pace was too fast or too slow, or he got wedged on the rail. They don't want to hear that the horse was just not fast enough. "Ragozin's approach forces you to be very objective about things," Lane says. "It's too concrete for some people."

NINE years ago, when Ragozin turned fifty, his office gave him a trip to Puerto Rico. It was his last vacation. He hurt his back in the hotel there, and vowed never to stray from home again. Home is now a Twenty-third Street apartment, where a complete hardbound set of Lenin ("the only life I'd rather have led than mine") anchors one shelf, next to Saul Bellow and Doris Lessing ("novelists from whom you can learn something"), Ring Lardner and Theodore Dreiser, Henry Miller and Celine. Beneath them is a collection of record albums—from Schoenberg and Varèse to Leadbelly and John Jacob Niles. The books and records stand upright, and strike the only notes of order in the room. Although Ragozin has been married twice, he retains a bachelor's habits. Clothes are strewn under an oval coffee table and on top of a queen-size mattress that lies unmade on the living-room floor, just in case a friend drops in.

The apartment has a bedroom, but Ragozin never sleeps in it, preferring the living room and a plush brown couch he bought fifteen years ago at Bloomingdale's. He likes the couch, he says, because he can arrange the cushions just so, to elevate his knees and shoulders and save his back. (He swims for therapy, and chose the apartment because there is a pool down the hall.) Another reason he likes the couch is that it permits him to be "surrounded by everything I enjoy"—the books and the records and two large analogue synthesizers (but no VCR, and not even a TV). Ragozin developed a taste for folk music as a grade-schooler in Fort Plain, and as a young man he sang in bars and coffee shops, accompanying himself on a five-string banjo. Music remains his great, unsated passion. "I've made some tapes—singing with banjo or synthesizer—and if I sent them to Folkways Records it's fifty-fifty they'd make an album," he says. "They're as good as anything that's around, or better—I love to listen to them myself. When I use the synthesizer, I don't

know exactly what's going to happen, and that's what I enjoy—the serendipity."

Except for music, Ragozin has freed his life of all frills. His favorite gaming clubs have closed. Occasionally, he passes a Friday hour at the Lion's Head, but the crowds are younger now, and he says that "there aren't any really scintillating people that I very much look forward to." He dates once or twice a month, but only when one of his old girlfriends calls him. He eats simply, unless a friend hints that a treat at Lutèce would be welcome. He owns no car, and prefers buses to taxis. When his net worth, held mostly in municipal bonds, threatens to exceed a million dollars, he depletes it with subsidies to creative people whose work he admires. He once gave an eight-thousand-dollar word processor to a New York playwright "with a proletarian slant." He is routinely generous, especially when he sees an opportunity to "really change things for a person," without any lingering obligation.

"He is self-centered but not selfish," observes Gudrun Sprank, a good friend. "He always meets his own needs first, but he feels responsible for people in a very unusual way. If he meets a group of bums on the corner, he'll buy them a bucket of fried chicken or something like that."

In the week of Black Monday, Harry Ragozin paid his son a visit. Forty years after his cotton debacle, he was in trouble once more, struggling to meet a margin call in a plummeting stock market. His son handed him ten thousand dollars in personal checks, but gently abridged Harry's play-by-play, saying, "Do I have to know the gory details?"

After Harry left, Ragozin considered the state of his family ties. He rarely visits his father and ailing mother, though they live twenty minutes away. He sees his sister and brother, both West Coast academics, "once every few years," whenever they land in New York for some conference. He has a twenty-year-old daughter from his second marriage, but his ties to her are distant and occasional at best. "My family doesn't mean a thing to me," he said that day. "Not because I'm a cruel fellow—I've helped with money when they need it. But it doesn't mean anything emotionally. If they all perished in an earthquake tomorrow, I'd just keep on doing whatever I'm doing. People seem to think it's an odd trait, but I can't understand why other people allow their lives to

Save the Whales

Japan Defies Ban As Fleet Sails

The Japanese whaling fleet is sailing to Antarctica to kill hundreds of endangered whales in violation of a ban on all commercial whaling imposed by the International Whaling Commission (IWC).

The hard-won whale conservation measures of recent years will be shattered if Japan gets away with this piracy. Other defiant whaling nations—particularly Iceland and Norway—will likely renew the bloodbath that has driven the great whales to the brink of extinction.

Japan's Doublecross

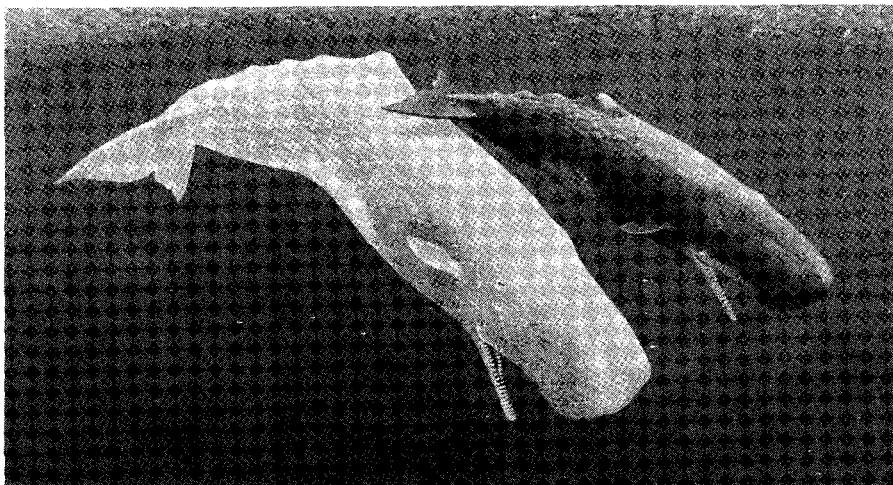
In 1984, Japan signed an agreement with U.S. Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige pledging to phase out its whaling by early 1988. In return, the U.S. government refrained from imposing economic sanctions against Japan for its violation of zero whale quotas over the past three years.

Japan's decision to send out its fleet demonstrates extraordinary duplicity and greed. Will the ruthless Japanese fishing industry be satisfied only when it has rendered every last whale, those awesome mammals with the most complex brains on Earth, into mink food, lubricating oil and steaks?

Fraudulent Science

Attempting to justify more whaling, Japan is claiming that it must harpoon thousands of whales in the next ten years for "scientific research." The IWC specifically condemned the scheme in June at its annual meeting. The IWC's Scientific Committee recently refused to endorse a "new" research plan. In reality, Japan is attempting to continue commercial whaling in the guise of science.

The U.S. can force Japan to halt its outlaw whaling, but only if concerned citizens counter the heavy-handed pressure of Japan. A federal law, the Packwood-Magnuson



Amendment, requires that nations conducting illicit whaling shall lose fishing rights within the U.S. 200-mile zone. A similar law, the Pelly Amendment, authorizes the President to embargo all fishery products from offending nations. Japan has a huge fleet in U.S. waters, and exports hundreds of millions of dollars of fish to the U.S.

Japan is using all its political and economic might to block the sanctions against its fishing industry. Officials at the highest levels of the Japanese government are pressuring the Reagan Administration in Tokyo and Washington. The Japanese fishing industry is threatening retaliation against U.S. imports. It has even hired a former U.S. commissioner to the International Whaling Commission as its lobbyist in Washington.

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Reagan, urging him to impose economic sanctions against the Japanese fishing industry. His address is The White House, Washington, D.C. 20500. Send copies of your letter to your Senators and Representative.

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be all screwed up by their relatives. I don't feel any obligation to support my parents, but I do have a sense of fairness. I know that there's this unwritten contract: your parents give you this running start, and if they live into their eighties and nineties you're supposed to help them."

His commitment to the women in his life is similarly elusive. Ragozin married his first wife, a nurse, at the age of twenty-seven, and left her a year later, after realizing that she "wanted to be my slave, and I really couldn't stand that." He married Marion Buhagiar, now a business writer and newsletter consultant, in 1960, and stayed with her for ten years, but she was an exception. ("She's the only person I've never gotten tired of talking to," Ragozin says.)

"I think I'm much more self-sufficient than the average person," Ragozin said recently. "I don't think I'm afraid of relationships, but I really do like my own company. I just get bored with other people, because they don't have as much to them as I do."

Buhagiar takes another view. "In his love affairs, he is totally addicted to the other person, and that's a very vulnerable state, and he doesn't like to be there very long," she says. "He has no idea of any middle ground—that you can be enormously attached to a person without losing yourself."

As both a gambler and an inventor, Ragozin relied only on his instincts and his talent. For years, he worked without a safety net of steady paychecks or public acceptance. Self-reliance became a credo. Several years ago, he took an alley cat into his house. "But I didn't raise it as a wimpy house cat," he recalls. "Most cats have an independent personality, but they don't have the musculature. So I'd wrestle it with a leather glove, and I gave it dry cat food, because then they don't eat any more than they need. That cat was tough. One summer, I left it with friends at a country house in Pennsylvania. It kept ranging farther and staying away longer. One day, it showed up; it had killed and skinned a rabbit. The next week, it was gone for good, and I like to think of it out in the woods, leading a pack of wildcats."

Ragozin thinks of himself as fortunate. "In everything I've done in life, the reward for me is in the job itself," he says. "The satisfaction is in the doing of the work." But his business grows in spite of him. There are national promotions to attend to, direct-

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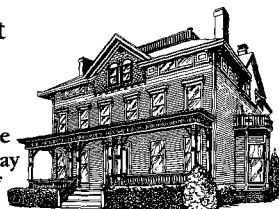
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mail distributions to edit, an artificial-intelligence program to develop for the computer. Last year, it got to where Ragozin, weakened by flu and fatigue, seriously considered quitting. "I'm getting old, and I'm not being allowed to get old," he grumbled, more to himself than anyone else. "I'm doing all this for other people—my friends who bet, the people who work here. I don't want to be a salesman, I don't want to be a computer expert. I'll just stay home and make the figures." Then his good health returned, Gold-N-Oats took off, and the new challenge seemed to soften his gruffness: "When you're financially secure, it's a big improvement on the personality, man," he remarked. "You get mellow. You don't have to win the argument. Let *him* win one, poor devil. I've got my work and a million in the bank."

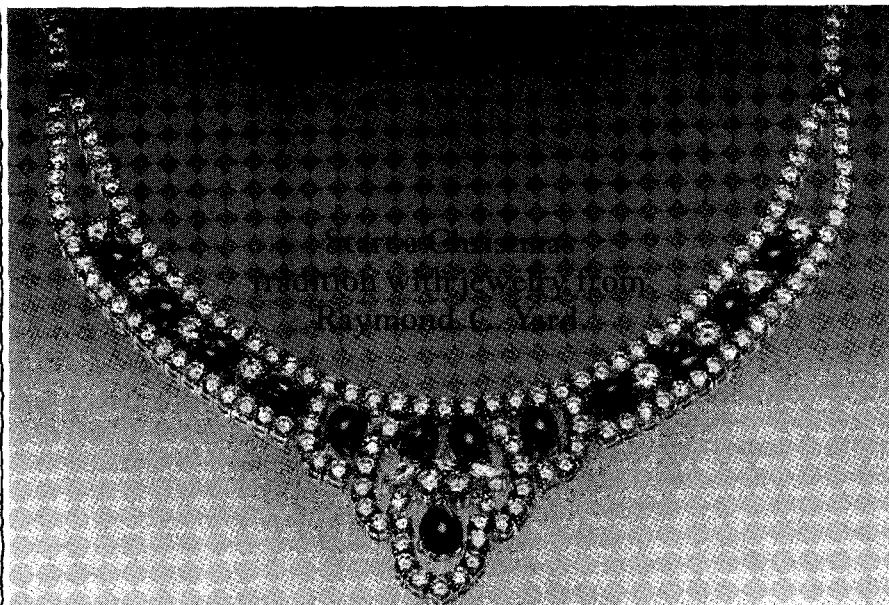
ON a recent Thursday night, the perfectionist was working late, as usual. The filers and keypunchers and house statisticians had called it a night, but Ragozin lingered on, bent over his draftsman's table, a pillow stuffed into the back of his chair. Before him lay the *Racing Form's* chart of another day at Aqueduct and eighty-odd speed cards of the horses that had run. He flipped through the cards to see how different track variants would play, to determine just which set of eighty development lines made the most sense. It would be a long night. Ahead lay a set of vexing turf races at Pimlico, the finish times muddled by rain. Then he had to decide the future of a five-year-old mare called Set the Way, a Gold-N-Oats claimer that Ragozin had entered in a cheaper race after a win—a daring move. "It's a ticklish question," he said. "Will she win the purse?" (She did.) "Will they claim her?" (They didn't.)

Finally rising for air, like an ocean diver, he said, "This work stretches my ability to its limits, but not beyond. That's the happiest you can be. I'm sure I get as much satisfaction as any great mathematician got from making a great theory. I'm winging it on the cutting edge of creativity."

—JEFF CLOPLON

Today, as in 1621, the tradition of giving thanks is mixed with family, food, and football.—*Newsletter of the Petroleum Club of Fort Worth, Texas.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

THINK of a nineteenth-century painting, a still-life of a basket of fruit: pears and apples and grapes, perhaps. Not the usual pears and apples and grapes but what we have come to think of as old-fashioned fruit—some familiar, some in unfamiliar colors and shapes, and smaller than what one finds at the grocer. Then hustle right over to the telephone and call Manhattan Fruitier, 260-2280, at 210 East 6th Street, and order one of these works of art come to tangible and edible life, either for a friend or for yourself. Aside from their glowing, unwaxed good looks, the fruits are in varying stages of ripeness, so that they don't all have to be eaten on the same day. They bear no relation to what used to be called bon-voyage baskets—collections of unripe fruit wrapped in cellophane and tied with a bow, which were sent to people sailing on an ocean liner. These fruits are set in a nest of juniper sprigs and heather, then covered with the kind of coarse veiling used for ladies' hats, secured with a grosgrain ribbon. You may be briefly deterred by the thought that the baskets are too beautiful to disturb, but such aesthetic restraint lasts about three minutes; sweet smells undermine any misguided ideas about not spoiling the composition. There are Macouns, small winesaps, lady apples, Winter Bananas (these are apples: yellow with red cheeks), Forelli pears (speckled, like trout), Italian muscat grapes, clementines, kumquats, black figs, Bing cherries from Chile, Mt. Rainier cherries (a sweet yellow cherry with a red cheek), persimmons, finger bananas (these are bananas), and perhaps a starfruit, but only if it's ripe. The right-hand side of the brain behind this enterprise is Jehv Gold, who describes himself as an erstwhile lawyer, the left-hand side is Lee Grimsbo, formerly of Dean & DeLuca, which

will come as no surprise to those who have been stopped in their tracks by the irresistible displays of fruits and vegetables at that emporium. (In fact, Mr. Grimsbo still buys the fruits and vegetables for D. & D., and oversees their arrangement.) For the Christmas baskets, he is considering a discreet sprinkling of walnuts, either au naturel or gilded, and the larger baskets may also include a bag of biscotti or a small box of chocolates, fillips subject to discussion with the customer. Prices start at \$45, and include delivery in Manhattan. (Mr. Grimsbo is trying little \$12 ones in the gift departments of a few hospitals, to see how they go. Instantly, we hope.) Call ahead, because he goes to market every morning; there is not an unlimited supply of perfect fruit in the cooler. It's hard to think of another gift that is beautiful, sensuous, and not too hard on the pocketbook. It is a present for all ages and for all seasons.

What's not easy on the pocketbook is caviar, and it's becoming less so every day. All but the Truly Rich should be advised that the first commodity confiscated under President Reagan's new ban on imports from

Iran was caviar—hitting the Supply-Siders where it really hurts. (Pistachio nuts next?) Petrossian, 182 West 58th Street, has never sold anything but Russian caviar, so the people there are looking like those Smile buttons; eight and four-fifths ounces of Beluga is \$268.50, and of Osetra \$167.50. At Zabar's, Murray Klein, standing with one hand out, like a policeman stopping traffic, said to us, "Don't talk to me about caviar! A disaster!" He has since recovered his equilibrium and a source: seven ounces of Beluga is \$150; seven ounces of Osetra is \$90; and he plans to lower some prices by twenty-five per cent for Christmas. In November, Stephen Fass, of Macy's, reported that every time he turned around the price went up, but as of December 9th seven ounces of Beluga was \$165, and of Osetra \$100. Mr. Fass also told us that the way to tell Beluga from Osetra is to squash an egg on paper; if it leaves a red trace, it's Osetra. Flying Foods, wholesale purveyor of exotic foods, in Queens, charges \$120 for seven ounces of Beluga, \$90 for Osetra. It no longer has open house for the public, but will deliver orders over \$100. Telephone:

718 706-0820. Russian Delights, 223 East 14th Street, which is a sister shop of White Acacia, in Brighton Beach, the Russian home away from home in Brooklyn, sells half a kilo (seventeen and a half ounces) of Beluga for \$450, and of Osetra for \$160. In spite of the caviar shortfall, blini are more in evidence this year than ever before. Petrossian sells three in a vacuum pack for \$2.70. They are professional-looking—all exactly the same size, and fairly thick. You heat them up in boiling water; unopened, they will survive in the refrigerator for a long time. You can read the newspaper through the blini at Russian Delights—the same batter is used for both the blintzes and the blini—but the management will make them any thickness, any



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size, pale or brown, for thirty-five to seventy cents apiece. The ones at Something's Cooking, 210 West 10th Street, have the most flavor; they are not simply vehicles for fillings. Either buckwheat or white flour is used, and the Russian blini chef lets the dough rise three times. (Blini are supposed to have yeast in them, but perhaps there is no such thing as ur-blini.) A dollar apiece, and two days' notice. One of their charms is that they do not absolutely *require* caviar; smoked salmon, salmon roe, or jam is not to be sneezed at. Nor was Mr. Fass any too cheerful about the price of smoked salmon. In Great Britain, the pens at the salmon farms were broken by the great October storm, and the salmon escaped, while in Norway last year the salmon were affected by a disease, and so the fish are scarce. Macy's gets its salmon direct—no middleman. A pound of Scotch is \$25.95, a pound of Norwegian \$23.95. Petrossian sells wild Queen Trout, a smoked, very pale-pink delicacy from Finland. It's a change from smoked brook trout, if one feels the need of such a change, and half a pound costs \$11. (One trout weighs about two and a half pounds.) And there's nothing wrong with shrimp—the appetizer of choice for nine out of ten children. It's about \$20 a pound cooked and shelled.

Amazing Foods, 807 Washington Street (Horatio), is similar to Flying Foods, though it's a smaller operation. It has fresh produce from all over the world, and is open to the public on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Oysters are fifty cents each. Wild turkeys, weighing from eight to ten pounds, are \$6.25 a pound. (Wild turkeys have flavor, without being gamy.) Fresh geese, from four to five pounds, are \$3.95 a pound. Quail is \$1.95; boned quail is \$2.50. Loin of venison (venison is fashionable and plentiful this year, but how it would go down with children is dubious) is \$9.95 a pound. This place has a dazzling variety of baby veggies: pearl onions at \$1.95 a pound, carrots and turnips at \$1 a bunch. Edible flowers, such as marigolds and nasturtiums, are fifty cents a blossom. If you're assembling a meal for a large crew, Amazing Foods is well worth a side trip. And since the meat-packing district is not exactly around the corner for everybody, while you are there just direct your feet to the other side of the street and, at Dufour Pastry Kitchens, No. 808, stock up on some of the frozen puff-

pastry logs, squares, and sandwiches. They come with many different savory or sweet fillings and with precise baking instructions, and are handy to have in the freezer for emergencies, or for grazing. Dufour has two new logs: curry with mustard seeds (when this one is cut, the slices are in the shape of palmiers), for \$4; and a Moroccan savory log, with raisins, almonds, and spices, for \$6. New bite-size squares are filled with seafood: either clams and mussels (red) or shrimp (white) are \$5 a dozen. The two new fillings for the puff-pastry sandwiches (made with margarine for the cholesterol-wary) are eggplant and Parmesan, or spinach and tomato; \$2 each. They are all good, although nothing will budge us from our allegiance to the log filled with smoked brook trout, horseradish, and fresh dill. The four-inch sandwiches could each make a meal and the thirteen-and-a-half-inch logs make sixteen to twenty-five slices. Two blocks east, at 634 Hudson Street, Myers of Keswick, an extension of Cumbria (England) in Old New York, was gearing up for the holidays in mid-November. A notice on the blackboard read: "OUR SHIP HAS COME IN—BUT IT'S STILL DOCKED—SHELVES SHOULD BE BACK TO NORMAL SOON." A basket on the counter holds a bouquet of Coleman's English Mustard picnic tubes; seventy-five cents each. The English fruitcake, made on Main Street in Keswick, comes in one-pound rounds (\$12.95) or two-pound squares (\$25). Whitakers Chocolates for Connoisseurs are packed in small, round hat-boxes covered with pretty papers; three layers of assorted chocolates are \$9.95. Whitakers After Dinner Mints—thin rectangles of dark chocolate with chips of mint—are delicious; \$4.95 a box. My Lord Dates (imported from England, packed in Marseilles, produce of U.S.A.) come in a long box, which

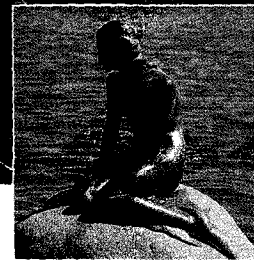
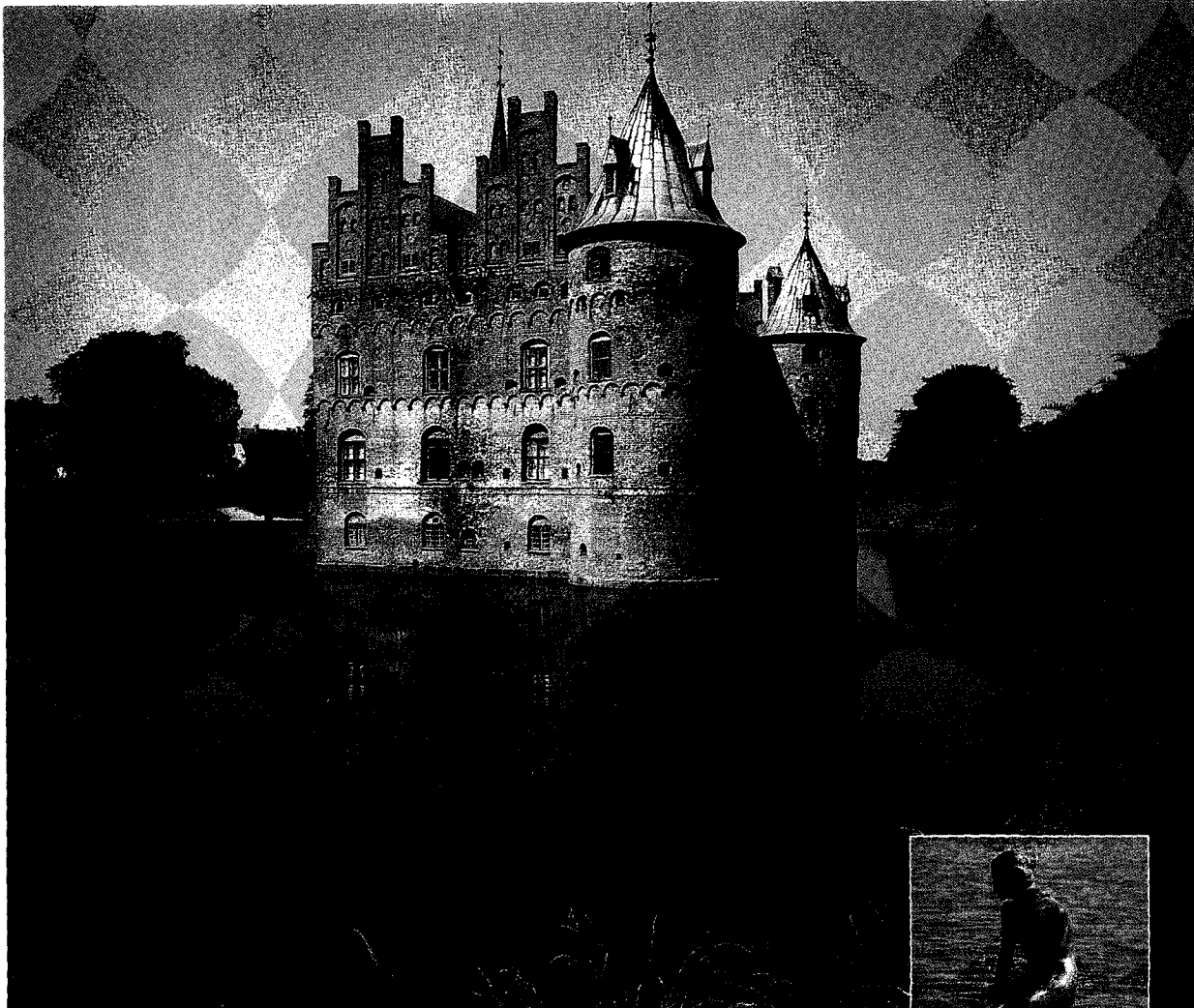
also contains a plastic branch for spearing the dates; \$2.95 for half a pound. There is a lavish assortment of Christmas crackers, ranging from fairly simple ones for the kiddies to deluxe dinner-party models for grown-ups; from \$8.75 (ten) to \$27.50 (six). When you get to the refrigerator case, consider the smoked-salmon mousse, reminiscent of that served in English pubs (\$5.75 for half a pound), or the Irish back bacon, which is from Denmark (\$2.75 for half a pound). The Scotch eggs are the best, and as far as we know the only, ones in town; \$1.75 each. This store is a continuing delight; it sticks to its last.

To get on with Christmas dinner, the entrée easiest on the cook is a joint, and there's a new butcher shop on upper Broadway, called, forthrightly, Broadway Butcher, at 2446 Broadway (90th). It is owned and operated by Eleanor and Michel Guiton, but it's not what most people have in mind when they talk about a mom-and-pop store. M. Guiton is an ex-chef—at the Côte Basque, among other places—and he is smiling, articulate, and bilingual. He says he is thrilled to be a butcher, and not a cook. Madame, who is American, has by no means been relegated to the stool behind the cash register, and between them they are a catalogue of all there is to know about meat. It's a stylish little store, with dark-green walls and black, green, and white tiles. (M. Guiton reported that one customer has accused him of opening a Madison Avenue shop on Broadway and ruining the neighborhood.) The Guitons have beautiful meat, well manicured. They will trim, bone, season, make stuffings, and provide almost any kind of meat or cut, but will do no cooking. Prime roast beef is \$5.98 a pound. Other attractions include sausages that are free of preservatives; Empire Kosher chickens, considered the king of chickens; and, available on order, baby back spareribs from Denmark. "*Manger de la viande, c'est un peu comme croquer du soleil,*" dit M. Guiton.



THE choice of desserts for a Christmas feast is daunting. An overview of the bûches-de-Noël scene is out of the question—there are too many—but Les Friandises, 665 Amsterdam Avenue (92nd), will make them in three sizes (seven, ten, and twenty inches) and any number of permutations, decorate them charmingly with marzipan and meringue, and top them with a marzipan plaque that

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reads either "MERRY CHRISTMAS" or "JOYEUX NOËL," as you choose; from \$22, for a seven-inch lemon-orange model, to \$82, for a twenty-inch chocolate-chocolate. The star turn here is the croquembouche—small *pâte-à-choux* puffs filled with hazelnut cream, then dipped in caramel and piled in a cone shape. It comes decorated with marzipan holly leaves and berries, and one of these constructions gracing the Christmas table would *épater* everyone present. (The marzipan décor is in pieces large enough to be set aside by those who are not partial to this confection.) Prices range from \$36 (for feeding six or eight) to \$112.50 (for feeding twenty or twenty-five), and a week's notice is required. Miniature Oxford Holiday fruitcakes, loaded with fruits and nuts soaked in cognac, are covered and decorated with marzipan, and so beguiling to look at that it doesn't really matter how you feel about fruitcake; \$3.75 each. A dessert that would please everyone is an authentic Tarte Tatin, made with caramelized apple quarters. It is luscious, serves four or eight, and costs \$7.50 or \$25. Les Friandises is a first-class French pâtisserie; it's run by Jean Kahn, who knows what she's doing. Anyone planning on a large cast for Christmas dinner (or maybe this is more for New Year's Eve) should get in touch with the Chelsea Baking Company, 259 West 19th Street, where the pastry chef will build a croquembouche thirty inches high, using more than a hundred puffs, covered in "a cascade of rich gold caramel," garnished with spun sugar, and finished with a caramel rope around the bottom; \$250, and three days' notice is necessary. Chelsea will also make, on one day's notice, an English Christmas trifle—layers of sherry-soaked sponge cake (Harvey's Bristol Cream), raspberry purée, crème anglaise, and whipped cream. The result is what Elizabeth David calls "one glorious sticky mess." It is embellished with marzipan holly leaves and berries, and comes in a non-returnable nine-inch cut-glass bowl; \$30 for one that serves from twelve to fourteen people. Less spectacular, but festive and considerably less rich, is the fresh-cranberry upside-down cake, with a wreath of crushed pistachio nuts around the edge; \$16 for a cake serving from sixteen to eighteen. Chelsea always has six flavors of ices and ice creams made by New York Ice, in case a cooling accompaniment, or an alternative, to its grand desserts

is called for. Ices are \$3 a pint; ice creams are \$9 for two quarts. Chelsea sells to the public at wholesale prices; it is open from 7 to 11 A.M. for fresh-baked breakfast Danish and muffins, but otherwise call a day ahead to reserve and order; it will deliver orders over \$50. Telephone: 242-7692.

On the plum-pudding front, the good news is that although Country Host has packed up its *batterie de cuisine* and stolen away to Cheshire, Connecticut, it will deliver plum puddings (if there are any left) to Manhattan. The puddings, in a bowl, tied with a bow, one and a half or three pounds, are \$10 a pound. Fruitcakes—one and a half, two, or three pounds—ditto. Deliveries come down on Mondays. Telephone: 203 272-8243. Soutine, 104 West 70th Street, also has a proper English plum pudding, in a white crock; \$20 for one weighing about a pound and a half. Its traditional English fruitcake, which has a layer of marzipan between the cake and the Royal Icing and is decorated with two tiny Christmas trees and a Santa Claus, is delightful to look at as well as authentic; \$30. At Neuman & Bogdonoff, 1385 Third Avenue (79th), Cindi Taylor, the resident baker, makes a chocolate-cranberry-mousse cake, frosted with fresh whipped cream and decorated with a Christmas motif, that sounds terrible but is delectable. The cranberries cut the chocolate but are compatible with it, and the cake looks lovely; \$16 for one that serves ten. An apple cobbler with a side dish of maple whipped cream is sublime; the cobbler is \$7 a pound, the cream is \$2.50 a pint, and Neuman & Bogdonoff will fill your own dish. La Fromagerie, 1374 Madison Avenue (95th), makes what it calls a Duo—a soft meringue with hazelnut-and-chocolate filling that melts in the mouth. A large one, serving from six to eight, is \$18; individual ones are \$2.50. The pecan balls, white and crumbly, are \$5.50 for half a pound. The choice of desserts in New York is so extensive and of such high calibre that no one has to go out of his or her postal zone to find one.

THE four-career family or slugabeds or people who don't know how to cook, if they haven't managed to get invited to someone else's house for dinner, can always order a Christmas dinner, or pieces thereof—it isn't all or nothing. Rémy Gautier, of Table de France, 349 East 83rd Street, has come up with yet another haute-

cuisine Christmas Eve dinner: oyster bisque (\$3.50); paupiette of salmon, with sauce crevette (\$5.50); stuffed quail *au Porto et aux raisins*, with wild rice and red cabbage (\$12.75); mixed green salad (\$2.25); and a goat-cheese feuilleté (\$1.95). For dessert, there's a choice of a bûche (\$2.50) or crème brûlée à l'orange (\$2.75). All prices quoted are per portion. (An eight-inch bûche is \$22; a nine-inch crème brûlée is \$18.) Orders should be in by Monday, December 21st. Telephone: 772-3495. Peter Dent, 120 Hudson Street (North Moore), is also providing a French menu for Christmas—in fact, several French menus. Appetizers (choice of): Wellfleets; fish soup; mushroom-and-leek pie; celery sticks and toast served with anchoïade, tapenade, and roasted-vegetable sauce; and snails with ham and tomato in a garlic-and-shallot-butter sauce. Entrées: lamb, boned, rubbed inside with a mixture of orange rind, parsley, garlic, and chopped walnuts, and tied, ready to roast; cooked fresh ham with prunes soaked in Armagnac; choucroute garnie (braised goose only), with turnips and potatoes; boudin blanc (raw). Side dishes: purées of fennel and chestnut, braised leeks, asparagus, roasted red onions. Desserts: apple-and-prune croustade, bûche, or Gâteau Basque (described as a low cake with a crust like a crusty coffee cake, and filled with cream flavored with Armagnac, rum, orange-flower water, and vanilla). In addition, Dent offers pain d'épice and angel cookies to fill in the cracks if anyone is still hungry. The least expensive appetizer is the mushroom-and-leek pie, at \$3 a portion; the most expensive is the oysters (\$1 apiece shucked). The least expensive entrée is the boudin, at \$5.25 a pound; the most expensive is the choucroute (\$135 to serve eight). Telephone: 219-0666. The only menu that we have eaten our way through is from the Silver Palate, 274 Columbus Avenue (73rd). Among the highlights were a terrine of venison, rabbit, duck, and duck fat, with a coarse texture and a fine, strong flavor—the best pâté de campagne that we have tasted (\$17 a pound). A smoked-salmon-and-caviar mousse is \$7.50 for half a pint. (What pâté and mousse, and shrimp and smoked salmon as well, have going for them is that they can be served with drinks before the main meal, thereby saving the hostess a certain amount of kitchen duty after the guests have arrived.) A subtle leek-and-celery-root

vichyssoise (if that isn't a contradiction in terms) is \$6.50 a pint; Cornish game hens stuffed with apricots and gingersnaps and topped with orange-butter sauce are \$14 apiece; braised red cabbage with apples is \$7.50 to serve two; squash purée with pecans and pecan-studded wild rice with shallot butter are \$8.65 for two; scalloped oysters are \$7.50 for two. Chocolate Amaretto mousse is \$3.50 a portion. The food at the Silver Palate belies the universal belief that quality diminishes with expansion; this place maintains its high standards and style. All Christmas orders must be in by four-thirty on Tuesday, December 22nd. Telephone: 799-6340. Something's Cooking will cook a suckling pig to serve ten (\$200), a goose to serve six (\$160), and a turkey that serves from eight to twelve (\$130). All three arrive with appropriate stuffings and vegetables, and the price includes delivery. There is a wide choice of desserts, including a Christmas cake, which is a four-layer Viennese cake made almost entirely of fudge and crowned with a chocolate decoration (\$32). On the shop's sticker, underneath Something's Cooking is the sentence "Take a restaurant home." All these shops provide just that: a restaurant meal without the forlorn atmosphere of a restaurant on Christmas Day.

SINCE this is the season to be jolly, many people throw large cocktail parties. Anyone so disposed might consider ordering a shrimp pyramid from Sant Ambroeus, 1000 Madison Avenue (77th): a hundred shrimps, with sauce and toothpicks, on a silver platter (to be returned), delivery included; \$125. The pyramid has that simple, expensive look. Two days' notice is required. Telephone: 570-2211. For a cocktail party with canapés of sufficient quality and staying power to carry the guests through an evening of theatre, the Food Gallery, Inc., 252 West 29th Street, will take orders for five very different canapés for a minimum of twenty-five people, at \$20 a head. This is a catering establishment, not a takeout place, and is run by Richard Ferrugio, a graduate of Princeton—not a college one thinks of right off the bat as a spawning ground for fine catering. The reason for mentioning the Food Gallery is that the canapés are unlike any others we have sampled. For example: Santa Fe hand-rolls, which are tortillas with spiced black beans, spinach, roasted red pep-

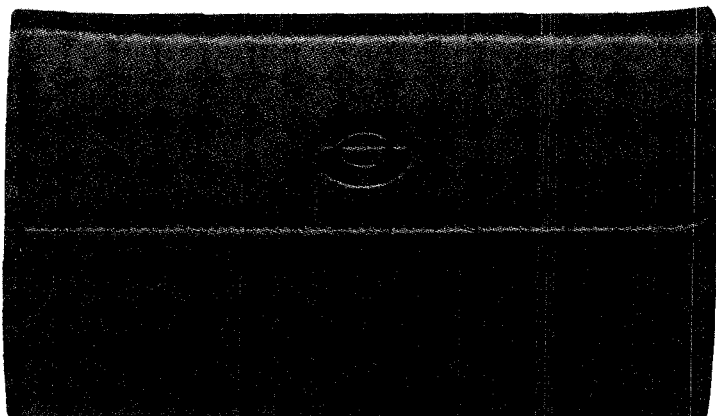
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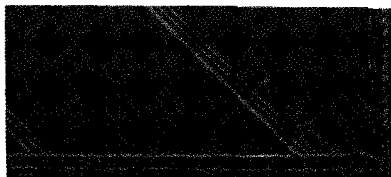
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pers, and smoked salmon, served with avocado-vinaigrette purée; or apricot-and-ginger chicken, chunks of boneless chicken breast with a spiced fruit glaze, served on a long wooden skewer; or perfectly steamed shrimp on a skewer, with Alexandrian sauce, which is an African plum sauce; or smoked-salmon mousse formed to look like a whole poached, decorated fish (with cucumber scales), served with endive spears and finger breads. Everything is delicious, substantial, and beautifully presented. Telephone: 594-7701.

ONCE the Christmas festivities have been taken care of, there is the challenge of getting through the rest of the very long holidays with as much cheer and as little effort as possible. As Burns did not say, the best laid plans o' moms gang aft a-gley—mainly because children don't want to be pinned down as to whether they will be out for supper or home for supper or home for supper with an indeterminate number of friends. This is when pizza and pasta come into their own, not least because kids can warm up one and boil the other without supervision. This column has never dealt with pizza in depth, the reason being that the overenthusiastic use of oregano in most tends to make them taste alike. Nearly every takeout store has some form of pizza, of course, and we have discovered several pizzas that don't contain oregano—or, at least, any oregano in them is not detectable. We have tried them on a test group of ten enthusiasts and two non-enthusiasts, and herewith present the winners, by unanimous vote. American Pie, 434 Amsterdam Avenue (81st) and 1590 Second Avenue (82nd), has a stuffed pizza, a sort of deep-dish pie, with a good whole-wheat crust and loaded with sausage, peppers, onion, cheese, and a whiff of fennel; \$23.95 for a ten-inch pie. (The pizzas here come in the conventional open-face form as well, and with a white crust for those who prefer it, and there is a wide choice of fillings; \$7 to \$9.) Telephones: 877-6740 (West Side) and 861-9190 (East Side). Mangia, 54 West 56th Street, offers two pizzas every day—a simple one of Fontina cheese and tomato, plus a daily special, such as leeks and pancetta. Both are about six inches in diameter—they are called “pizzettes”—and have a whole-wheat crust; \$3. Telephone: 582-3061. The hands-down favorite came from Peter Dent: a ricotta-and-dandelion-green combo,

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with one of sausage, sliced red pepper, sliced red onion, and fennel seeds a close second. The golden crust is like the crust on French bread, so crisp and chewy that no one leaves the edges uneaten. John Beal, master pizzamaker, says he enjoys making them, and it shows. He concocts three different fillings each day; \$16 for a nineteen-inch round, \$3 for a generous portion. E.A.T., 1064 Madison Avenue (81st), again has Christmas pizzas, with the thinnest possible crust, in three shapes (tree, heart, wreath), and with three toppings, all veggie: Niçoise, which is strips of yellow peppers, eggplant, maybe zucchini, and cheese (not mozzarella), as the spirit moves Eli Zabar; total onion; and tomato and capers. Prices run from \$15 to \$30 for one that would feed six adults. Call in the morning. Telephone: 772-0022. All these stores will deliver orders over \$10 in the neighborhood, and the boundaries of the neighborhood tend to stretch with the size of the order.

In a popularity contest, pasta would be neck and neck with pizza, and now that "gourmet" pastas (connoting special flour and special flavors that color the pasta, handmade, "natural") are available they give the reassuring impression—probably correct—that, with their health-food overtones, they are far more nourishing than what was once called spaghetti. There are all kinds of flavors, including squid (black, chic, and not for children), and many stores make their own pastas, but August & Company (known as Pasta & Cheese in a previous incarnation) sells packaged linguini from Arizona that actually tastes of the vegetable from which it's made. There are ten flavors, of which we've tried only the black olive and the tomato-basil-garlic, and we could have identified the ingredients with our eyes shut or open; \$5.50 a pound. Cipriani Dolci, 777 Seventh Avenue (51st), sells excellent, handsomely packaged, and astoundingly expensive tagliolini, in tomato, egg, and spinach; \$5.50 for half a pound.

But man doth not live by pizza and pasta alone, even though he might prefer to. If Mother is fortunate enough to be told two days in advance that the young master may be bringing a few of the guys for supper, he's not sure how many, she can either make a meat loaf or chicken hash or call Mortimer's, 1057 Lexington Avenue (75th), and order a very large meat loaf or a very large pan of chicken

hash. The chicken hash is not really hash but creamed chicken (like the kind you used to get in a patty shell at birthday parties, served with peas), and it's very good—lots of chicken—but needs thinning (with a little skim milk) and a dash of Lea & Perrins. It comes with grated Parmesan to sprinkle on top when it's gratinéed under the broiler. The meat-loaf recipe is from the files of Bill Blass, the designer, and is absolutely O.K., particularly with ketchup. Furthermore, if there are any leftovers, they can be used for spaghetti sauce. These are soothing dishes that might be welcomed by grownups who have been dining out night after night at La Gourmandise. Each is intended to feed ten people, but sixteen is more like it; \$35 for either. Telephone: 517-6400.

TO start in the southeast with a roundup of takeout stores, lucky are those who live in Brooklyn within easy reach of Good Taste, 198 Henry Street, a tiny shop with a selection of superb soups, salads, meats, relishes, and pastries. Except among the salads, there isn't a huge choice, but everything is prepared with uncommon attention to detail. The marvellous spinach-and-Roquefort-cheese soup is \$4.50 a pint. In the salad line, try the shredded cabbage and fennel with pumpkin seeds, or the cooked julienned carrots with a sauce of yogurt, mayonnaise, hot mustard, and dill; \$3.75 for half a pound of either. The Summer Asian Salad, of carrots, snow peas, red peppers, soy sauce, ginger, scallions, garlic, unsalty smoked ham, thin pasta, and a few bean sprouts, is \$4 for half a pound, and so is Bread Salad, made with Italian bread, tomatoes, onions, sautéed mushrooms, and garlic, with a pesto sauce. The cakes, and especially the nut torte, are of the same high standard; \$2 a slice. Everything tastes as delicious as it looks.

Equally fortunate are the denizens of Tribeca, who are within striking distance of Peter Dent. It's a mini Dean & DeLuca, not a coincidence—many of the staff are alumni of D. & D. They are full of ideas, and have the pizzazz to carry them out. The shop is stocked with grains, condiments, produce, cold meats, breads, and non-alcoholic beverages, and thinks up inventive weekly takeout menus as well. A salad of mustard and dandelion greens, Italian parsley, gently hard-boiled eggs, and sourdough croutons, in a mustard vinaigrette, is \$4.50 for a large single portion; en-

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dive au gratin is \$10 a pound; cous-cous is \$6 a pound; Indian pudding is \$4 a pound. While we were waiting for our pizza on the park bench outside the door, we were given a taste of the Thanksgiving pumpkin tart, which we're glad to hear is being offered for Christmas. Bag the bûche, can the croquembouche, go for this tart—even the baby will like it. A nine-inch tart is \$15; an eleven-inch one is \$18.

Having worked north to the mother house, Dean & DeLuca, at 121 Prince Street, we asked Giorgio DeLuca, as usual, what this year's Christmas theme was to be. "There isn't one," he said. "We try to get the best, forget a theme." D. & D. has every kind of caviar except Iranian: Russian, Chinese, domestic, pasteurized, unpasteurized. Prices were going up as he spoke, but at that exact moment, we learned, Chinese Beluga Malossol was \$27 for thirty grams (one ounce). Giorgio, who has never been very much interested in caviar anyway, moved us right along to Robin Glicker, his general manager, who took us on a tour of the cheese department. (When it comes to cheeses, there is no store in New York that is more informative, patient, helpful, and caring than D. & D.) Because of the prohibition on all raw-milk cheeses aged less than sixty days, the cheese scene is not thrilling, and there is an understandable emphasis on aged English farm cheeses, which at least have texture and character. All the blues here are naturally blue (no injections), and of the lot—a blue Wensleydale, a Shropshire blue, and a Stilton—we preferred the Wensleydale. It has a robust, rich flavor, and no soapy taste. The Wensleydale and the Shropshire are \$8 a pound and the Stilton is \$14.50 for three hundred and forty grams in a Denby crock. A Bulgarian feta is refreshing and different from the Greek variety; \$4.40 a pound. A creamy goat cheese *fabriqué en* Massachusetts and called Hubbardston blue is two cheeses in one: when it's young, it has a slightly chalky consistency; when it's ripe, it's runny. The blue is in the crust only. The flavor is good in both stages, and Robin Glicker says the cheese bakes beautifully; \$4.45 a quarter pound. A whole New York State duck foie gras is \$4.50 an ounce for a one-and-a-half-pound lobe of Grade A; a terrine of New York State natural foie gras (goose) is \$5 an ounce (duck is \$6.50). In the sweets department, the Pecan Gems are precisely that: coated with thin white

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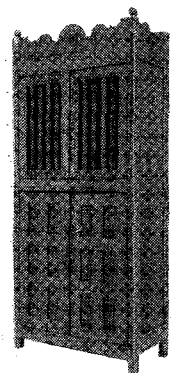
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chocolate, they are both sweet and salty. They are made by two women in Danbury, Connecticut, who should be given a medal, and they're \$16 a pound. Marrons glacés wrapped in gold paper and put in gold-topped jars are \$12.75 a jar, or \$1.25 each. Almond banners—biscotti wrapped in bright papers that duplicate Sieneese flags—are exceptionally colorful and exceptionally hard on the teeth. They are for dipping; \$1.35 each. Ginger thins, made with three gingers—crystallized, powdered, and fresh—are chewy and dark, and superior to gingerbread men for eating, even if they aren't in the shape of Santa Claus; \$16 a pound. D. & D. carries what are called "country breads" from Tom Cat and Bread Alone, and also a superior crumpet, London Maid, which is shipped from Seattle in the morning and arrives on Prince Street by mid-afternoon; \$4.25 for six. Two English products not from Seattle are Inan's Fruit Chutney Fresh Chilli, which raises one's hair like Struwwelpeter's, (\$3.50 a 6.7-ounce jar), and a strong horseradish with cream that will not remind anyone of "salad cream" (\$3.55 a six-ounce jar).

Something's Cooking, like the Silver Palate, is an example of a small store with a vast kitchen behind it—this kitchen is in Queens—and five delivery trucks. It sets up foody television commercials on a grand scale, but what's available for takeout on West 10th Street has a careful, appetizing look to it. Breast of chicken cut in small pieces and encased, with mushrooms and peas, in a flat round of puff pastry about five inches across is a meal in itself, with the addition of a salad; \$7. Hot chicken puttanesca (a sauce of black olives, capers, garlic, and tomatoes) is good alone or with pasta (\$11 a pound); stir-fried spinach, and sometimes other greens, with roasted garlic is a perfect accompaniment to almost anything except ice cream (\$6 a pound). These dishes can be reheated without adverse effects. A cold galantine of chicken would be just the thing for a buffet (\$12 a pound), and so would the shrimp with zucchini and broccoli in a dill mayonnaise (\$13 a pound). This store has an extensive repertoire, and the show changes slightly every day, but it always has the eggplant caviar (\$7.50 a pound)—the best around, some think—and the small, flourless chocolate cakes, in fluted gold cups, called Chocolate Decadence (\$1 each).

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buffet table, Russian Delights is a place to keep in mind. It looks like a delicatessen, it's squeaky clean, and Simon Feldman, the owner, and his daughter Dina give their personal attention to the smallest request. Along with some standard Russian fare—cured meats, potato salad, herring—there is some unstandard Russian fare. Among the delights pressed upon us were mushroom salad that is a purée with texture (\$2.20 for half a pound); letcho, a combination of red peppers, carrots, and onions (\$1.80); a zucchini salad that is red, not green, and is very like letcho in appearance but not in taste (also \$1.80). These are quite different from any salads we had ever tasted, and they are wonderful. How to use them is up in the air: put them on the table in a bowl with a spoon and let the guests decide. Pelmeni (the Russian answer to dim sum) filled with meat are delicious, and can also be had with cheese or potato fillings; \$3 a pound. Russian Delights is not your average takeout shop.

August & Company is placing much more emphasis on fresh food—entrées and salads as well as soups. The food is hearty: the chicken-and-corn chowder is chunky, not puréed. Barbecued chicken wings, small roast chickens, lasagna, and other entrées are undercooked to allow for reheating. Two exceptional items here are the San Pietro prosciutto, from Switzerland (near enough to Italy to count), for \$14.95 a pound, and the Killer Chocolate Cookies, chewy, strong on chocolate, and not too sweet or too large, for \$12 a pound.

It's easy enough to find salads and sweets; it's entrées that are in short supply. But Jim Laurence, who is in charge of Bloomingdale's fresh-food department, has come up with a beauty. The Maryland crab cakes, almost solid crabmeat, are made by Pauline Bennington in Connecticut, and she actually goes down to Maryland to get the crabmeat. The buyer has only to heat them up, in a microwave or a frying pan; \$4.75 apiece. (Crab cakes are very big this year, but the ones here and at E.A.T. are way ahead of the pack.) Just as we decided that the word "quiche" would never again be mentioned in this column, along comes a Stilton quiche at Bloomingdale's that is so astonishingly good that it could be served to anyone on any occasion; \$9 a portion, or \$25 for a whole one. Mr. Laurence has lowered all his cheese prices, and

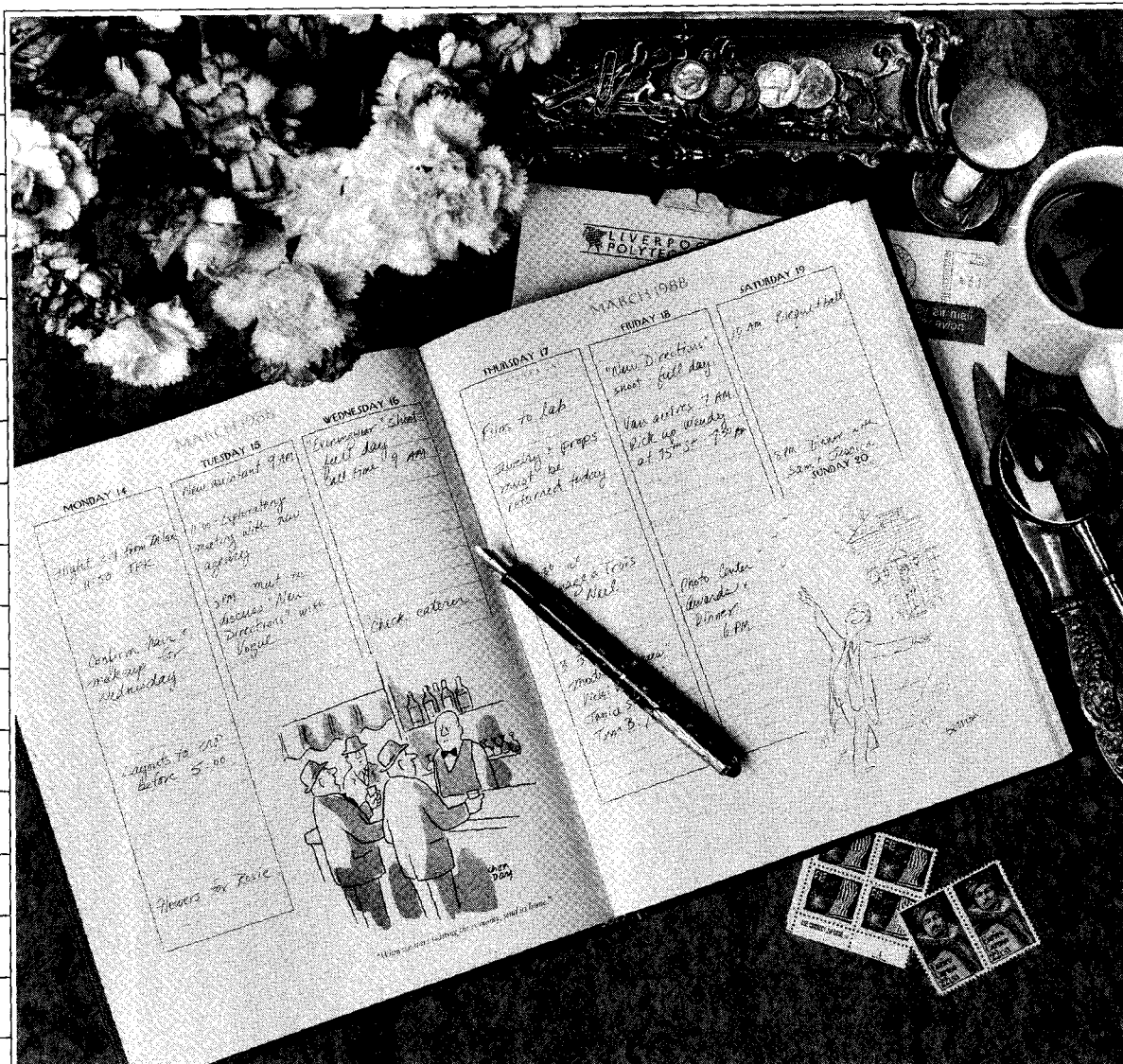
has laid in an ample supply of English Farm House cheeses, from the Cheshire farmhouse of Sir Oulton Wade. There is a full range, from Stilton (\$7.99 a pound) to Windsor Red, an egregiously bright-pink cheese made with elderberry wine (\$6.99 a pound). Stilton in a crock made by Fulham, with a wooden lid, is \$20 for six ounces, \$35 for sixteen. Bloomingdale's also has Devon double cream, and, as Mr. Laurence says, "you don't know rich until you've tasted this." It's \$5.25 for six ounces, and it can be frozen. Le Chevrot, a mildly robust Loire Valley cheese, is good broiled on bread; \$6.99 for six ounces.



Goat-cheese crottins—small and firm, so farmers can put them in their pockets—are \$3.49. In the bakery, a big chocolate truffle, rather like a brownie but finer in appearance and texture, and sprinkled with cocoa powder, is \$2. A chocolate-mousse cake in the shape of O Tannenbaum, with white fondant icing and little silver balls and ornaments, and topped by a star, is eight inches long and serves ten; \$26.50.

E.A.T. has expanded down, toward China, and north, toward 81st Street. The result is a handsome black-and-white-and-stainless-steel space, with neo-Ionic columns, black ballroom chairs, and plenty of elbowroom for customers and Eli's let-them-eat-brioché style. In the process of enlarging the store, an old brick oven was discovered in the cellar, and Eli has spent most of the last six months down in the catacombs overseeing its renovation. All the baking is now done in the cellar, and the upstairs kitchen has been enlarged to accommodate the rest of the cooking. E.A.T. is into bread in a big way, especially the currently popular rough, country bread. Eli uses no yeast, but a French product called Pain au Levain, a natural rising agent. A very large braided brioche is \$30. His holiday loaves, sourdough or rye, are decorated with latticework and have a wreath around the edge. They weigh from eight to ten pounds; from \$25 to \$30. A raisin-and-pecan loaf that looks like whole wheat but is white (the color comes from the raisins and nuts) is \$4 a pound. All the breads are available in the form of small rolls for fifty cents each. They keep, freeze, reheat, and toast well, and are full of locked-in tasty goodness. For the holidays, E.A.T. will roast capons stuffed with either white or wild rice and surrounded by roast

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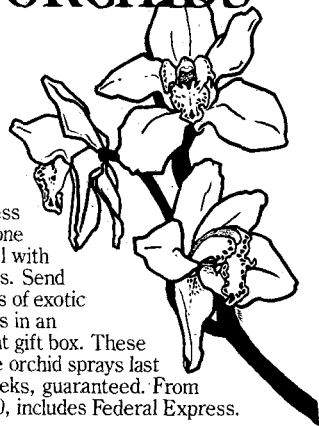
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baby potatoes, carrots, and garlic cloves (Eli's signature). He has a special source for these birds, which produces capons "as small as your hand or as big as a turkey," \$8.50 a pound. The crab cakes, made with Maine crabmeat—certainly a little-known delicacy—may not be authentic Maryland crab cakes, but they are moist, crusty, and full of flavor. They also reheat well; \$5 each. The grilled swordfish with grilled capers, cornichons, and garlic is equally notable. It's barely cooked in the middle, so it, too, can be reheated with impunity; \$20 a portion. A marmalade cake that would please both those who do and those who do not like fruitcake is \$20 for a small loaf, \$30 for a large one. E.A.T. has a Pont l'Évêque, Ferme de la Moissonnière; it's \$15 for three-quarters of a pound, but it is so good.

SOME small and not so small presents for the larder and for friends: Bloomingdale's has a *very* small boneless ham, weighing two and a half pounds, from Edwards' Smokehouse, the big ham people in Virginia. A forty-ounce tin of Edwards' roasted Virginia peanuts is \$16, plus \$5 shipping. It's packed in a muslin bag and can be shipped anywhere in the United States; it costs \$25, plus the shipping charge. William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), makes a beef tea and a chicken broth so strong that they can be used as soup rather than just as stock. They come in special jars, which can be frozen, and then defrosted in hot water. Send your favorite cook six of each; \$10 and \$6.50 a pint, respectively. Macy's sells a one-pound bag of dried porcini for \$25.95, three and a half ounces for \$10.75. A marinara pasta sauce (hot) called Filomena, which comes in a jar, is available at Grace's Marketplace, 1237 Third Avenue (71st). It requires no doctoring or apologies, and every housewife should have a couple of jars in reserve; \$3.49 for a one-pound jar. At Zabar's, Mr. Klein is quite rightly touting a litre of extra-virgin, first-cold-press Italian olive oil (Zabar label), for \$4.98. Two pounds of Australian apricots in a wooden box (Zabar label) are \$10.98. Across town, Brother Eli is selling E.A.T.'s forty-ounce tin of Virginia peanuts, in handsome red-and-white packaging, for \$20. Cartwright & Butler's strawberry jam with lemons costs \$5 for twelve ounces, and is distinguished from other strawberry jams by the

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size of its strawberries and by its sweet, tart strawberry flavor. A tin box designed to look like an airmail letter, with a red bow around it, is addressed to "The Hon. M. Thatcher, P.M., 10 Downing Street," etc.; the back reads "Sender: R. Reagan, Pennsylvania A.," etc. It's filled with gummy letters in various colors; \$8. A jar of tiny white or cocoa meringues from Cipriani Dolci, handy for dressing up a boring dessert, is \$3.30 for two and a half ounces. Soutine's superior chocolate cake that can be frozen comes in a small size, gift-wrapped, for \$5 (serves four), and in a large size, in a red tin, for \$15 (serves eight).

For boxes of bonbons, three stores spring to mind. One is Normandie Chocolat, 338 East 116th Street, owned by Frederic and Angela Covo, who also make the *chocolats*: truffles in twelve different flavors, solid-chocolate cats in three flavors, and Normandie ships in six flavors. The truffles are \$22 a pound; the jaunty cats, wrapped in foil and packed back-to-back with satin bows around their necks, are three inches high and \$2 a pair; the eight-ounce Normandie is \$11, and the small, flat model (half an ounce) is \$1. We wrote about this shop last year, and we mention it again because the chocolate and the packaging are of unusually high quality. Its products are now also available at Grace's Marketplace, and E.A.T. carries the large Normandie in the children's annex. The Covos will deliver in Manhattan for \$2 extra. Telephone: 289-7404. Galerie au Chocolat, Madison Avenue at 56th, in the A.T. & T. Atrium, is a chain, but this does not seem to affect its goods. The jelly beans in the glass cases decorating the back wall are American, but the chocolates are French, and there are two admirable new ones. *Palets* are flat and round, with five different fillings, made of cocoa from five different countries: Ghana, Équateur, Brésil, Colombie, and Java. The name of the country of origin is inscribed in pencil-thin white chocolate on the top of each of them, and, surprisingly, they all taste different. Tricky, but well worth eating; \$30 a pound. Although as a rule candy with cherries or booze is a disaster, something called a Guignette is a triumph: it's a whole cherry, with stem and pit, that has been soaked in brandy for two years, then dipped in bitter chocolate. The stem sticks straight up, and just one of these would take care of both dessert

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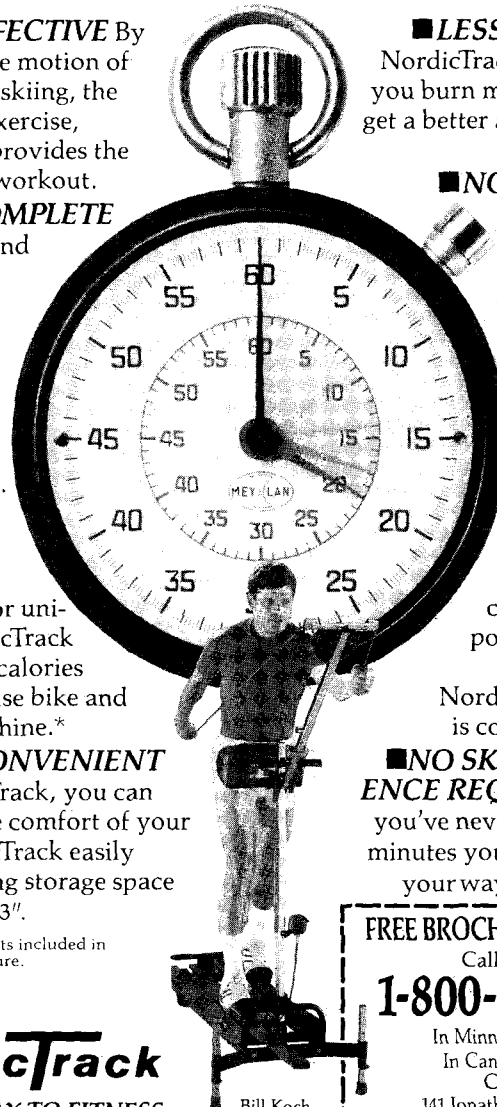
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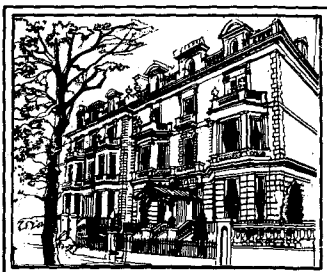
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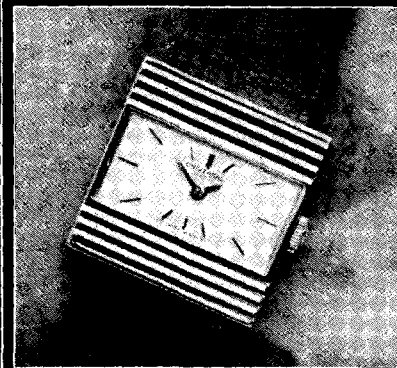
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and after-dinner liqueurs; \$35 a pound. Mondel's, 2913 Broadway (114th), is a friendly, old-fashioned neighborhood candy store, run by Florence Mondel, daughter of the founder. It's been in business since 1943 and is known to everyone on Morningside Heights and also to countless people who live outside this grove of academe. The store is both reassuring and refreshing, because it covers all the bases without putting on airs. The chocolates are made in the back room, from which emerge Santa Clauses (\$10), five-dollar bills (\$3.99), sleighs (\$10), Teddy bears with red foil hearts (\$8), and telephones (\$9), to name only a few items, and, of course, truffles (\$16 a pound). There are bitter-sweet and diet-bittersweet chocolates, white chocolates, milk chocolates, chocolate-covered caramels, lollipops, jelly beans, candy corn, and hundreds of containers in which to package them. A pound of chocolates, either mixed or all one kind, is \$16. Both Miss Mondel and the customers take a personal interest in the store, and it has the same atmosphere as an unreconstructed drugstore in a small town.

Gingerbread houses (wbf, exposed brick) are everywhere. The smallest—three inches high—is at Galerie au Chocolat (\$12.50); the largest, sixteen inches, is at Chelsea Baking (\$65), to order only. All of them are decorated—occasionally overdecorated—and they are all edible, sort of. The most elegant gingerbread men around are at Les Friandises. They wear red icing tunics trimmed with white icing fur and silver candy buttons; \$1.50, \$3.75, and \$7.50, depending on size. Soutine makes a gingerbread town house—brownstone—and a country house as well; \$25 each. Priscilla's, 35 Jane Street, has gingerbread people that can be hung on the tree, and decorated Christmas cookies, too; from \$1 to \$1.75. The tea biscuits here, in Christmas shapes—angels, stars, trees—are very thin and very healthy (liquid malt, a little brown sugar, and no fat). They are as hard as rocks, good for teething, and very popular; twenty-five cents each. Ann Arlen's two-tone Christmas cookies, at Bloomingdale's, part sugar cookie and part gingerbread, include a Santa Claus bear with a red cap and a tan beard, for \$6.50, and his small helper, with a red bow only, for \$1.75. Cookies in the shape of an angel, a rocking horse, a cow, or a house are \$2.25 to \$4 each, and they are all hangable and remarkably edible. Patti Paige's gingerbread Christmas-

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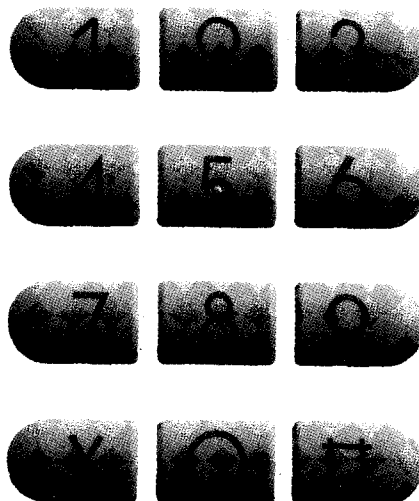
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cookie ornaments, decorated with Royal Icing, are to be had at Bloomingdale's, Grace's Marketplace, Dean & DeLuca, and the Silver Palate. There is a star and an angel, but the knockouts are a red sweater, a yellow camel, and a white skate. They look like no one else's Christmas cookies—bright, unconventional, and funny; \$2.50 to \$6. In Canaan, New York, Christel Reddi makes Christmas cookies for adults: small almond crescents, pecan sticks, and hazelnut sticks (\$12.50 a pound). A dozen raisin-brandy brownies are \$19.95, and have a long shelf life because of all that brandy. (Mrs. Reddi also makes savory sourdough crisps, for drinks, not for dessert. They are flavored with herbs, cheese, and sesame oil, and they are a great improvement on potato chips; \$3.50 for half a pound.) One week's notice for everything; minimum order \$25, plus delivery charges. Telephone: 518 781-4462. Kathleen's Bake Shop, 155 East 84th Street, has four different kinds of Christmas cookies, none of which hang on trees, and they are the better-tasting for it; \$5 for half a pound. Kathleen also makes one of the best Scottish short-breads we've had; \$3.50 for a half-pound package. Of interest to the young away at school is the bright-red Brownie Bucket, with lid and handle, filled with two dozen brownies. They are sent by U.P.S. "Second Day Air," which is included in the \$35 cost. Send check and instructions to Kathleen's Long Island headquarters, at 43 North Sea Road, Southampton, New York 11968.

While we're on a sugar high, we would like to call attention to Nabisco's Famous Chocolate Wafers (*né* 1924), available at non-gourmet grocery stores. In olden times, the first dessert that many neophytes learned to make was a sort of poor man's chocolate icebox cake: you spread each wafer with sweetened whipped cream, to which vanilla had been added, stacked the cookies to form a log, and frosted the log with the rest of the whipped cream. (If you wanted to be really fancy, you grated chocolate over the cream.) It then reposed in the icebox for a few hours, and was served sliced *on the diagonal*. The crowd went wild. It's now called Famous Chocolate Refrigerator Roll (the recipe is on the bottom of the box), and it's still a great dessert. The young love it, and it brings tears of nostalgia to the eyes of those over a certain age. Merry Christmas!



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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR



(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Curious World, by Philip Hamburger (*North Point*, \$19.95).

This collection of reports of assorted sizes and weights, written for this magazine over the past fifty years or so, opens with an account of the Inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt. Among the men and women portrayed, briefly or in detailed Profiles, are Dean Acheson, Ntozake Shange, Max Ernst, Theoni V. Aldredge, Harry S. Truman, and Vartan Gregorian. What these subjects have in common is the reporter's shrewd appreciation of them. He has also included an account of a visit to Argentina in 1948 to track down the rumors that Hitler was living there in hiding, and a visit to Yugoslavia in 1946 to check on Marshal Tito and his followers. Some of the briefer lives first ran in our Talk of the Town department, with the reporter appearing as "we" or "Our Man Stanley," and, together, they make a self-portrait of sorts of Our Man Hamburger.

Chile: Death in the South, by Jacobo Timerman (*Knopf*, \$15.95).

The author of "Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number" turns his attention to the dictatorship of General Pinochet, alternating descriptions of the personal horrors undergone by individual Chileans with more general impressions of the effects of unrestrained military tyranny upon a once free people.

Forty Stories, by Donald Barthelme (*Putnam*, \$17.95).

Together with his "Sixty Stories," this collection presents the full and now mountainous range of glints and glances, disconcerting vision and comic invention that Mr. Barthelme has put against the sky over the past quarter century. In these short works, the time is contemporary, the references are literary or philosophical or architectural or high-tech junky, the style is of piercing clarity; and the result, very often, is a relieving sadness.

Nobody Better, Better Than Nobody, by Ian Frazier (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$14.95).

The jester as journalist. In his first collection of Profiles and other reports, Mr. Frazier includes, among others he has run into on his countrywide beat, the proprietor of the Angler's Roost, a fishing-tackle shop on East Forty-fourth Street; the Texas woman who writes the "Hints from Heloise" newspaper column; the celebrators of the centennial of an Indian massacre in Kansas; grizzly bears in Montana; and, singly and together, here and in Paris, a pair of Russian émigré painters, Komar and Melamid.

Secrets of the Temple, by William Greider (*Simon & Schuster*, \$24.95).

A history of monetary policy from the August, 1979, appointment of Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker to the Crash of '87, and an account of the creation, development, and operations of our central bank. Mr. Greider tells the story of the taming of double-digit inflation and the transformation of the economy under the Reagan Administration, but his chief aim is to replace the conception of the Federal Reserve System as a remote and technical institution with a lucid and critical assessment of its immense political power.

The More the Merrier, by Michael Maslin (*Simon & Schuster*, \$5.95).

A collection of cartoons, many of them

studies in self-approval or unfocussed happiness. Of the hundred and ten drawings in the book, fifty-six originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Archaic Figure, by Amy Clampitt (*Knopf*, \$15.95).

In this collection of poems, Miss Clampitt, who has written evocatively of Maine, New York City, and her native Midwest, extends her consideration to Greece, England, and Venice. "The experience of attachment to another person or persons is a recurring theme," she writes of the book's central section, which includes poems on George Eliot, Margaret Fuller, and Dorothy Wordsworth.

Time with Children, by Elizabeth Tallent (*Knopf*, \$15.95).

The sometimes exalted, sometimes embittered nature of intimacy in family life is the theme of most of the thirteen stories assembled here. The settings are the Southwest and London.

Fast Forward, by James Lardner (*Norton*, \$18.95).

The videocassette recorder has in less than a decade become so fixed a part of American home entertainment that it is difficult to imagine life without one. Yet, as Mr. Lardner shows, the VCR, a Japanese invention, encountered an abrupt American threat to its existence—in the form of a concerted effort to outlaw or, at least, tax the innocuous-looking gadget. The ensuing battle, which washed through courts and Congress for years, raised a number of basic questions about the ownership of intellectual property and involved a cast of literally thousands.

High Ground, by John McGahern (*Viking*, \$15.95).

The setting is Ireland, and rustic more often than not. The lives portrayed are quiet but in no sense ordinary. Mr. McGahern possesses a clear eye and a fastidious ear and a fine understanding of the perils of common sense.

Sight Lines, by Arlene Croce (*Knopf*, \$19.95).

Among the dancers and dance companies appraised and relished in this collection of reviews are Twyla Tharp, Paul Taylor, Alwin Nikolais, Baryshnikov and American Ballet Theatre, Pilobolus, Dance Theatre of Harlem, and New York City Ballet. The book's central event is the death of George Balanchine. Miss Croce concludes with an appreciation of the late dance critic Edwin Denby.

The Wind Blows Away Our Words, by Doris Lessing (*Vintage*, \$5.95).

A first-person account, with some amplifying material, of the author's 1986 visit to northwestern Pakistan and her encounters there with refugees from Afghanistan and with warriors of the Afghan Resistance.

Overhead in a Balloon, by Mavis Gallant (*Random House*, \$16.95).

Twelve short stories set in Paris, Miss Gallant's adopted home. The Parisians on display include a mildly devious art dealer, the briskly irrational widow of an obscure painter, a pair of tenth-rate scufflers on the edges of the world of letters, and a young man whose only visible talent is a lackadaisical improvidence.

The Tenth Justice, by Lincoln Caplan (*Knopf*, \$19.95).

The United States Supreme Court has, of course, nine Justices, but Mr. Caplan sug-

gests a shadowy tenth in the person of the Solicitor General—a figure who occupies the little-understood middle ground between the judiciary and the executive branch. Tracing the activities of the office and its holders in the century of its existence, Mr. Caplan notes the development of a tradition of independence among Solicitors General, who not only represent the government before the Court but also help select the cases that the Court will hear. And he argues that the present Administration, in pursuit of genuinely radical goals, has made the Solicitor General a sort of ideological press agent.

The Old Left, by Daniel Menaker (*Knopf*, \$15.95).

Eight linked stories about David Leonard, a teacher at the Columbia School of Journalism, and his wife and baby son, all of whom are upstaged time after time by his crotchety, demanding, bossy, ornery, and somehow lovable nonagenarian Uncle Sol, at Sol's farm in the Berkshires.

The Life It Brings, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Ticknor & Fields*, \$16.95).

As a teen-ager, Jeremy Bernstein had vague leanings toward a career as a jazz musician but no coherent notion of what he wanted to do with his life. It was a condition that persisted until, at Harvard, he almost accidentally encountered the idea of relativity, and found himself captivated by it; from then on, he was inescapably a physicist. Fortunately for him, as this amiable memoir relates, his early years in science were passed under, first, the shadow of Albert Einstein and, later, the aegis of J. Robert Oppenheimer.

Scenes from the Fashionable World, by Kennedy Fraser (*Knopf*, \$17.95).

Miss Fraser, as clear-eyed as Millamant and with notebook at the ready, reports on the way of the fashionable world all over the map. Among the many scenes herein recorded are Le Train Bleu at Bloomingdale's (lunch with Jerome Zipkin); The Space in Tokyo (a display of the clothes of Issey Miyake and other celebrated designers); Palm Beach (a fashion shoot by the British photographer Norman Parkinson); and a number of cosmetic departments around the country (Estée Lauder and retinue promoting the perfume Beautiful).

Whereabouts, by Alastair Reid (*North Point*, \$16.95).

An assortment of essays—reminiscent or contemplative or literary—subtitled "Notes on Being a Foreigner." One essay is about the difficulty of translation, and includes brief portraits of Reid's Latin-American friends Borges and Neruda and García Márquez. The opening piece, which describes his search, along with members of his family, for a time capsule that he had buried in Scotland in 1971, could be considered a Note on Being a Native Son.

History in Sherman Park, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf*, \$15.95).

The 1984 Presidential election from the vantage of a marginally middle-class neighborhood of Milwaukee, where the citizens, many from traditionally Democratic, blue-collar backgrounds, were weighing the campaigns of Walter Mondale and Ronald Reagan. The single extended family that forms Mr. Schell's selected universe contained members who were ambitious and acquiescent, upwardly mobile and settled,

socially conscious and socially impervious, traditional and radical, old and young. Most of them—like most other Americans—inclined toward Reagan throughout the campaign, but few, if any, seemed truly satisfied with their decision.

Hard to Be Good, by Bill Barich (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$15.95).

The author's first short-story collection. The settings are the American West and Italy, and the characters include a teen-age boy visiting his hippie mother, a rock musician turned furniture mover, and an anxious Florentine hotelkeeper.

Musical Events, by Andrew Porter (*Summit*, \$24.95).

In this, his fourth collection of reviews, our peripatetic critic brings us news of such far-flung productions as "Simon Boccanegra" in San Francisco; "Prince Igor" in Bloomington, Indiana; "The Beggar's Opera" in Clarksville, Missouri; "Alceste" at Covent Garden; and Bach's B-Minor Mass at the 92nd Street Y. "I hope this book reads as, above all, an enthusiastic chronicle," Mr. Porter writes. The years covered are 1980-83.

Chroma, by Frederick Barthelme (*Simon & Schuster*, \$15.95).

Fifteen short stories, in which people hungry for the high life are fed with local color—from plywood flamingos to comic social dances of surprising intricacy and tact.

Nights at the Alexandra, by William Trevor (*Harper & Row*, \$10.95).

A love story, in which the cinema owner in a provincial Irish town looks back on the wartime years, when a mysterious emigrant couple—Herr Messinger, a German, and his English wife—took up residence and gradually initiated him into their secrets. This short novel appeared in our pages in somewhat different form, as "Frau Messinger."

Racing Through Paradise, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (*Random House*, \$25).

In which the happy voyager, abetted, as before, by his son, Christo, and a crew of cheerfully assorted friends, takes on the Pacific Ocean, the American military establishment, the elements, recalcitrant navigational equipment, and whatever else fate can throw at him while he is crossing thirty-seven hundred miles of open water between Hawaii and New Guinea. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Buckley confronts the harsh realities of life afloat the mast with a high level of civilization—gourmet cuisine, nightly movies, a stunning wine list—or that he emerges triumphant.

The Golden Age of Trash, by Lee Lorenz (*Chronicle Books*, \$8.95).

"Cartoons for the Eighties," in which the artist can be seen, his hand steady and his chin up, at what amounts to an inventory of the fatuities and artifacts that all but defeat the rest of us.

Trust Me, by John Updike (*Knopf*, \$17.95).

A volume of short stories, many of them about incidents of the past which reverberate in the present, and all of them, directly or indirectly, about love—its pursuit and abandonment, its disconcerting onset and just as disconcerting withdrawal, and its fragility.

The Enigma of Arrival, by V. S. Naipaul (*Knopf*, \$17.95).

The narrator of this brooding autobiographical novel arrives in the English countryside, not far from Stonehenge, and settles into the landscape to survey, unblinking, everything about it and its inhabitants. As a man from another, semi-British world—the island of Trinidad—he finds himself both at home and alien, and ultimately he is able to connect the quiet, almost imperceptible upheavals around him to the story of his own uprooted life.



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DANCING

From Ailey to Armitage

THE MAGIC OF KATHERINE DUNHAM," an evening-long program now being performed by the Alvin Ailey company at the City Center, begins with a glimpse of a Dunham class: barre work shapes the body; then, to increasingly infectious rhythms, step combinations take it across the floor. There follows a suite of excerpts from the Dunham revues evoking Africa, Cuba, Haiti, and Brazil, all originally seen between 1938 and 1950; then we are in Martinique for "L'Ag'ya" (1937), a dance drama about zombies and black magic, performed complete. The evening ends with a medley of Americana from thirties and forties productions—plantation hoe-downs, square dances, cakewalks, the Black Bottom. After the speakeasy scene "Flaming Youth" (1942), we get the topper—Miss Dunham's famous specialty "Barrelhouse," which in 1944 led Edwin Denby to compare her to Mae West. The Ailey dancers don't live up to that kind of billing, nor could they; star turns are by definition unreconstructible. But it isn't only the star quality of Dunham that's missing—it's the lustre of the Dunham company as a whole. As the evening progresses from the exotic dances to the American ones, the interest fades. The exotic are probably no more authoritatively performed, but they hold up better, simply because they are exotic; the tradition of social dance which should be supporting the native material has dropped away completely. The Charleston has no verve, the sex no wit. The Ailey dancers grew up in another America. What they have is enthusiasm and their own kind of knowingness; they're not ineffective, only a little presumptuous, as though they thought they could teach their grandmother to suck eggs.

Another problem is that the dance material Dunham collected from all over and shaped into atmospheric sketches and scenes doesn't constitute "choreography" as today's dance companies produce it. The stage space is far less abstract, the dancing more decorative than absolute. And Dunham's dancers were also apt to sing,

and perform bits of characterization. This kind of variety in the material requires initiative in performance; it requires a company whose members make individual contributions based on the common store of knowledge they have gained from years of working and travelling together. From all reports, Dunham's was just that sort of company—a hard act to follow. Yet this pluralism is also the main reason that it can be followed at all, and at such a distance: the last Dunham-company performance took place in New York in 1962. The Ailey venture succeeds because a number of Dunham stars—Vanoye Aikens and Lucille Ellis and Tommy Gomez and Pearl Reynolds—were on hand, along with Dunham herself, to supervise the revivals, and because the Ailey is a real company, with a few stars of its own. Alas, Judith Jamison is retired, but Dudley Williams is the Zombie King in "L'Ag'ya," and De-reqe Whiturs is a great case of demonic possession in "Shango."

Garth Fagan's Bucket Dance Theatre is more attuned to the Dunham dance style; Arthur Mitchell's Dance Theatre of Harlem has all those beautiful women; but Fagan and Mitchell are not on the same theatrical wavelength as Katherine Dunham, and Alvin Ailey is. The best of his pieces are like hers, evocations of mood, place, and time which look like part of a Broadway show. And reconstructing Dunham in proper scale needs a budget of near-Broadway proportions. The Ailey board spent the money it took to do the job right. The show is mounted in the old manner: a two-tiered platform runs across the back of the stage; scenes are separated and space is divided by plushy sea-green curtains that open like tents. "L'Ag'ya," a one-act ballet with two sets, looks beautiful. Original orchestrations and arrangements, including those calling for singers, are used. Costuming, which Denby described as "superlative," still is; it was designed by John Pratt, Dunham's husband, who died last year, and re-created for Ailey by Toni Leslie James. All that's missing is a film clip of the star in one of her solos. Instead, on opening

night we had the seventy-eight-year-old Dunham on the stage, standing very straight in her bemedalled gown and accepting a great many bouquets, then beginning ever so gently to jive when the orchestra struck up its encores.

One of the across-the-floor step sequences at the start of the show looks like a forties conga line without the line; the side-to-side shifts of body weight and the zigzag of the feet on the floor are still with me. This is very centered movement, best done from a narrow base. Some of the Ailey dancers opened their legs and threw themselves too far. Others kept control of their center and transferred it without going wide, and were marvellous to look at. And the dancers were marvellous again in the small, closed-in steps and delicate transferences of weight in "Choros," an early-nineteenth-century quadrille from Brazil. This bit of barefoot ballet is one example of Dunhamiana that qualifies as choreography in the current sense, and first-rate choreography at that. The Ailey used to keep it in repertory, and any classical company ought to be happy to have it. Denby speaks of the element of impersonation in Dunham's dances. The Ailey dancers can't impersonate Dunham impersonation, and don't try. They may distort or drain color from the weaker dances, but they give new life—the life of a new generation—to the strong ones. And they let you see just how much a dance impulse or a dance image owes to its era.

GARTH FAGAN's dancers are beautifully centered, a fact emphasized in the many slow extensions and long-held cantilevered balances that he gives them to perform. You feel the taffylike stretchy pull from center and then the plumblike hang of the body in space. But Fagan never lets go of center—never tests it with a full stretch of the extremities, so his dancers don't so much invade space as draw it in around them, hugging center till it almost hurts. They do this over and over, and their softness and stillness as they do it are hypnotic. Fagan was born in Jamaica and danced with a local troupe; then he studied here. His technique is a throwback to modern dance before it surrendered most of its options to ballet, and though he has incorporated heterogeneous elements, and even incorporated some ballet, he hasn't really expanded his Afro-Caribbean base; he seems to want to show the beauty of



the technique together with its limitations. That cantilevered balance of his, for example—a Graham tilt reconceived along the lines of a classical arabesque—may be a way of dramatizing the earthbound essence of Afro-Caribbean technique; the dancers look like giant grounded planes humming with power. It's very strange. But when one looks at the fake ballet dancing that plagues so many modern-dance companies (and ballet companies, too) one knows why Fagan dancers don't take off.

There could be another, harsher reason: they have nowhere to go. Fagan's technical resources are exactly sufficient to his needs as a choreographer and have a way of exposing those needs, which are remarkably insular. As the creator, artistic director, and sole choreographer of Garth Fagan's Bucket Dance Theatre, he ought to be as much an heir to Katherine Dunham as Ailey is or as Paul Taylor is to Martha Graham—an heir not in terms of repertory but in terms of theatrical impact. To the ballet-trained eye those penché tilts of his are as teasingly incomplete as they are repetitious. But they're symptomatic of an obsession with technique. Fagan's choreography is his way of ventilating his obsessions; it isn't (as it is with Taylor) the kind of expression that is born of a natural urge to make dances. When I look at the work of Taylor or any other natural-born choreographer, I don't think about his technique, where it came from and where it's going or not going—I'm too busy seeing dancing. With Fagan, I think about technique all the time. His triumph is to make me sit there and like it.

Fagan's recent season, at the Joyce, showed him working at increasing his range and his grasp of style. Unfortunately, the new pieces weren't good. One was a disconcertingly Taylorish romp called "Traipsing Through the May." Callow though its tendencies were, I thought it less dangerous than the cultish solemnity of "Passion Distanced," with Norwood Pennewell in a staggering display of ritualized technique.

GENERALLY, the trouble with reviving a popular dance is that by the time it becomes historically interesting people have forgotten how to do it. The good news about the company called American Ballroom Theatre is that it really can dance. Presentation is its only problem, but it's a big one. William Whitener, who

staged "The Rainbow Room," the first of three sets of dances on the current program (which I saw at the Joyce), hasn't found a way of connecting the numbers so that they form a varied and suspenseful sequence. He keeps interrupting the ballroom dances with jitterbugging contests, and brings down the curtain without arranging a satisfying conclusion. The company, now in its fourth year, is showing signs of an identity crisis. Its new version of "Night and Day" is the sort of thing we might expect from any other company that performs pop-based choreography. The all-important Latin suite has been dropped for a Tharp-inspired set of dances built around Elvis Presley records. Devised by the Broadway choreographer Graciela Daniele, "Presley Pieces" is an efficiently composed sequel to Gower Champion's dances in "Bye Bye Birdie" and Patricia Birch's in "Grease"—it's a jokey musical-comedy representation of the fifties, not a summation of what people used to do for pleasure.

Clearly, Ballroom Theatre doesn't want to present only modular ballroom dances, and yet the farther it gets from those models the less it has to offer in competition with other dance companies. In the closing section, the stage is dressed so as to set up immediate comparisons with "Liebeslieder Walzer." From this eighteen-sixties image the dancing moves to other climes and

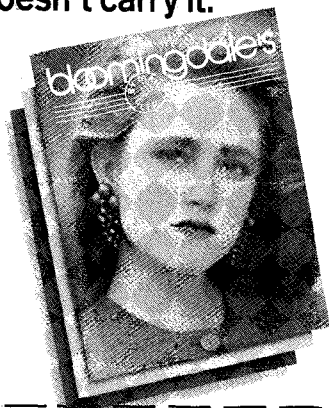
customs expressed in three-quarter-time, but what distinguishes a Richard Rodgers waltz from a Viennese one? We don't find out. It was the original surmise of Ballroom Theatre that ballroom dancing (actually, exhibition ballroom dancing) could be the premise of a stage show. But the artistic direction has concentrated on stage focus at the expense of stylistic focus. What is missing now, I think, is not so much a feeling for theatricalized social dance as a feeling for theatrical values in social dancing as it commonly existed—the sense that every ballroom or dance-hall dancer has expressed in every era of being projected onto the grand stage of human aspiration, however it happened to be designed at the moment.

IN "Tango Argentino" we had the fantasy of tango poured out at us for a whole evening. After such richness, and after the tango revival in ballrooms across America, one might have expected more from our theatrical choreographers than the tango stereotype that most of them are dealing in now—not the old silly-smoldering stereotype but the new feminist stereotype, in which male cruelty is exhibited at punitive length. "Tango Apasionado," which opened last month at the Westbeth Theatre Center, is set in a brothel, and the tangos are danced by prostitutes and pimps. What with a book based on the writ-



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ings of Jorge Luis Borges, music by Astor Piazzolla, lyrics by William Finn, and a strikingly realistic wrap-around setting by Santo Loquasto, it might have been a good show but for its insistence on the theme of sexual persecution; it gets so monomaniacal that it could have been titled "The One-Penny Opera." Graciela Daniele conceived and directed as well as choreographed; under the onslaught of her misery tangos and knife duels (every other scene seems to end with a slashing), Borges gets lost and reason takes flight. How truthful is this murderous picture of the tango, anyway? In a newsletter article recently sent me by Art Hemenway, a tango specialist, light is shed on the issue of male domination/female submissiveness. The author, Don Berry, writes:

Certainly the man creates the dance. From his own sensitivity to the music and to his partner, he recreates the history of tango every time he takes the floor. . . . But the very reason the man creates the dance is to evoke the beauty, the grace, and the inner spirit of the woman, without which tango is only empty geometry. He evokes this inner feminine spirit for his own enjoyment, but also so the woman can enjoy her own femininity. He creates the form, and she fills it with beauty. That is the shared experience of tango.

Cannot this be said of all forms of ballroom dancing? It's perhaps pertinent that although the cast of "Tango Apasionado" included some excellent dancers, none of them did a really good tango. And though the ballroom is a popular feminist subject, I've yet to see good dancing linked to a feminist theme. In her piece called "Arena," the choreographer Susan Marshall attacks male attitudes and male attitudes on the dance floor, but her dances—the samba, especially—are illiterate.

Sexuality is more interesting in dance when it isn't a theme but a disclosure. I dread the feminist choreographer. Images of beaten and humiliated women are regularly imported from Europe to the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker, from Brussels, spent two hours there orchestrating the slumps, slow writhings, and restless rollings back and forth of five women; apart from the immaculate synchronization of unison movement, which is something American choreographers have no interest in depicting, I found nothing to look at. Spectacles of excruciation don't invite one to see, anyway, but to feel. The big difference between the American and the European femi-

nist or feministically inclined choreographers is that most of the Americans are still more interested in dance than in pain. Nina Wiener (also at BAM) presented two suites of dances that flowed steadily and with strength through too short a course. Wiener's choreography has more variety of pace and attack than it used to have; I thought this her most distinguished concert. But she must be listening to people who call her choreography "sensuous" and "feminine," because she has added strange confrontations that allow the audience to infer messages about male-female relations and overlaid everything with suggestive décor and musical tracks featuring female voices and rain sounds.

Susan Marshall's point of departure is mime, and she arrives back at mime despite the pure-dance arrangements with which she sometimes fills a piece. These arrangements don't make her meaning any clearer; they're diversions in search of metaphor, and the larger and longer they are the less likely they are to find it. Marshall works best within strict limitations. Her finest piece, now being shown at Dance Theatre Workshop, is a duet called "Arms." A man and a woman standing side by side keep trying to embrace each other by means of various strategies: arm around shoulder, hand against cheek, and so on. Each initiative is rejected, or altered before it can be rejected, or blocked, or withdrawn, or converted into something else either by the initiator or by the other person. The man is occasionally but not consistently crude (he may use a hammerlock); the woman is occasionally but not consistently dependent (she may swoon); and now and then they manage a clinch, but the clinch doesn't last or change things. Finally, the arms just wheel through space, making pretty, complementary patterns but never connecting, never getting involved. A new duet, "Kiss," is a companion piece, and is almost as good. It has the man and the woman hanging in harnesses from the ceiling, swinging toward, away from, and around each other. The emphasis is less on the lovers' strategies than on their mutual condition, and though one longs to know what becomes of them, the choreography leaves them swaying forevermore.

Karole Armitage evenings are becoming fearfully circusy, no doubt about it. Her latest, at BAM, had some good things mixed in with the noise and glare, and, as the good things

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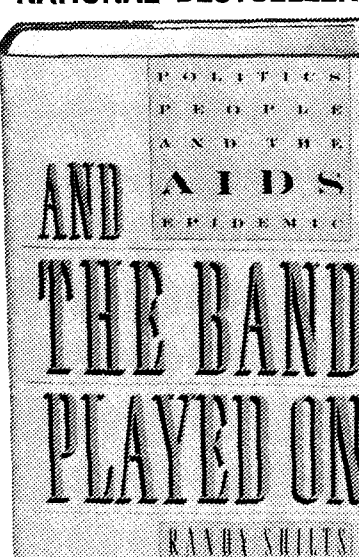
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appeared to be recent developments, I count the evening an at least partial recovery from the pretensions that had begun to undermine her work last year. In "The Tarnished Angels," a 1987 piece, classical dancers were gratefully and wittily used in an intelligent relationship to the music, which was by Charlie Mingus. Armitage herself danced, but without trying to compete with the others or with Suzanne Farrell. As a choreographer, she'd stopped offering us great moments from Balanchine. These faults, of course, remain conspicuous in the long and windy 1986 piece called "The Elizabethan Phrasing of the Late Albert Ayler"—all except in the last section, which looked as fresh as "The Tarnished Angels."

Armitage is a comedienne whose intuitively playful, at times rambunctious explorations of ballet syntax and ballet lore are carried out in dead earnest. Her weaknesses are that she has no real knowledge of classical structure and tends to be overwhelmed by her collaborators. The costumes in "The Tarnished Angels" were by Christian Lacroix, but David Salle was the designer of the evening. I suspect it was Armitage's idea to make "The Elizabethan Phrasing" a set of variations on the Balanchine-Graham ballet "Episodes." But was it she or Salle who decided that free association was the proper method of choosing the themes? The costumes and drops depict everything from men in executioners' hoods (Graham's part of the ballet was about Mary Queen of Scots) to full-rigged galleons (the Spanish Armada—get it?) and fifties lampshades (Noguchi, though he didn't design "Episodes," did design lamps). That's the easy part. What about the gum-ball machine and the film of motorcyclists? And what is the "key" to "The Tarnished Angels"? I ask, but what will I know when I know the answers? I like looking at Salle's stage; the shapes and colors are attractive. But décor that bristles with the iconography of the unknown isn't just décor—it's an event in its own right. What can one do but take it as the visual stream of consciousness it so nakedly is, the equivalent of a "chance" happening? It really isn't so different in effect from the more intrusive sound scores devised for Merce Cunningham by John Cage and his school of intruders. In fact, Salle's stuff is the perfect accompaniment to the high-camp clowning that Armitage's performances have now become.

—ARLENE CROCE

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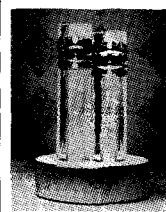
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THE THEATRE

Distractions

ONLY YOU," Timothy Mason's entertaining little comedy, is played before a backdrop of a scaled-down city block, on the tiny stage of Circle Rep. This remarkable setting is the work of the inspired team of John Lee Beatty (scenery) and Dennis Parichy (lighting), and is an important element in the show. At the beginning, a door in the middle of the block slides up and back like a garage door, and a double bed rolls in with a young man named Leo and a young woman named Miriam aboard; they are our hero and heroine, all aglow, having just made love, and ready for a cigarette. The action of the play also takes place in a coffee shop and a couple of apartments (as the doors slide up and down), and the point of it, amid all the jokes and distractions, is to have Leo and Miriam finish as blissful as they started. The jokes come in all varieties, verbal and visual; some work and some don't, but a lot of them do. The distractions boil down to the other characters and their disconcerting pairings off.

Once upon a time, there lived in the East Village a group of friends: Leo and Miriam, who love each other; Heather, a bore who talks incessantly about eating too much and getting too fat, and tending to her psyche in a variety of ways; Eddie, a nice, hospitable fellow, who gives a lot of parties but is essentially a loner, and on whom Heather has a crush; and hearty Bo, who is always *de trop*, in living room, bath, or bed. There is also an offstage Big Voice, who from time to time admonishes Leo, dispensing sensible advice—"Lighten up, Leo," "Make it work for you," that kind of thing—and who, near the end, emerges as a *deus ex machina* and in one sneaky, elaborate stroke palms off tiresome Heather on tiresome Bo, clearing the way for happiness ever after.

As you can see, I'm being evasive about the story, composed as it is of many small scenes, for fear of spoiling the fun. In comedy, it is surprise that counts, and "Only You" is a confection. Nimble Ron Lagomarsino, the director, presides over its complexities, keeping everything clear and on the move. Julie Boyd and Greg Germann make as beguiling a pair of lovers as you are likely to meet on any stage, and Park Overall, Bruce McCarty, Rob Gomes, and Richard Seff are

good, too—Mr. Gomes especially so, as the unspeakable Bo. As for Mr. Mason, he has a keen ear for the rather special chatter of his characters, a light touch, and a voice all his own—no small gifts. "Only You" may not be the strongest or most uproarious show in town, but there is pleasure in it all the same. —EDITH OLIVER

Pranks and Sideshows

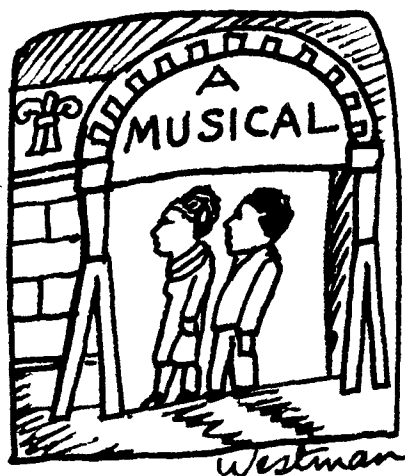
MOOONCHILDREN," currently being revived at the Second Stage, is Michael Weller's 1972 comedy about a sensitive young man trying to come to terms with himself and the world around him. Set in 1965, it concerns a group of bright, privileged college students—the sort who sit around the kitchen of their communal house worrying about Vietnam and the future, and wondering what they'll do if any of them get called up. There's Bob (a music major), Ruth (a philosophy major), and Norman (mathematics). Then there's farsighted Dick (majoring in Far Eastern studies, because it's the going thing), Mike and Cootie, who spend most of their time playing tricks on people, and Kathy, Bob's girlfriend, who spends hers trying to get Bob to "relate." They think they're pretty darned special, sitting there in their communal kitchen worrying about the war in Vietnam, but they're so bright and funny that we forgive them and find ourselves being drawn to their youth and cleverness. They're funny about silly things, like milk bottles and academic journals, and about serious things, like peace marches and the war.

Funniest of all are the two pranksters, Mike and Cootie. In a sense the

play's pivotal figures, though Bob is its hero, they get their kicks by telling elaborate lies about terrible things that have never happened. Encouraged, at first, to despise those characters who either believe what Mike and Cootie tell them or don't know how to play mind games themselves, we begin to see that life with Mike and Cootie is a no-win game: believe them and you become the butt of their jokes, call their bluff and they make a fool of you in some other way. Moreover, Mike and Cootie's lies are dangerous: they cause people harm. We end up not knowing *what* to think about Mike and Cootie's lying, or how to feel about those characters who by the end of the play have learned to lie, too. Self-conscious hypocrisy and malice, it seems, are preferable to the dishonesty and bigotry of the System—but we're not really sure why.

Still, "Moonchildren" is a good play—one with the grace to examine what it thinks it loves most, and to do so theatrically. The current production shows it off to good advantage, with an excellent cast, led by Alan Ruck and Sam Robards as Mike and Cootie. Particularly helpful, I think, is a slightly anachronistic twist that the director, Mary B. Robinson, has given to the play. It's half retro, half eighties sensibility. Mr. Ruck and Mr. Robards have been directed like screwball-comedy pranksters. (One thinks of the fast-talking screenwriters in Sam and Bella Spewack's nineteenth-thirties Hollywood satire "Boy Meets Girl.") At the same time, while Charles H. McClennahan's set seems right for 1965 (except for one Grateful Dead poster), Mimi Maxmen's costumes often seem to look forward to what students were wearing on university campuses in the seventies, or what they wear now. It's as if Miss Robinson understood that some sixties fashion, like some sixties thinking and behavior, might seem less appealing now than it did in its own era.

More than anything else, what gives "Moonchildren" an eighties flavor is the way that this production moves the two pranksters from the play's periphery to its center. As Mr. Ruck and Mr. Robards play them, Weller's Mike and Cootie resemble no one so much as the real-life pranksters Penn and Teller, who are back in New York, at the Ritz Theatre for the holiday season, with an even better version of their Off Broadway show. A two-man team of stage magicians and comedians, Penn Jillette and



Teller (whose first name nobody but his mother knows) belong not to Weller's generation—if you figure that theatrical generations go in decades—but to the one just after. Where "Moonchildren" comes out of the Theatre of Seriousness, "Penn & Teller" could be said to represent Post-Seriousness Theatre, whose most interesting development has been the New Vaudeville movement: performers who—like Bill Irwin and the Flying Karamazov Brothers—have chosen to devote their lives to reviving lost or dying arts. What makes the New Vaudeville *metavaudeville* is its self-consciousness, the degree to which it ends up being, really, about itself—not about the performers but about what they do. This is self-consciousness as an act of criticism, not self-glorification: the art of juggling or tumbling or fire-eating or performing magic tricks taken to so high and sophisticated a level that the audience has to think about its nature in relation to the rest of the world.

Penn and Teller have unmasked the tradition of stage magic in much the same way that David Letterman has unmasked the idea of the late-night talk show. They specialize in doing what Penn calls "tipping the gaff to the lay public," in showing the audience how a particular trick is done—something, he's quick to point out, you're never supposed to do. Penn *says* (Teller, by the way, never talks) that they do this out of perversity, to antagonize the magic establishment. But, of course, it's the ultimate tour de force—demonstrating that how the act is done is beside the point. Even if you *know* that such and such is going to happen, and why, you catch your breath anyway. It's an idea best articulated by Penn himself at the end of the show at the Ritz, when he sits down in Dennis Parichy's half-darkness, with John Lee Beatty's suggestion of an empty stage behind him, and begins to talk quietly about the tradition of the American sideshow.

The perversity, the affectation of malice, is where Penn and Teller resemble the characters in Michael Weller's play. Just as Mike and Cootie tell lies for the hell of it, to dissociate themselves from the hypocrisies of society, Penn and Teller play elaborate tricks on people for the hell of it, and as a way of divorcing themselves from the phoniness and sentimentality of the traditional show-biz world. Penn spends the evening heaping abuse on the public, never praising an audience

draftee ("Robert's O.K.! He's cool!") except to put the rest of us down. ("He knows things the rest of you are gonna have to learn.") But life with Penn and Teller isn't a no-win game, the way it is with Mike and Cootie and David Letterman: Penn and Teller aren't really contemptuous, they only seem to be. They manage to get across to us that their malice is only pretense, and this makes a moral point—something about affection divorced from sentimentality. You find yourself touched by them and yet you're aware that being touched by them would be the last thing to win their approval.

Unless Michael Weller has changed his mind in the seventeen years since "Moonchildren," I don't think he'd be impressed by Penn and Teller. He'd probably think they weren't serious enough. But that's the contrast between these two theatrical generations. It's the difference between growing up with so strong a sense of your own specialness and importance that you think all you have to do is write autobiographical plays, and doing something that *makes* you special—like learning to eat fire. —MIMI KRAMER

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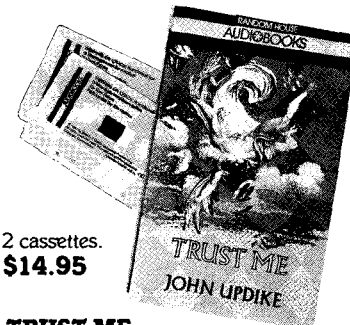
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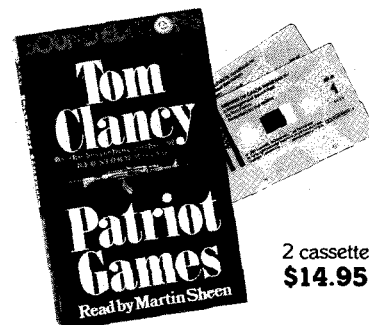
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Symphonies

IN the latest issue of *Tempo*, a quarterly review of modern music, we read that "George Lloyd is a man of the moment." A writer in the December *Gramophone* proclaims him the greatest living symphonist. This month, Lloyd was in Troy and Albany, conducting the Albany Symphony in performances of his Fourth Symphony. He was born in Cornwall in 1913. He was twenty-one when his first opera, "Iernin," was produced, in Penzance and then in London; twenty-five when his second opera, "The Serf," appeared at Covent Garden, conducted by Albert Coates. The war interrupted a promising career: Lloyd, serving on an Arctic convoy, was shell-shocked and made a slow, painful recovery. In the late forties, he composed his Fourth and Fifth Symphonies. The Arts Council commissioned an opera for the Festival of Britain; called "John Socman," set in post-Agincourt Merrie England, telling of a wicked-baritone squire whose dastardly marriage plans are disrupted by the arrival of a wife abandoned in France, it appeared in Bristol in 1951. I thought it a fustian piece of work, and was not alone in doing so. Lloyd, discouraged by a poor production and the unenthusiastic reception, abandoned music for a while and turned to market gardening, growing carnations, and later mushrooms, in Dorset. For years, he was all but forgotten: the 1954 Grove contained a column and a half about him, by Frank Howes, which shows familiarity with the first three symphonies; New Grove, in 1980, had just sixteen lines. (Three of them are lifted from my juvenile "John Socman" review in the *Musical Times* and applied to all his operas; the two and a half lines about the early symphonies are potted, somewhat misleadingly, from Howes.)

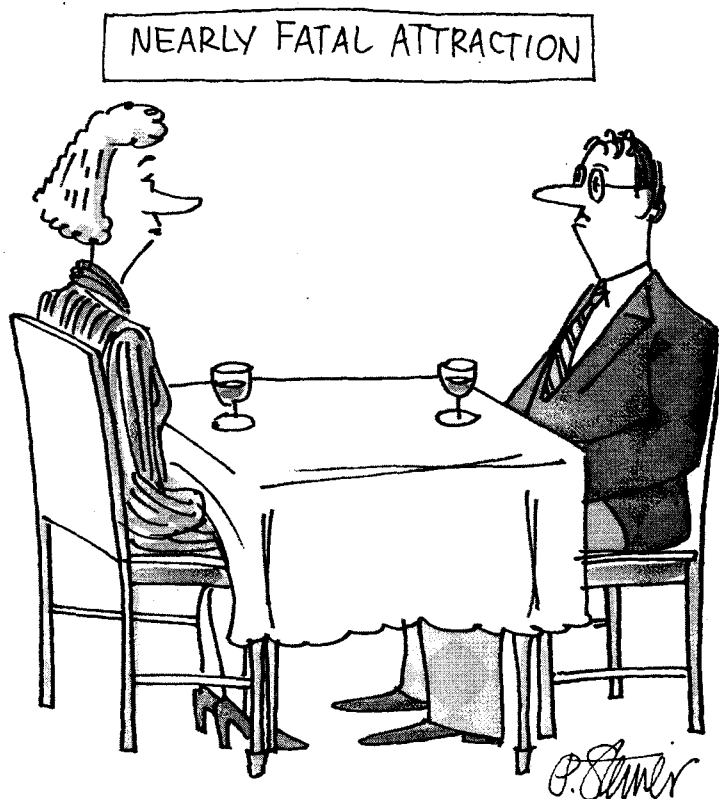
Yet by 1980 a revaluation of George Lloyd was already under way. It began with a 1977 broadcast and a

1980 London performance of his Eighth Symphony (1961), conducted by Edward Downes. The Fourth Symphony appeared at the 1981 Cheltenham Festival, the Sixth (1956) at the 1981 Proms, and both were warmly received. Downes recorded the Fourth, Fifth, and Eighth Symphonies with the Philharmonia Orchestra, in superlative performances (Lyrita). The BBC revived "Iernin" and "John Socman." Today, eight of Lloyd's eleven symphonies are available on record, five of them on compact disk. (Nos. 2, 7, 9, and 11 are on Conifer, conducted by the composer; No. 10 is on Trax Classique.) Glowing things have been written about them. For example, in 1982 the *Gramophone* told us that "little enough of our own century's symphonic music... is as lucid and immediately attractive as this Fifth Symphony." Lloyd was, and is, upheld as a model of a contemporary composer who writes not nasty, difficult modern stuff but music as enjoyable as Dvořák's or Tchaikovsky's.

One of a critic's agreeable tasks is posting signs that may lead readers to pleasures profound, merry, or both; one of his duties is to heed the signs of others. For years, I've had two much-

championed symphony composers on my conscience: George Lloyd and Havergal Brian. Brian (1876-1972) was the author of thirty-two symphonies, twenty-one of them composed after he was eighty. Richard Strauss, Elgar, and Tovey admired him; at least ten books have been written about him; Malcolm MacDonald (the editor of *Tempo*) in the first volume of his three-volume study "The Symphonies of Havergal Brian" (Taplinger) calls him "a composer of truly European stature," whose achievements "seem scarcely less impressive than those of Mahler, or Sibelius." Some twelve of Brian's symphonies have appeared on records (four of them on a pirate label), so there's no excuse for not knowing a fair amount about them. Or, in my case, perhaps just the excuse of having heard some of them years ago and found them less exciting, less pertinent than the symphonies of Sessions, Tippett, Roberto Gerhard, Hans Werner Henze. But Brian is obviously someone to investigate: a composer of wide range and reference (he was an early Varèse champion), and one who continued to break new symphonic ground. Journalistic considerations also played a part. If the Philharmonic were to bill a Brian symphony, I'd do my homework. I did it at last for Lloyd: acquired all those records and listened to them, to gain a context for the Albany performance of the Fourth Symphony.

Discovering a great composer is always a joy. I'm old enough to have "discovered" Mahler in the days when performances of his symphonies other than Nos. 1 and 4 were rare, days when Vaughan Williams could call him "a very tolerable imitation of a composer." (V.W.'s "National Music and Other Essays" has just been republished in paperback by Oxford; the editor, Michael Kennedy, warns readers about a twinkle in the composer's eye as he overstated and overcolored his points.) And to have discovered Carl Nielsen, Bruckner, Janáček. But I don't find George Lloyd much of a discovery. On human grounds, I'm sorry if my 1951 review of "John Socman" played



any part in discouraging him; no critic likes to wound. But today, when Lloyd is riding high, when he is so much in demand, he can hardly be affected by one person's surprise at the success of the symphonies or opinion that they have little important or arresting to say to a contemporary listener.

One virtue Lloyd does have in abundance. It could be called "go." In a *Hi-Fi News* interview last month, he said, of contemporary music, "I listen, but I don't enjoy it. . . . It's all too static for my taste. I like to have urgency in music, and classical music has drive." There is plenty of drive in his Second Symphony (1933), which fills out the traditional four-movement form with bright—in the third movement rather cheap, brass-band—inventions. But there's also an exuberant reliance on repetitions and on sequences. In a shortish (thirty-four-minute) symphony by a twenty-year-old, this is readily forgiven. In later, longer works, exuberance becomes garrulity. The movements regularly outstay their welcome. There are fine, visionary things: in the slow movement of No. 4 (the composer's note speaks of "the gorgeous colours of the midnight sun, the magnificent snow-capped mountains coming down to the sea . . . a remote world far away from all our troubles"), the Lamento movement of No. 5, the slow central movement of No. 7. But they are compromised by overextension and by commonplace filling material. The finales tend to be dreadful: banal tunes played again and again. The three-movement No. 7 is perhaps the score most admired. The Proserpina myth underlies it: the joyful, dancing goddess; the queen of the gloomy underworld; and, in the finale, "the desperate side of our lives." The *Tempo* author, David J. Brown, who is by no means an uncritical Lloyd admirer, says, "I have not the slightest doubt that this tremendous Symphony should force anyone who cares about the European symphonic tradition to take Lloyd seriously as a major contributor to it." I have doubts. Each movement starts well. The second meanders into sequences. There is a real, wrenching climax in the third, but its effect is dissipated by schmalzy repetitions of the big tune.

I prefer No. 10, the tightest, most interesting, and, at thirty minutes, one of the shortest of the series to date. It is scored for thirteen brasses. It con-

tains some genuine symphonic argument, some thematic adventure. But it, too, has garrulous and repetitive passages. No. 11, which lasts nearly an hour, was commissioned by the Albany Symphony and was performed in Troy and Albany last year, and then recorded, with the composer conducting. The opening Vivo seems to show some awareness, at last, of Sibelius's contribution to symphonic thought. The scherzo paraphrases at length a strain of "I feel pretty," from "West Side Story."

In phrases that have rather a proud ring to them, Lloyd, in that interview, told how in youth he actively disliked the music of his prominent compatriots Bax and Vaughan Williams, and rejected what Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and Hindemith had to offer. "I've gone my own way since I was nineteen. . . . And I kept on going that way." His own way? It is instructive to put a Lloyd symphony on the phonograph and ask listeners to guess the composer. The procedures recall now Mendelssohn, now Dvořák, now Tchaikovsky. The composer is evidently a master of the Romantic orchestra; he scores conventionally but very effectively. But there's an occasional early-twentieth-century sound—something that recalls Ravel, in the Fifth Symphony finale a hint of "Petruška"—and so listeners are puzzled. Is this someone essaying nineteenth-century pastiche in the twentieth century?

I heard the long Fourth Symphony (it lasted about sixty-six minutes) not in the Troy Savings Bank Music Hall—one of the country's best concert halls, with rich, warm acoustics—but, the next day, in Albany's Palace Theatre: a 1931 building by John Eberson in his "Baroque" manner, drabbed down now, but with good theatrical bones, which would support a restoration to splendor. The sound was clear. The "atmosphere" would have been helped by more imaginative lighting of the platform and the auditorium. The performance was less gleaming than that of the Philharmonia under Downes, on the Lyrita recording, but it was a good one. (The Albany Symphony and Lloyd went on to make a second recording of the piece, in the Troy hall.) One approaches the symphony with receptiveness colored inevitably by the composer's note: "I started to try and compose again; my impressions and experiences in the Arctic had become something of an



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obsession and they gradually formulated themselves into a symphony—where the music, the sea, an orchestra, my own anguish, all became mixed up together." It carries one through the first movement and into the noble calm of the second. But the scherzo sounds like trite ballet music, the finale like the accompaniment to a "March of Time" newsreel. Humanitarian sympathy for a victim composer regaining creative force changes to critical distaste for the result, and to regret, perhaps, that Lloyd has pursued his long, stubbornly independent career without a stern, friendly editor to help him to distinguish between what is valuable and original and what is self-indulgent wallowing in enjoyable sounds of the past.

A few weeks ago, I quoted a sentence from David Drew's "Kurt Weill: A Handbook": "Ours is a time when the eternal forces of reaction are parading themselves at every political, social and artistic level more confidently, and on a far wider front, than in any era since the 1930s." Lloyd's largely secondhand, second-rate music seems to me unimportant. But the loud, confident championing of it is disturbing.

KENT NAGANO made his New York Philharmonic debut last month conducting George Benjamin's tone poem "Ringed by the Flat Horizon." I wrote about the piece nearly four years ago, when Christopher Keene conducted it with the Long Island Philharmonic. In 1980, it brought Benjamin (who was born in 1960) to prominence, as a composer independent and individual. It was widely played, and has been recorded on a Nimbus compact disk. Later works confirmed the precocious promise. Benjamin is finding his way without recourse to any evident models, without reliance on modern mechanisms (serialism, minimalism, nostalgic neoromantic pastiche), empirically, guided by his ear. (It's an ear enthusiastically open: he has expressed delight in Messiaen, Ligeti, Carter, and Boulez, and has said that "the big chords in 'Ringed by the Flat Horizon' come from a mixture of 'Chronochromie,' 'Wozzeck' and 'Peter Grimes.'") Each piece prescribes its own form, its particular procedures, and none last too long. Visual or poetic referents provide a point of approach, but it is as musical structures that the works make their effect.

"Ringed by the Flat Horizon" is a

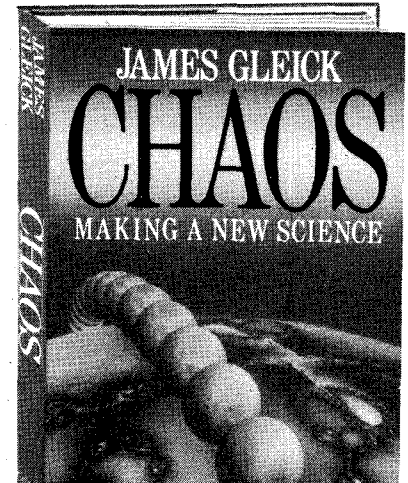
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big-orchestra study in mysterious, ominous calm, eerie tensions, silences, storm flashes that for all their violence leave the air uncleared. Mr. Nagano's account of it—I heard the second of four performances—was large, energetic, perhaps a shade overexcitable. The long crescendo of the start swelled up too soon (Fisher Hall seems to inhibit really soft, delicate playing); the climaxes were too evenly forceful. Yet it was an impressive and stirring performance, with eloquent solo playing from Lorne Munroe, cello, and John Ware, piccolo trumpet.

The day after the last Philharmonic "Ringed by the Flat Horizon," the Atlantic Sinfonietta, conducted by Peter Cokkinias, gave, in Alice Tully Hall, the American premiere of Benjamin's "A Mind of Winter" (1981), a tone poem for soprano and orchestra. The text is Wallace Stevens' "The Snow Man." A quiet, unchanging A-minor chord, on divided cellos and violas, muted, evokes the icy landscape. Winter imagery—"spruces rough in the distant glitter/Of the January sun," "the sound of the wind," "the sound of a few leaves"—passes across or sparkles above it. The soprano voice steals out, imperceptible at first, from an orchestral chord, suggesting thoughts overheard, not a declaration. This is a beautiful piece. The orchestra is double woodwinds, two horns, piccolo trumpet (with an important role), trumpet, spare percussion, and twenty-two strings, each with its own part. The handling of colors, the command of textures, and the subtlety of harmonies are almost uncannily fine. When "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" appeared, Peter Heyworth, the critic of the *London Observer*, wrote of "a mastery that many labour half a life-time to acquire." It is apparent, too, in "A Mind of Winter" and again in "At First Light" (1982), a tone poem for fourteen players, after Turner. (These works are recorded along with "Ringed by the Flat Horizon" on the Nimbus disk.)

The Atlantic Sinfonietta—its previous appearances have been in New England—was making its New York debut. It is a young, fresh, attractive orchestra. The soprano was Candace Goetz, ideally clear and steady, pure-toned through wide dynamic and pitch ranges, sensitive in her phrasing. After the Benjamin, Mr. Cokkinias conducted an excellently poised account of Haydn's Symphony No. 86.

—ANDREW PORTER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 13

THE Republican nomination for the Presidency is likely to be a thundering fight. In contrast to the Democrats, the Republicans have two major, established figures, with substantial resources, heading for a collision. The fight threatens to get rough, and even nasty, and it could also end quickly. Even Robert Dole's closest advisers say that Dole will be on the ropes if he loses to George Bush in Iowa and New Hampshire. If Dole defeats Bush in those two states, the Bush campaign will use its superior resources to try to revive him in the Southern contests that follow—but the Bush people know that this will be difficult. A mixed result in Iowa and New Hampshire will place great importance on the South, where the Bush campaign has invested a great deal—including the candidate's time. Bush and Dole are both highly competitive men, and this is probably the ultimate race for both of them. They have been around for so long, and are so much better known than their competitors, that it is difficult for the others to catch up with them. Thus far, Jack Kemp is—surprisingly to many—just limping along, and while it's too early to rule him out, even his campaign advisers know that he is running out of time to become a major factor. Kemp is trying to get ruled in by firing

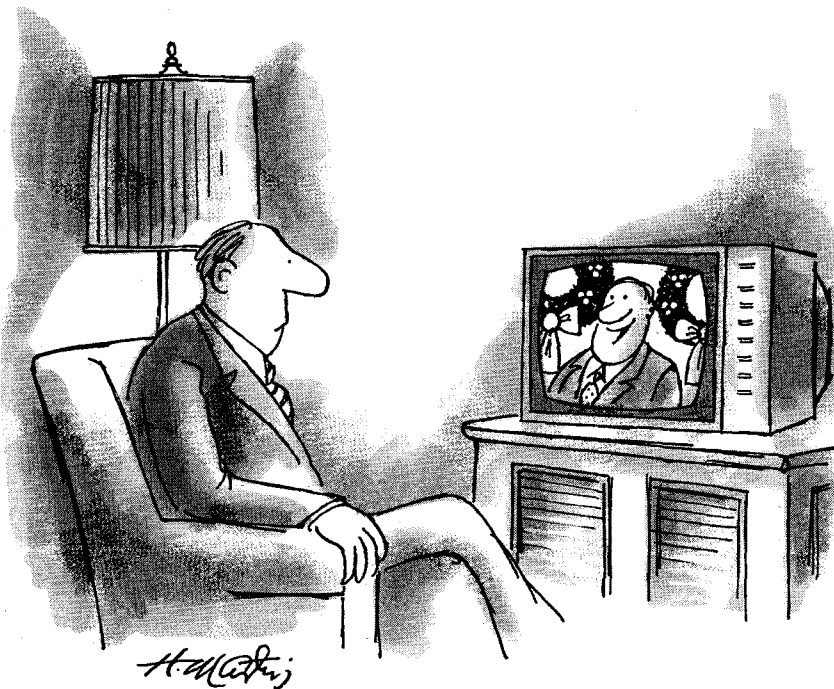
strong blasts at Bush and Dole, and by trying to peel away evangelical support from Pat Robertson. The Bush, Dole, and Kemp camps are all watching Robertson's campaign nervously—they are certain he can't win and almost as certain that he can cause trouble; they also want his followers. Alexander Haig and Pierre du Pont aren't even considered factors. Pollsters say that though Bush starts with a lead among Republicans, the support for him and also for Dole is "soft," with large numbers of each one's supporters listing the other as their second choice—showing an unusual lack of commitment—and therefore there could be large movements of voters as the race develops.

As of now, most Republicans feel that Bush's loyalty to Ronald Reagan entitles him to the nomination, and a Bush adviser says that Republicans tend to be "authoritarian"—are unlikely to turn down a sitting Vice-President. The other camps say, of course, that this sort of support—based also on Bush's higher name recognition—can easily collapse. A study by the Republican pollster Robert Teeter's firm (which is working for Bush) shows that since 1960, when the modern Presidential-nominating system began, Republicans have always nominated the early front-runner—who in this case is Bush. (Demo-

crats have nominated their early front-runner only three out of seven times.) The Republican race is even more "front-loaded" than the Democratic one, since the Republicans also have a contest in Michigan in January and earlier contests than the Democrats do in some other states as well; as of March 8th, the day of a large number of contests in the South (and several elsewhere), just over fifty per cent of the Republican delegates will have been selected. The idea for the early contest in Michigan was the Bush camp's, but the tactic threatened to backfire—as Kemp forces and Robertson forces teamed up against Bush—and now the Bush forces are fighting back and making some headway. (Dole has stayed away.) The situation there is akin to nineteenth-century Central European politics, and worthy of notice only for its outcome.

As the Republicans position themselves for the post-Reagan era, they pick and choose among items in the Reagan record to identify with—and all of them set themselves apart from it in various ways. Both Bush and Dole say—as the Democrats do—that more must be done for education, and Dole, reflecting his Senate record, says that the Republican Party must be more compassionate. Even Frank Fahrenkopf, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, says, "This party has to stop being the Party that just says no"—and says that Republicans must seek to do more for such things as education and child care. But, like the Democrats, the Republicans are limited by the fiscal wreckage they will inherit if elected. Both Bush and Dole also stress their Washington experience—the comparison with the incumbent President is implicit.

Though Reagan's approval rating dropped significantly as a result of the Iran-Contra affair, and remained down until last week's summit meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev, he is still the dominant figure in American politics—and not only because he occupies the White House—and the summit meeting showed his continuing ability to occupy center stage. It also boosted his popularity, at least for a while. And next year, during the Presidential campaign, Reagan will be going to Moscow. His achieving an arms-control agreement and appearing to stabilize relations with the Soviet Union helps his party, and his Administration will use what levers it can to stave off a recession next year. (Treasury Secretary James Baker is an ally of



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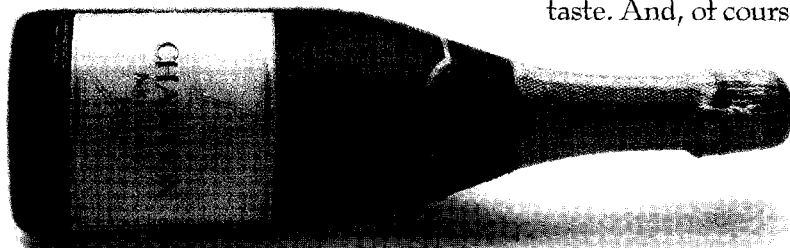
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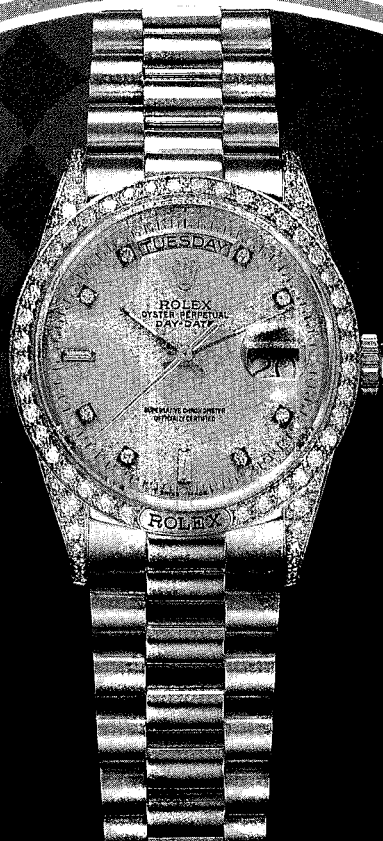
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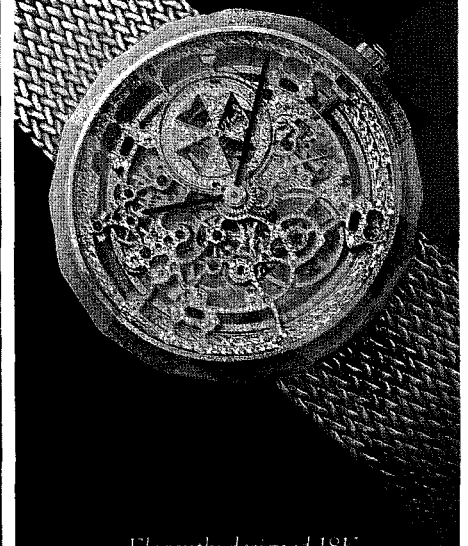


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Bush.) Reagan's impact on the Republican Party has been very strong, and shapes the contest to succeed him. He has consolidated, at least for now, the Party's shift to the right. The conservatives who seized power in 1980 now dominate the Party. The 1988 contest doesn't pit, say, a Rockefeller wing against a Goldwater wing: the Rockefeller wing is extinct (except for a few lonely members of Congress), and what was the Goldwater wing is now dominant—is now the conservative center of the Party. It is more conservative than Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford were. (Even Goldwater himself became nearly a centrist.) The takeover was cultural and economic as well as philosophical: it placed the Party in the hands of small-town, small-business, anti-establishment former outs. While big money and Eastern merchants do business with the new Republican Party—and certainly with the Republican Administration—and are still part of it, and contribute money to it, the power to nominate candidates lies with other forces. Bush and Dole are campaigning essentially within the conservative mainstream's parameters. Within those parameters, on domestic policy Bush has adopted some Reaganesque positions, while Dole more closely resembles the traditional Midwestern, Robert A. Taft conservatism. On arms control, Dole is—temporarily and with difficulty—trying to stay slightly to the right. So there is no great ideological struggle going on in the Republican Party this time, as there was in 1980 in the struggle between Reagan and Bush (the pre-Vice-Presidential Bush)—though that struggle was as much cultural as ideological. Bush then seemed to represent moderate conservatism—Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon conservatism—but this was a matter of appearances as much as it was of substance. Since 1980, Reagan has made the Republican Party more conservative, and the conservatives have made Reagan more mainstream—so now there is a conservative mainstream.

Bush has coöpted a large percentage of Reagan's issues, and is seeking the support of Reagan's following, but Bush's cultural apartness from a good proportion of that following remains. His campaign is working on this, but his advisers know that there are limits to what can be done. Some observers believe that it is because Bush and, to a lesser extent, Dole straddle such a wide swath of the Party that Jack Kemp, who is trying to run on their

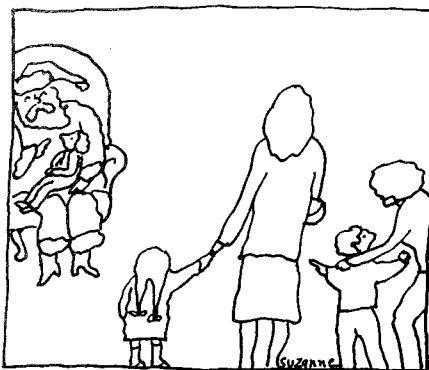
right, has so little room; and Kemp is being crowded on his right by Robertson. Robert Teeter says, "We're running a big-tent campaign—we never let anybody unite a major faction against us." Though all the Republican candidates seek the support of the religious right, several Republican strategists believe that the social issues have faded as "cutting" issues, in part because candidates in the conservative mainstream have assimilated them, and in part because younger voters are heavily libertarian—they don't want the government interfering in their personal lives. Eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-olds still constitute Reagan's largest constituency. This contradiction within the Party requires delicate maneuvering on the part of the candidates—as delicate as that practiced by Reagan during his Presidency. Though Reagan has given voice to the social issues, and has made some speeches that elicited full-throated cheers from evangelical and anti-abortion groups, he didn't do much about them. Reagan's attempts to impose the "new right" view on the social issues on the Supreme Court through his nominees to fill the vacancy left by Justice Lewis Powell last June have thus far been frustrated. His current, and third, nominee, Anthony Kennedy, is considered reliable by the right, but less reliable than Reagan's first two selections. Reagan skillfully danced with his religious-right following and his libertarian constituency.

Though Reagan talked up the social issues, he and his advisers intentionally conveyed the notion that he is a tolerant man. His daughter Maureen, who was engaged in Republican Party activities, was vocal in her support of legalized abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment. One Reagan political adviser says, "There was always a wink." Still, the "gender gap"—the stronger support of the Republican Party by men than by women—wid-

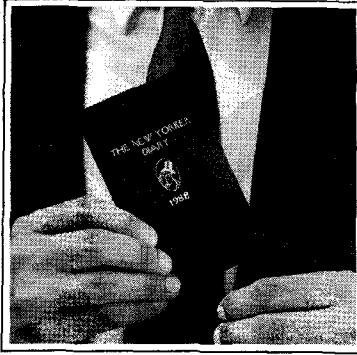
ened during Reagan's Presidency. All the candidates will take the correct positions on the social issues, but as they try to attract younger voters in the general election they will have to take care. This is one reason that there is a certain amount of nervousness about Robertson and his following. Also, the other Republican campaigns don't yet know how to gauge the Robertson support—how much trouble he could cause by running strongly in the early contests. Some Dole and some Bush people have said that if Robertson comes in first in Iowa or New Hampshire (Robertson has also been active in New Hampshire recently) this will be less damaging than his coming in second and knocking their candidate into third place. Recently, they have scaled back their public expectations about how Robertson will do in the early states—but essentially they find his movement a mystery.

The fact that there aren't deep philosophical chasms dividing the Republican candidates this time does not mean that there won't be big fights. Bush and Dole, who on the face of it aren't very far apart, already have issues with which they go at each other—the main ones being the question of how to manage the domestic economy (whether there should be more taxes) and the recently signed treaty eliminating intermediate-range and short-range nuclear weapons (I.N.F.). The tax issue, important enough on its own, also stands as a symbol for other differences between traditional conservatives and radicals—albeit radicals we have got used to. The difference over the I.N.F. treaty is more rhetorical than real, but it represents Dole's attempt to mollify the Party's right wing.

GEORGE BUSH is a decent, likable man with more relevant experience for serving as President than anyone else in the contest—but he has a problem. He lacks definition. He has yet to show us who he is—to define himself beyond his credentials. The credentials will help him, but if he gets in trouble they can't save him. (The Bush campaign has recently begun to run a television ad saying, "No one in this century is better prepared to be President.") Bush has done many things, but usually on behalf of someone else—whoever was President—so the public doesn't know much about him. He is just beginning to define himself, but the picture is still vague—and that might be because he has few



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deep beliefs, and might be why poring over his statements to determine whether he is a moderate or a conservative is futile. Bush has never been a particularly good candidate, and though it is clear that he has worked hard to overcome some of his liabilities, it's not yet clear how far he can go. He recognizes that he doesn't come across on television particularly well, and has worked hard, with some success, to improve his television style. He speaks at a lower pitch and more slowly, cutting down on his usual high-pitched, nasal, frenetic style—which contributes to the impression that he is weak.

After a great deal of coaching by Roger Ailes, his media adviser—who told Bush that the faster he talked the higher his voice went—Bush did show an improved style in the first Republican debate, in Houston in October, and this did him all the more good because he exceeded the press's expectations. His performance level was about the same in the most recent debate, but as we become accustomed to this the question of what he has to say grows. One adviser says that the advice given to Bush for the debates is "to go out there and look like you're enjoying yourself, whether you are or not." In the most recent debate, Bush definitely didn't look happy while he grappled with a well-aimed question by Haig on the Iran-Contra affair. ("Were you in the cockpit, or were you on an economy ride in the back of the plane?") Bush dodged the question—but in an answer to a question on a different matter defended Oliver North and John Poindexter, but avoided the question, which is premature around, of whether they should be pardoned. Bush may be protecting his right flank in his talk about the Iran-Contra affair (and he's overestimating the public's response to North), but it's not clear that he completely grasps what went wrong. On "Meet the Press" today, Bush said that North was a hero because "my idea of a national hero is somebody that believes passionately in a cause" and "captures the imagination of the American people, cutting through all the sophisticated, inside-the-Beltway chatter about this thing." Bush's turning, in Houston, on du Pont, who (as the Bush camp expected) aimed a number of shots at Bush, and who goes by the name Pete—Bush's saying, "Pierre, let me help you" (thus reminding the world of du Pont's own

blue blood)—seems to be going down as one of the great moments in political history (alongside Reagan's "I paid for this microphone" in 1980). Bush's going on to call du Pont's proposal to offer a private alternative to Social Security "a nutty idea" was designed to establish that Bush is a mensch.

A Bush aide says that Bush willingly took Ailes' advice, because he is "very competitive" and because, the aide says, "he really wants to be President." But he's trying to overcome lifetime habits, and his campaign appearances aren't consistent—at times the old style returns. There is a whininess that is not just in Bush's voice, and when he gets beyond set pieces he sometimes reverts to his old tendencies to be defensive and to deal in straw men.

The question of how strong Bush is also stems from his cheerleader approach—beyond the necessary—to the Vice-Presidency, and his seeming willingness to check his dignity at the door as he sought the support of Reagan's constituency and of certain right-wing groups. Bush aides say that though he paid a price for appearing to grovel for the support of these groups, he also gained from it, by showing that he could get wide support—and by crowding Kemp. Still, with the criticism in mind, Bush's people had him avoid a candidate parade before a right-to-life group in Iowa earlier this fall. Bush is thin-skinned as well, and his awkward responses to criticism also raise questions about his strength. As a campaigner, he can also be awkward physically—making herky-jerky, out-of-sync motions. (Many people remember his debate with Geraldine Ferraro, in 1984, for this, and for some of his peculiar talk—"Whine on, harvest moon"). But this year he is calmer, and is often—as Vice-President—presented in more sedate situations. He seems more confident at times. But Bush is also somewhat tone-deaf: he has a propensity for making remarks that come off all wrong. (His saying after a visit to Poland this fall that Detroit could use some Soviet mechanics and his comment that he didn't do well in an Iowa straw poll because a lot of his supporters were at their daughters' coming-out parties are recent examples.) His aides describe these remarks as jokes that others somehow didn't get, but they keep a worried eye out for what he might say next. One aide says that



such mistakes are less likely to occur during a debate than during a long trip abroad or a campaign swing: "The debate is safer ground, because all the sensitivities are tuned up." These concerns get not just to Bush's prospects for winning the nomination but also to his capacity for winning, and holding, the people's support, and for leading them—for governing, if he is elected. If Bush can win the nomination and allay the concerns, he should—external circumstances being benign—he taken very seriously as possibly the next President.

It's probably a mistake to think that we will learn much more about Bush in the course of the campaign; it's more likely that he is the man we've been seeing. His aides say that one of his problems has been that he appeared so often with Reagan, with Reagan inevitably overshadowing him—and, they say, Bush downplaying himself—and that in the campaign we will see the real George Bush. Of course, the other side of it is that the Vice-Presidency gives him a tremendous boost, and may well make the difference in his attempt to be his party's nominee. He was highly visible during the summit meeting last week—even had his own breakfast with Gorbachev, to which Bush invited, among others, a high-school principal and an agricultural expert from Iowa and the governor of New Hampshire. Bush followed his summit activities with a trip to Iowa. One of Bush's problems as a public politician is that he seems to feel the need to prove himself, show us how tough he is, whereas the public, if given a choice and other things being equal, prefers real, unfeigned confidence—like Reagan's. Bush's attempts to show us that he's a tough guy have led to some of his sillier statements. Some Republican observers say that many people who say they are for Bush have trouble stipulating why except that he is Vice-President—and that that won't be enough to hold their support.

One thing we will find out in this campaign is how much Bush has to say. He has made a few proposals, but what he wants to do if he becomes President is essentially unclear. He is basically a cautious politician. His approach to the Vice-Presidency has been that he would keep his own counsel about advice he has given to the President, and he is sticking with this approach in this campaign. His advice



ers say that he got the highest possible response from a test group during the Republican debate in Houston when he said, "In my family, loyalty is not considered a character defect, it is considered a strength." (The increasingly employed practice of wiring a selected group—in this case to a "Perception Analyzer"—for its responses to lines in a debate is ominous.) The Dole people charge that Bush is using "loyalty" to mask "the wimp factor." (The word "wimp" has been dogging him for some time.) There may be something more than discretion at work here. Bush has a long list of credentials—a member of Congress, ambassador to the United Nations, chairman of the Republican National Committee, ambassador to China, director of the C.I.A.—but a history of not leaving deep footprints. (He was, however, given credit for restoring morale at the C.I.A., and he remains close to the old C.I.A. network.) Bush was also given credit in these jobs as being a decent man with an open mind—and a good listener.

Bush has come out for cutting capital-gains taxes from twenty-eight per cent (as of last year's tax-reform law) to fifteen per cent, but this proposal, whatever its merits—Bush argues that it would spur investment—goes against the basic theory behind the tax-reform law enacted last year. The idea of the law, which Reagan supported, was to treat all income alike in exchange for lower tax rates. Furthermore, though Bush says the capital-gains tax cut will produce revenue for the government, government studies say that Bush's proposal would cost the federal government money. (Tax rates have gone down dramatically during Reagan's Presidency, with the top marginal rate dropping from seventy per cent when he took office to fifty per cent in the tax cuts enacted in 1981 and then to twenty-eight per cent—with some exceptions for the very wealthy—last year.) The capital-gains differential was eliminated last year because it was said to benefit the wealthy disproportionately and distort the proportion of investment that went to certain kinds of activities at the expense of others. The proposed cut in the capital-gains tax is supported within the business community, especially among businesses heavily involved in venture capital—and also by the pure supply-siders. (Jack Kemp also supports this proposal.) Bush is

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described by an adviser as much more amenable to using the tax code to promote certain businesses than last year's tax bill permitted. In his announcement of his candidacy, in Houston in mid-October, Bush also came out flatly against asking for any new taxes: "I am not going to raise your taxes—period." This put him in an awkward position when, after the stock-market crash a few days later, President Reagan relented somewhat on his own firm stand against more taxes—in fact, Bush at first was repeating his own position while the White House was sending different signals, and he finally resolved this by saying that he supported the Administration's attempts to reduce the deficit but as President he would not raise taxes. One Bush adviser says, "You can't run in the Republican Party today suggesting you'll raise taxes." Another Bush aide says that the no-tax line was taken especially with a view to New Hampshire—where there is adamant opposition to taxes. Bush aides explain that if reality forces him to change his position when President, so be it; and some of Bush's advisers wish that he hadn't added "period" to his statement. Some Party leaders, including House Minority Leader Robert Michel, also have indicated that they wish Bush had not drawn so firm a line. Another proposal Bush has made is for tax-exempt bonds for families to save for college education; after the proposal met with criticism because it would disproportionately help the wealthy, who could put away more, Bush said there would be caps on the program. He also calls for more funds for the Head Start program, which helps poor preschool children with their learning and is a proven success. Like many other candidates, he is for making America more "competitive"—but he has yet to spell out what he means. Nor has he made it clear how he would reduce the deficit.

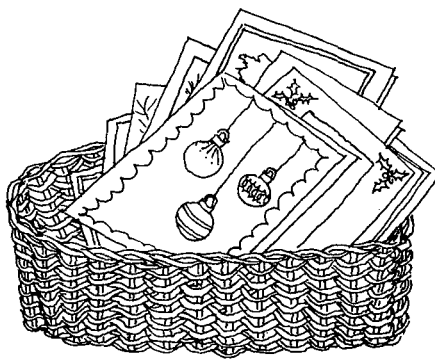
Bush is clearly trying to signal that the tone of his Administration would be different from Reagan's in several respects. In his announcement speech he said, "The fact is, prosperity is not an end but a beginning," and he also said, "Where is it written that Republicans must act as if they do not care?" Without directly mentioning a certain problem the Reagan Administration has had, Bush says that he wants to attract to government service "people who want to make a contribution, not to make a buck." His advisers say that poll data show that this would be a

fruitful thing to talk about, because people are fed up with corruption in government and on Wall Street. He also says that he will offer "hands on" management of the government—again, of course, with no reference to Reagan. But a sitting Vice-President can go only so far in setting himself apart from the President he serves, and this limitation makes it difficult for him to set forth a clear picture of what he would do as President to show independence—even if he wanted to.

Bush is far better informed than Reagan is on foreign policy, and an aide says that he has made it a point to talk to the person who prepares Reagan's daily national-security briefing, and that he makes it a point to call people in and ask them questions—the contrast to Reagan in this respect was left unmentioned. His aides describe him as more curious than Reagan (this would not be difficult) and more involved in what policymaking his office does (nor would this). But someone who has been around Bush for a long time describes him as more oriented to process than to policy, as not delving into issues in any depth (the same could be said of Dole), and, despite the fact that Bush has been on the public scene for a long time, we know little about what he thinks. There is some question about his grasp of domestic issues. And there remains the question of where he was during the Iran-Contra affair: Bush likes to say that he "expressed reservations" about selling arms to Iran and that beyond that he won't reveal his advice to the President—but doesn't suggest that he made much of an issue of the arms sales. His office was at least on the periphery of the secret arms aid to the Contras during the period of a congressional ban on this, and its denials that this matter was ever discussed by Bush or his staff with one of the major figures in the exercise—Felix Rodriguez, who became involved with the secret airlift of sup-

plies to the Contras—have never been convincing. The final report of the Iran-Contra committees said that Bush attended a White House meeting where Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Secretary of State George Shultz raised objections to selling arms to Iran in exchange for hostages. Bush says he doesn't recall being at the meeting and that he would have taken a stronger position if he had known of their objections, but it has never been clear why, even if he didn't attend a meeting with them, he didn't know what they thought. The report also said "there is no evidence" that Bush was involved in the private Contra-aid program, or knew about the diversion of funds to the Contras from arms sales to Iran. (This is less than definitive.)

According to one well-placed source, Bush used his access to Reagan to play a major role in persuading him to reopen a dialogue with Soviet leaders, and, toward the end of his first term and in the beginning of the second one, was a key ally of Shultz and Robert McFarlane, the national-security adviser, in changing Reagan's thinking about the Soviet Union and directing his energies toward dealing with it, especially on arms control. (McFarlane is now an informal adviser to Bush.) He is also said to have made several insightful suggestions about how Reagan should deal with the Soviet leaders, and bring along the American public—to avoid the political perils that détente had suffered in the nineteen-seventies (in part at the hands of Reagan). Bush also, according to this source, leaned hard on the leaders of El Salvador to curb the death squads—a position at odds with that of some right-wing Republicans. But he does not seem to have involved himself much in intra-Administration arguments. In his campaign appearances, he cites his foreign-policy experience, dropping the names of foreign leaders he is about to meet with or has met with. One of the several benefits of incumbency, beyond flying around in Air Force Two and having autographs and various gewgaws to hand out, is that Bush makes "official" foreign trips—his aides said that the trip to Poland, where he met with Lech Walesa and visited Auschwitz, provided terrific pictures. Camera crews, paid for by his political-action committee and his campaign, have accompanied him on his foreign trips, recording the scenes for further use. But his campaign advisers are divided



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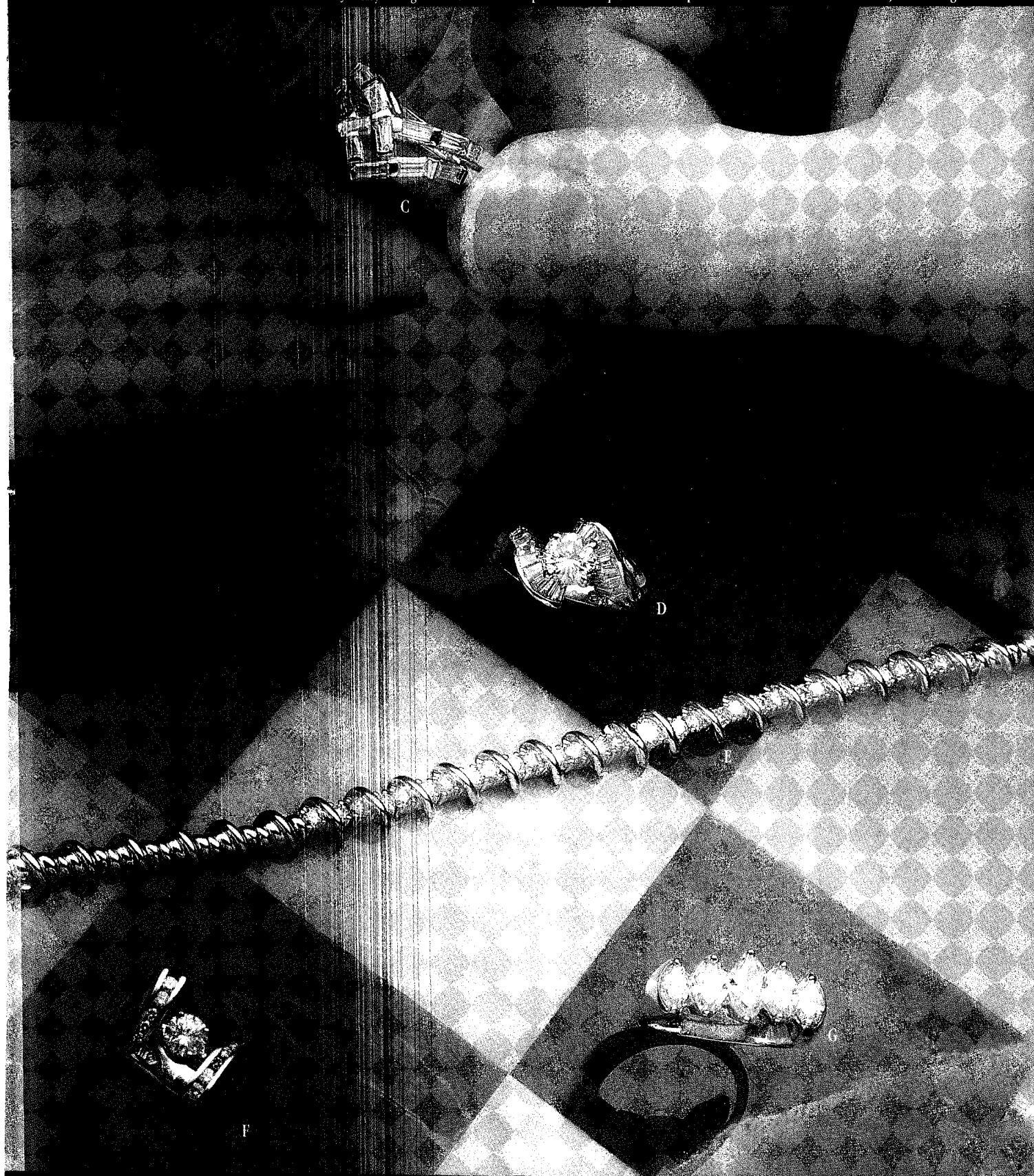
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over how much his foreign-policy credentials will count for in the contest for the nomination.

There is, in fact, some tension among Bush's advisers, some of whom want him to take certain positions to win the nomination, and others who are concerned about the consequences in the general election of his having taken these positions—and also the consequences to his stature as Vice-President. The first group is more inclined to suggest that Bush take a particular position to help him in a certain state or area—oppose taxes for the voters in New Hampshire and be emphatic in his support for the Contras for the South. The second would have him stress issues of more general appeal—such as education and ethics. Bush appears to be accepting everybody's advice. While he points to himself as the only candidate for the nomination giving out-and-out support to the I.N.F. treaty, and it would seem that he has no choice, it is also the case that the treaty is very popular among Republicans in Iowa and New Hampshire as well as nationally, and is considered good politics by the Bush people—one of the very few “cutting” issues, says one campaign adviser. A Teeter poll says that seventy-eight per cent of Iowa Republicans support the treaty, and a recent nationwide Gallup poll had more than seventy per cent of Democrats and Republicans supporting it. As the summit meeting progressed, Bush made many television appearances in which he linked himself with the treaty. Though the Bush people complain about swipes Dole takes at Bush, in a summit-week interview Bush, obviously referring to Dole, said, “I don't have to put my finger in the wind to see where it's going.” Bush also says that as President he would press for further arms control. But, perhaps to protect his right flank, Bush also said last week that as President he would seek increased spending for defense and would go forward with the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.). Recently, while campaigning in Florida, Bush promised never to abandon the Contras: “As President, I will never leave the Contras twisting in the wind.” He also said, “I don't care what the liberals say, as President I will strengthen the C.I.A., not weaken it.” This is the old Bush style. Leaving aside the fact that the Iran-Contra affair, among other things, raised bipartisan concerns about the role of the C.I.A., it might be useful to find out

what Bush has in mind for the agency.

Bush has one of the best campaigns that money can buy. He has some of the best Republican campaign people, and two of Reagan's best speech writers. Both he and Dole will be able to raise all the funds they can legally spend in pursuit of the nomination, but Bush's political-action committee—purportedly to help other Republicans—has spent more than ten million dollars over the past two and a half years, certainly with an eye to Bush's own future. (Dole, too, has a political-action committee, but Bush's is much larger.) Bush has a definite advantage in having a campaign team that has been working together for three years. (Dole is in awful shape in this respect.) The Bush campaign, however, should not be, and is not, complacent. A recent NBC poll said Dole was far ahead of Bush in Iowa; some Bush people explain this away as stemming from Dole's coming from a neighboring farming state—and from Iowa's having had hard economic times, and from Reagan's having been relatively unpopular there. A Bush adviser points out that Bush's state-by-state popularity largely tracks with Reagan's—that Reagan is very popular in the South, which is the region most optimistic about the economy, and so is Bush. Bush's people say they can accept Bush's losing Iowa, but it is clear that they'd rather not. They realize that that would put great pressure on Bush to win in New Hampshire, eight days after Iowa, and as of now the polls have him ahead there. Nationwide polls taken by NBC and the New York Times/CBS News in late November put Bush substantially ahead of Dole. But as of now Bush is facing difficulty in several of the eleven other states that hold Republican contests (six more than the Democrats will hold) before March 8th. Robertson's winning a straw poll in Iowa early this fall gave the Bush people a fright and led them to send a top campaign official there. Because of the

effort that Bush has recently made in Iowa, and because of the I.N.F. treaty (on which Dole has got himself into a bind), some Bush people think that their candidate is making something of a comeback in the state. Lee Atwater, Bush's campaign manager, says, “Everyone says Iowa is a farm state—Iowa is a peace state.” A Republican pollster says that Bush is the second choice of more born-again Christians than Dole is, that they consider Bush one of them—and Bush does nothing to discourage this. In recent appearances, Bush, who never talked this way before, has been telling audiences, “I believe in Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour.” A Bush campaign official says that Robertson's presence in the race helps Bush, in that Robertson cuts into support that might have gone to Kemp and keeps Kemp from taking off. As for the contests on March 8th, this adviser also says that over the past seven years Bush has spent more time in Florida—which will have eighty-two delegates at the Convention, second only to Texas of the states holding contests on that date—than in any other state. Bush's son Jeb lives in Florida and has been active in Republican politics and among Cuban refugees, who are an important political force in the state (and are very pro-Contra). The aide also points to a poll showing Bush far ahead of Dole in Texas, and says that Bush's superiority in organization will give him an advantage over his rivals on March 8th. Atwater says, “Organization will play a bigger role this year, because of March 8th, when there will be seventeen Republican contests in one day.” (The Democrats will have twenty.) Also, the rules governing a number of the Republican contests on that day give Bush a shot at recovering in the South—as Reagan did in 1976, when he was challenging Ford. However, a member of one opposing camp says that Reagan had an ideological base to sustain him in 1976, but Bush has nothing to stave off collapse if he loses the early contests. Recently, Bush told a Florida audience that he would do reasonably well in Iowa and New Hampshire, and then on March 8th he'd “blow 'em away.” Should Bush win both Iowa and New Hampshire, he may get interrupted somewhere, as most front-runners do, but he would be hard to stop.

Bush's campaign will stress that he is a unifying candidate, prepared to govern, but whether this will attract



voters to him can't be known yet. There is much about Bush that makes him ready to be President; what we don't know yet is whether he can catch on with the people in a way that would make him able to lead them.

ROBERT DOLE is a complex man who, if he can get the Republican nomination, could be a formidable Presidential candidate. If he gets the nomination, this would probably answer the basic question that is also unanswered as yet about him: whether he can attract a mass following and lead. Dole is popular in Washington—because of his wit, his legislative ability, and his mixture of conservative and humane politics. But none of these things give us clues about his capacity for national leadership. His run for the Vice-Presidency in 1976, with Gerald Ford, was less than stellar, and is thought by many to have cost Ford the election, which Carter won narrowly. Dole's run for the nomination in 1980 was so forgettable that it is often forgotten. (He dropped out early, after coming in seventh in New Hampshire, with less than one per cent of the vote.) Dole does seem to have grown in recent years—to have found, in his role as Majority Leader and then Minority Leader of the Senate, a niche for his talents—and he is admired by senators in both parties for his legislative skill, his ability to understand the nature of a problem and work it out. His calling in 1976, in a debate with Walter Mondale, all the wars the United States has fought this century “Democrat wars” gave him a reputation as something of a hatchet man, and though all that is said to be behind him, it still haunts him, and seems to have thrown him and his advisers off. His marriage, in 1975, to his wife, Elizabeth, is said to have taken the harsh edges off him. In fact, Dole has over the years conducted some rough and nasty campaigns, and the current one should tell us the degree to which he has really changed. Dole is one of the funniest people in public life—his humor runs not to jokes and stories but to quick and often spontaneous one-liners (sharper and more spontaneous than Reagan's). It's a contextual humor, with Dole making remarks about the situation he sees around him. Because these remarks are often at someone else's expense, his campaign, at least in the early stages, sought to muzzle him—this accounted in part for Dole's lackluster performance in the first Republican debate, in Oc-

tober. His advisers at the time (there has been a lot of turmoil and turnover in the Dole camp) also feared resurrecting memories of 1976. But he didn't do much better in the subsequent debate. Between the debates, Bill Brock, the former Secretary of Labor and, earlier, Republican national chairman, who had just taken over the management of the campaign, told me that he rejected the idea that Dole had a “joke problem,” and that earlier advisers had gone too far in muzzling him, and that he would not try to limit the humor; Brock thinks that what happened in 1976 isn't relevant now. But his campaign remains nervous about his doing anything that revives the image of Dole as a hatchet man—one that they think could never be shaken if revived. An adviser says that Dole will have to take Bush on soon, and will do so in the next debate, in early January—but only on the basis of issues. Dole has already taken some swipes at Bush for, among other things, approving the I.N.F. treaty right away, and when he was asked by reporters last week whether he thought Bush had gained politically from the summit he replied, “Being endorsed by Gorbachev?” Presidential campaigns aren't gentle, and since Dole needs to overtake the front-runner, he can hardly avoid going at Bush—and risking the revival of an old reputation. But Americans are sometimes excessively dainty about their politics, and accept the notion that criticism of one candidate by another is “mean.” One has to look further.

Dole's other problem in the debates has been one that could continue to cause him trouble: he is not an eloquent man. Dole is laconic—Kansas laconic—and he tends to speak in a staccato style, with his eyes blinking rapidly. His tone is flat—Kansas flat—and he doesn't seem to rouse audiences. He sometimes engages in legislative talk, using terms understood on Capitol Hill but not elsewhere. He is impatient with the urgings of some advisers that he must set forth a “vision”—that's not his style. Wrapped up in this is the question of how much Dole has to say. He may be trapped in the mind-set of the legislator—and especially the legislative leader—who

sees many sides of an issue and tries to steer between the rocks. The legislator (there are exceptions) is inclined to fuzz issues; as a legislative leader, Dole doesn't often lead but tries to work things out. It's a kind of effectiveness that doesn't easily translate into a run for the Presidency. Howard Baker found that out in his try for the nomination, in 1980. In recent history, the only legislator who became President on his own was John Kennedy, and he wasn't considered much of a legislator.

While Dole is a friendly man, and enjoyable to talk to, he doesn't project warmth, and very few people know him well. He does not come across as particularly kind. There seems to be an impenetrable curtain drawn between him and most of the rest of the world, and he seems to use humor as a deflector. Dole has mastered probably the easiest format for a politician—the talk show, where he doesn't have to develop a thought, and where he is usually talking to people he knows and who appreciate his willingness to make a newsworthy or funny remark. He is a frequent guest on the talk shows. He is also a master at getting himself on the network evening-news programs, usually by making some remark on the Senate floor about the events of the day. But this is a reactive skill, not a creative one. Dole is not much of an initiator. One senses at times that Dole is edgy, and holding in a certain anger, and that he is making an effort to keep his sharp tongue under control. When things become tense on the Senate floor, he can still lash out. Dole has put unprecedented emphasis in this campaign on his humble origins in Russell, Kansas, and on the efforts of the people of that town to help him recover from the severe wounds he suffered in the Second World War. The theory was to “humanize” Dole, and by stressing his humble Midwestern origins draw the contrast with Bush. Dole tells Iowans, “I won't forget where I came from.” In September, a campaign adviser said to me, “We're running Russell, Kansas, for President”—but, of course, this won't be enough.

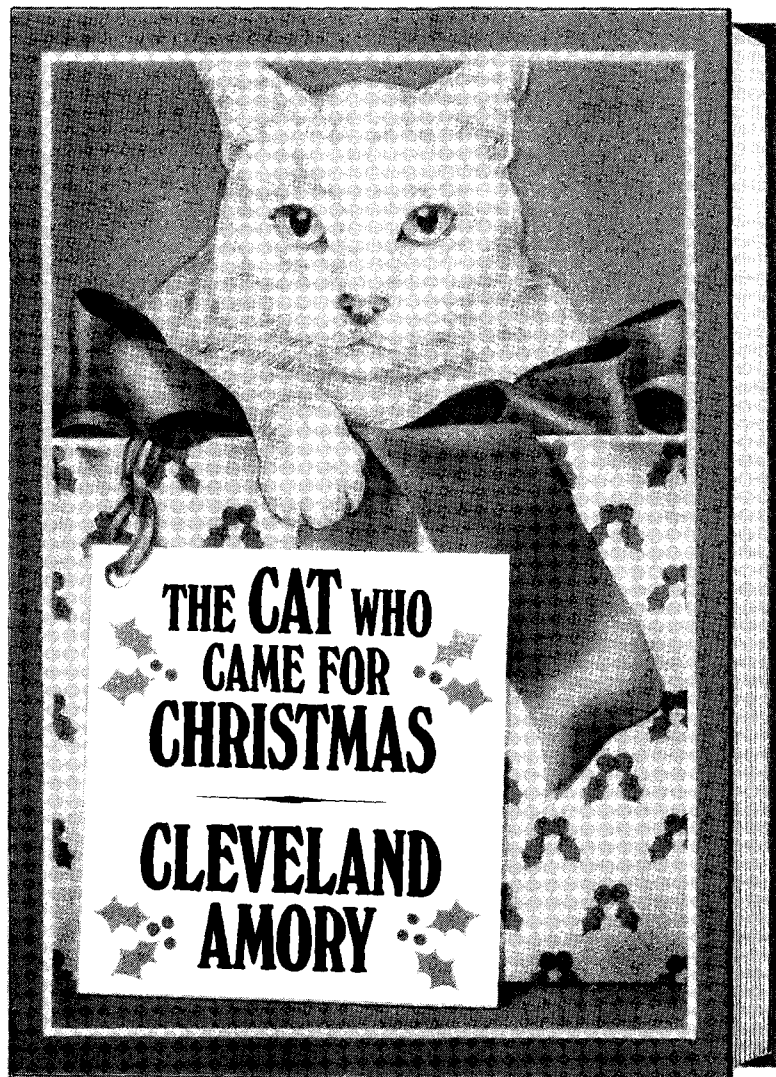
Actually, Dole and his wife are consummate Washington insiders, and Robert Dole is thick with a number of the big lobbyists. The Doles pal around with such other Washington powers as Robert Strauss and David Brinkley. In fact, the Doles, the Strausses, the Brinkleys, the Howard Bakers, and Tip O'Neill all have coop-



erative apartments in a Bal Harbour, Florida, building that is controlled by Dwayne Andreas, the chairman of Archer-Daniels-Midland, the Illinois-based commodities company. Questions have been raised about the Doles' relationship with Andreas: their apartment was obtained (in the name of Mrs. Dole) apparently at a favorable rate, and Robert Dole has championed legislation of great importance to Andreas's firm (on whose board Strauss sits). The Senator says that his efforts on behalf of ethanol (a significant Archer-Daniels-Midland business) have helped his farm constituency. The Doles are a driven pair—Elizabeth Dole seems even more driven than her husband. A friend says that the Doles are consumed with politics, but beyond that “don’t know very much”—and don’t read much. Elizabeth Dole is also smart and has an ability to charm people—and the Dole campaign figures that she can be of great help. But the Doles must tread carefully: in a taped segment offered for the first debate, the Doles sat side by side in wing chairs, looking like a royal couple.

By common consent, Dole has taken a big chance in his campaign in calling for additional taxes. The big question is whether by doing the right thing he did himself in. Dole was going to get hit by the tax issue anyway: in the Senate, he had several times called for more taxes to deal with the deficit, and helped get them adopted. But his advisers insist that Dole is not simply trying to turn a liability into an asset: they say he feels very strongly that taxes must be raised. A motif that runs through Dole's campaign appearances is that we must use common sense—to Dole, it is “common sense” that taxes have to be raised. Talking about taxes also fits into the Dole campaign strategy of showing him as someone working at the nation's problems and saying what he would do about them as President—and drawing the contrast with Bush. (Dole takes a shot at Bush by saying, “I offer a record, not a résumé.”) Not all of Dole's political advisers were keen on his stressing taxes, of course, and many were concerned over the way he talked about them shortly after his announcement speech. In that speech, Dole emphasized that he would not raise tax rates, which means that he would leave the income-tax levels alone and find the money elsewhere—perhaps through excise taxes, or even a consumption

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LITTLE, BROWN

tax. (He also said that he might call for a constitutional convention to adopt an amendment requiring a balanced budget.) The next day, talking off the cuff, Dole said, "The American people are ready for bitter medicine"—but his campaign advisers weren't ready for that. More recently he said, "I'm not the gloom-and-doom candidate, but I hope I'm the candidate of reality." But Dole, resisting the advice of his aides, still talks about the need "to take some medicine." While he calls for reducing the deficit, he doesn't spell out how. Recently, Dole—calling the deficit-reduction package adopted by congressional leaders and the President "a baby step"—picked up on an idea being pushed by Mario Cuomo, for a bipartisan national commission to come up with a plan for reducing the deficit. Commissions are a cop-out, of course, but that's why they can sometimes work; a similar commission on reforms in Social Security, in 1982, on which Dole served, was successful for the very reason that it spread the responsibility around. In his campaign, as in the Senate, Dole seeks to protect the poor from budget cuts, supports health and nutrition programs for poor children, and champions help for the handicapped. And, of course, he calls for more federal help for education. He frequently says that the Republican Party (of which he was once chairman) must "reach out" to the poor, the handicapped, blacks, and Hispanics, and he calls for the expansion of certain federal programs.

It is in the area of foreign policy that we need to know more about Dole. He has participated in all kinds of foreign-policy debates in the Senate, but it's not clear what he really thinks. His campaign advisers are aware that Bush has a lead on foreign policy, and are thinking about bringing in some people for Dole to talk to. But time is growing short. In what many took to be a move to avoid being outflanked on the right by Kemp, Dole in the past couple of years became a strong partisan of Jonas Savimbi, the rebel leader in Angola. He took a sort of non-position on the I.N.F. agreement, saying that it is the role of the Senate to study the treaty before deciding whether it is adequate and that he needed to read the treaty before deciding on his position. Dole was protecting his right side, but this has caused him other political problems: the treaty is popular, and, in hedging, Dole doesn't look like a leader. His cam-

paign grew worried about this during the week of the summit, and began to try to work him out of his uncomfortable position, but Dole would not move very far. (He has a stubborn side.) A Dole aide said to me at mid-week that he would come out for the treaty soon—"He can only read it for so long"—and sponsor non-crippling reservations concerning verification and conventional forces, in which the Soviets have superiority. And Dole, after meeting with Gorbachev last Wednesday, indicated that he would support the treaty at some point, and said it would be approved without crippling reservations, but would go no further—and said, grumpily, that "George Bush had nothing to do with the treaty," but, from the way Bush was campaigning on it in Iowa, "you'd think he discovered it." At some point, Dole may have to decide between spending his time being a national candidate and remaining the Senate Minority Leader—but his key advisers say that that time hasn't come yet. They realize that the Senate role, for all the strain it puts on Dole in terms of both time and energy, brings him maximum publicity and shows him at work on the major issues of the day. Dole might also be loath to give up the perch he has for a race for one that might elude him.

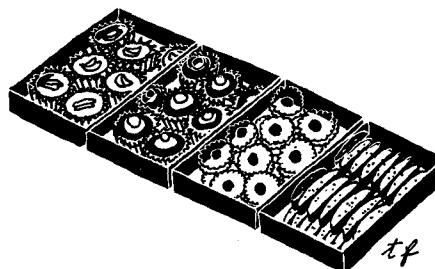
Brock has his work cut out for him in trying to bring order to the Dole campaign organization. Until he arrived there, in mid-October, the campaign was a hydra-headed thing, with more than the usual infighting and very little organization in the field. However important this is to Dole, it is an important thing about him. Dole is not known for running a good staff or being easy to work for. If he can't get a campaign in order, what will he do with an administration to manage? Dole is known as a non-delegator, as a candidate who has insisted on doing his own scheduling and making other decisions best left to staff—and also as one who kept his staff guessing what he might go out and do. Brock says that his presence will show that Dole will delegate—and Brock has already

carried out an extensive shakeup of the campaign organization. But there are still signs of disorganization. Now we need to see more of what the candidate can do.

PIERRE DU PONT, the former governor of Delaware, is in this race for reasons best known to himself. Most people figure that du Pont must have figured that with such strong candidates as Bush and Dole, and also Kemp, in the race he would run because "what the hell"—every election has at least one "what the hell" candidate. (This one has more.) Besides, du Pont might have figured, maybe he'd end up as the Vice-Presidential candidate, or, as one friend suggests, build toward another race later on. Most campaigns for the nomination have someone who is actually running for the Vice-Presidency; some candidates run simply to become better known. What with the federal matching funds for candidates who meet certain requirements, there is a fairly low threshold for getting into the Presidential race. Still, the federal-funding laws do more good than harm.

Du Pont is running a very determined campaign. He officially entered earlier than any other Republican—in 1986—and claims to have spent more time in Iowa and New Hampshire than any other Republican candidate. He is affable as a campaigner—but in the Republicans' first debate he showed a certain desperation and came off like a yapping puppy. Du Pont made Bush look good by barking at him so much. Du Pont was calmer in the next debate, but did nothing memorable. Du Pont's patrician demeanor, which his effortful affability cannot hide, almost makes Bush look like one of the boys.

Du Pont is campaigning on proposals no one else offers, or would dare to, and it's hard to tell how much of this attitude stems from courage and how much from a desire to get attention. He calls for phasing out farm subsidies; for mandatory drug testing in high schools and withholding driver's licenses from those who fail; for allowing people to set up a private alternative to Social Security (this is what Bush called "a nutty idea"); for giving parents vouchers with which to send their children to private schools; and for requiring every able-bodied welfare recipient to take a government job at a sub-minimum wage. Du Pont used to be a moderate, or even a liberal (he also served in the House of Repre-





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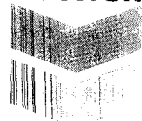
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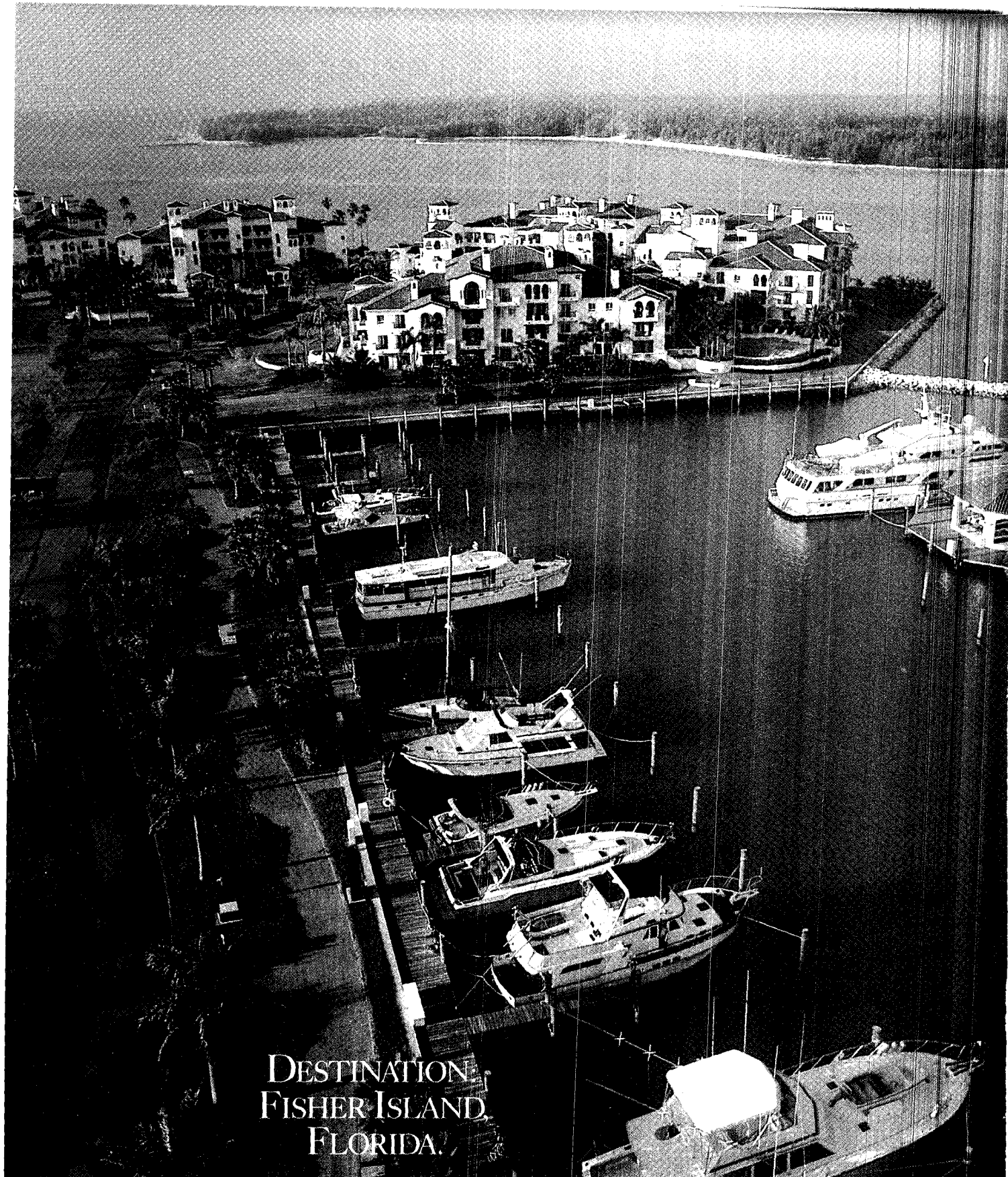
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sentatives), and the depth of his conversion is in question.

ALEXANDER HAIG's motivation for running for the Republican nomination is also best known to him, but people who know him well say that they are certain he thinks he can win. Preposterous as this may seem to others, they say it is not at all preposterous to Haig. Someone who has known Haig for a long time says he is a "true believer"—someone who when he was in the government frequently argued about issues of substance, wrote angry memorandums, and was utterly convinced of the truth of what he was saying. Haig, according to this person, would feel now that only he has the right views about how to deal with the Soviet Union, among other things. A number of people assume that Haig is in the race for the good it might do his speaking fees, but a longtime friend says that though Haig might be aware of this possibility, he is not so cynical. Haig is somewhat odd, of course, but he also has a sense of humor about himself. He will go down as the man who made "caveat" a transitive verb and who announced, in a hyper manner, "I am in control here in the White House" after Reagan was shot, in 1981. But Haig has a substantive grasp of some important questions—mainly having to do with arms control (he opposes the I.N.F. treaty, as some others do, because of the Soviet superiority in conventional forces) and dealing with the Soviet Union. And he has had valuable—if limited to a few areas—experience. He is wont to point out that he has "served seven Presidencies," and that none of the wars the United States has fought occurred when a general was President. But, like many military men, he does not seem to understand how the political system works, or to have much patience with it. He also has the bearing of a general—or a President. But he's not going to be President.

JACK KEMP had been getting ready for this Presidential race for a long time, and the question now is why he hasn't been doing better. Kemp has been building a following for a long time—his speeches to Republican National Conventions have roused the audiences to fervor. But as of now he hasn't caught on. His campaign is making its major effort in New Hampshire, and has made his having a breakthrough there (coming in first or second) key to his strategy,

but thus far—if the polls are to be believed—to little effect; Bush and Dole, in that order, are running far ahead of him there, and Robertson has also been campaigning aggressively there. Kemp is now running a television ad in New Hampshire accusing Bush and Dole of being "Washington insiders" who want to raise taxes. His advisers say that one of his problems is that he has low name recognition, especially compared with Bush or with Dole (who started far behind Bush in name recognition), but a Kemp adviser also says that the importance of the abortion issue in Iowa should not be overlooked, and that Kemp has been very firm on the issue. (So has Robertson, and Bush and Dole don't leave a lot of room for disagreement.) Though it is too early to rule Kemp out in this campaign—and there are some in the other camps who think he could still sneak up on them—his problems seem to be both personal and political.

Kemp is agreeable and attractive, but he seems to lack solidity. This probably stems in part from his youthful looks (Kemp is fifty-two) and in part from his enthusiastic delivery. His advisers have worked hard, and only partially successfully, to get him to shorten his speeches. But there seems to be some confusion about what he should say. His advisers have succeeded in getting him to stop talking about his favoring a return to the gold standard, but that was at the center of his economic thinking; he still blames the Federal Reserve Board for economic ills, and says, as he has been saying for years, that interest rates should be substantially lowered. (Orthodox Republicans—and many Democrats—worry that this could set off inflation and send the value of the dollar still lower.) At a candidates' forum in Iowa in September, and in the recent debate, he attacked "liberal Democrats" for wanting "to spend their time investigating Ollie North," and said, to strong applause, "It's time to stop investigating Ollie North and start investigating the liberal Democratic foreign policy." Kemp, whose hallmark is optimism, misplaced or otherwise, says that "unlike other candidates"—meaning Dole—"I think growth is the only solution to the budget problem," and he calls the budget-reduction package "a hoax." Like Bush, he calls for reducing the capital-gains tax. On foreign policy, he takes the rightmost stands; one of his advisers, Roger Stone, believes that who-

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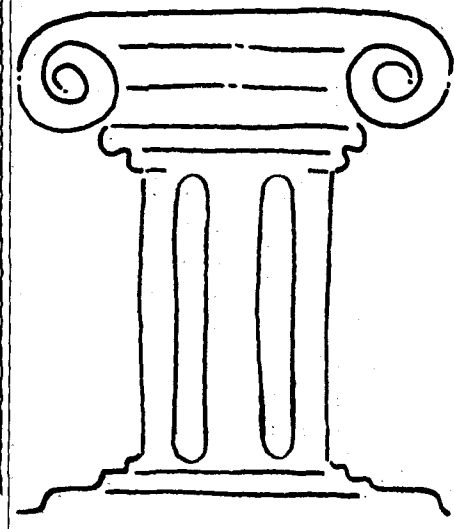
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ever runs furthest to the right on foreign policy wins the Republican nomination. (He cites as examples Goldwater over Rockefeller, Nixon over Rockefeller, Reagan over Bush—and Reagan nearly over Ford, a sitting President.) So Kemp has come out for firing George Shultz and “cleaning out” the State Department (an old right-wing bugaboo), and for immediate deployment of S.D.I. (almost no one thinks it is ready), and he opposes the I.N.F. treaty.

Aides to other candidates suggest that Kemp's problem is that he is out of date. They say that the fight within the Republican Party between center and right is over, and that Kemp—even though he still calls for broadening the Party by attracting labor and blacks—is going after a narrow fringe of the Party. The conservatives are now the nominating wing of the Party, its mainstream—leaving about twenty per cent way over on the right for Kemp to go after. And in doing that he is being crowded by Robertson. (In that sense, the Bush and Dole camps are glad that Robertson is in the race.) The Kemp camp has tried to exploit the differences among evangelicals. Recently, Kemp named as one of his several co-chairmen the Reverend Tim LaHaye, an influential evangelical leader. Five days later, after press reports about anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish writings by LaHaye, he resigned from the Kemp campaign. It might be more than Kemp's strategy that is out of date. Kemp's “new ideas” were much drawn upon by Reagan in 1980, and so now they aren't new. We've tried supply-side economics; we've undertaken a staggering military buildup; we've gone about as far as the country wants to go in foreign and military policy and we're ready for arms-control agreements, which Kemp opposes. So, in a lot of ways, Kemp seems frozen in time.

PAT ROBERTSON is the new unpredictable element on the Republican side, and he has the other camps worried. No one thinks he can win the nomination, but many think he can cause difficulties both for the other candidates and for the Party. If he bumps Bush or Dole into third place in an early state, he causes them trouble. He has shown, in Iowa and in Michigan, that he can summon up and deliver a committed following—people who may not have been practicing Republicans before, or have been involved in politics at all. Robertson is

aiming his appeal at people who resent “establishment” politics. His followers are not the same as the fundamentalists who followed Jerry Falwell—who has run into financial and political difficulties and dropped out of politics. On the day that Falwell left politics (November 3rd), he told a radio interviewer, “We're no longer breaking new ground. It's no longer as glamorous to be in the religious right.” Robertson's followers are charismatics and Pentecostals—disciplined and highly motivated. The other candidates would like to have those people if they are nominated; so they tread warily and say nice things to Robertson.

Robertson himself is under no compunction to follow form, and the appeal he makes is to deep emotion and fear. He has a babyish, sweet face and smiles a lot, frequently emitting a strange chuckle—and he speaks from the dark side of populism. He has resigned as a minister and given up his management of the Christian Broadcasting Network, which he founded. But he draws on the large audiences his television ministry provided, and is very well funded—second only to Bush. And he employs the terms and the techniques that made him famous. Robertson knows how to lean into the camera better than anyone else in the race, and his delivery rolls and builds. Picking away at anxieties, he tells fervid followers that he opposes the “cultural relativism of John Dewey,” that he is for teaching “the values that made this country great,” that he is against the “powerful teachers' unions with leftist tendencies,” and that he will “not allow pro-choice to be the rationale for the slaughter of one and a half million babies a year.” He told a group of reporters that we must increase the number of babies born in the United States or “die out as a race.” He also says that abortions are depriving us of people we'll need to keep Social Security viable. (Such practicality about abortion upsets some evangelicals.) He decries “radical homosexuals” and suggests the quarantining of AIDS victims. (Some Republican strategists say that AIDS will be an issue in this election.) He attacks the Trilateral Commission—which almost makes him the candidate of nostalgia. Robertson speaks of traditional family virtues and calls for tax deductions for women who stay home with their children, and, of course, for prayer in the schools. Citing Reagan, he talks about America as the “city on the hill,” and he says, “All of us are

unashamed to shed a tear when we see the American flag." He whips his audiences into a frenzy.

Though Robertson won a straw poll in Iowa and has shown strength elsewhere, the other camps don't know how to gauge his strength. Some say that his followers aren't the type of people who will brave the cold Iowa night to go to a stranger's house, or to a community firehouse to cast their vote. Others say that these people are so committed that they will do anything for their candidate, and that because the Republican Party is smaller than the Democratic Party, and because it has more caucuses—and in some states, such as Iowa, one doesn't have to be registered to participate in the caucuses—Robertson could cause all sorts of problems. The real questions are what role he and his followers will play at the National Convention, and how the other candidates can appeal to Robertson's followers without frightening others away.

THE wisdom about which party is in a better position to win in November keeps changing, and it will go through several more revolutions. Republicans tend to be confident now, because they have the better-known candidates and because so many people find the Democratic field weak—but that can change. They also know that they start out with an advantage in the electoral college; and they enjoy the prospect of the Democratic Party's nominating someone who is too liberal or having a fractious Convention. Republican leaders feel that if the country is not in a war—or, indeed, seems to be moving toward a better relationship with the Soviet Union—and is in reasonable shape economically they will win. That is why both Parties will be watching the economic indicators with increasing interest between now and next November. Certainly, the Republicans can offer a candidate with more experience than the Democrats can. But no one can say now how much difference that will make to the voters then.

Whatever one thinks of the candidates, the stakes in the coming elections are high—the stakes in every election are high. There are both the problems we know and unforeseeable challenges. A year from now, we will have made a choice. Some time later, we'll know whether it was a good choice, or at least the best that could be made under the circumstances.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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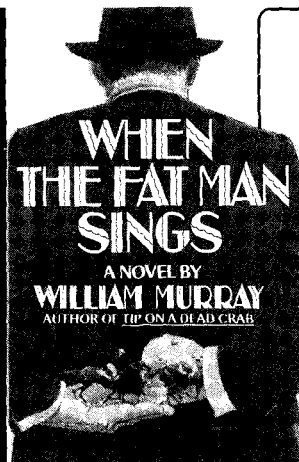
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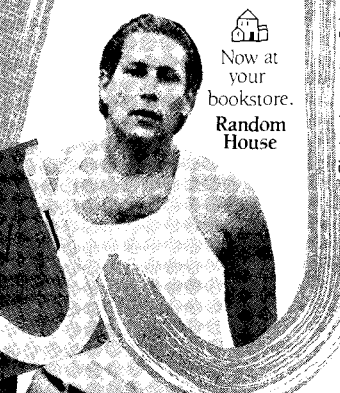


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BOOKS

One of Nature's Balkans

SHE "lived her life operatically, and tinkered endlessly with the story-line, the score, and the libretto." These frank words come from Victoria Glendinning's sympathetic and searching life of Cicely Fairfield, known to us as Rebecca West (Knopf; \$19.95). Operatic? The mind wanders to the stormy life of George Sand, who had also been a combative journalist and a richly textured novelist reckless in her passions, and of whom her daughter wrote, "It will take a clever fellow to unravel the character of my mother." It would appear that Rebecca West felt in her old age that the story of her life required two clever fellows. In Ms. Glendinning's introduction, we read that Rebecca West left "a signed request" that Ms. Glendinning, who had known her well during the last ten years of her life, should write a short biography while we were waiting for a fuller life by Stanley Olson. The choice was happy. Ms. Glendinning is a well-known, prize-winning biographer of such difficult ladies as Edith Sitwell and Vita Sackville-West and of the admirable Elizabeth Bowen. In this last, she seemed somewhat nervous of that electric Anglo-Irish brain, but with Rebecca West she is alert to the pathos, the grand drama of sweeping judgment. She understands how the tunes of temperament change.

Why did the young Miss Fairfield choose to be Rebecca West? (She disliked Ibsen's plays.) To re-imagine herself? To catch attention? To stand apart from her sisters, one of whom was already making an impression as a distinguished doctor and would eventually become a barrister, while the other sister was blamelessly conventional? We must look back to Rebecca's Puritan Scottish mother, of crofter stock, and her fantasizing Anglo-Irish father. The parents met in Australia, where they were poor immigrants. He had become a painter and a clever, restless journalist, inclined to parlous mining speculations and casual love affairs. The marriage was a union of two lonely people. Hating Australia, he

brought her back to Scotland. No Puritan he. He came from wild Kerry, and his fancy was filled with talk of rank and with the Anglo-Irish obsession with grand cousinage. The daughters listened in their childhood to his tales of an ancestor who had been a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh, of a connection with the great Sackvilles which somehow gave them all descent from an aunt of Anne Boleyn. Even Rebecca's older and sterner sister, Lettie, the distinguished doctor, when she turned Roman Catholic spoke of the family connection with a procession of saints—St. Margaret of Scotland, St. Louis of France, two Russian saints, and a Spanish one.

More interesting was the father's political talk. He was an admirer of Edmund Burke and corresponded with Herbert Spencer. When he brought his family back to Scotland, he worked in Glasgow on the *Glasgow Herald*, and then moved them to London. Eventually, he vanished abroad on some speculative pharmaceutical deal, pursued women, and abandoned the family completely for five years—it is possible that his wife threw him out—and was found dead in lodgings in Liverpool. In the meantime, the mother raised the family in Edinburgh. Her gift was musical, and her taste for Schumann and the influence of music in general were to be strong in Rebecca's writing. In Edinburgh, the Athens of the North, the clever girls soon won scholarships to excellent schools. Rebecca's desire was to

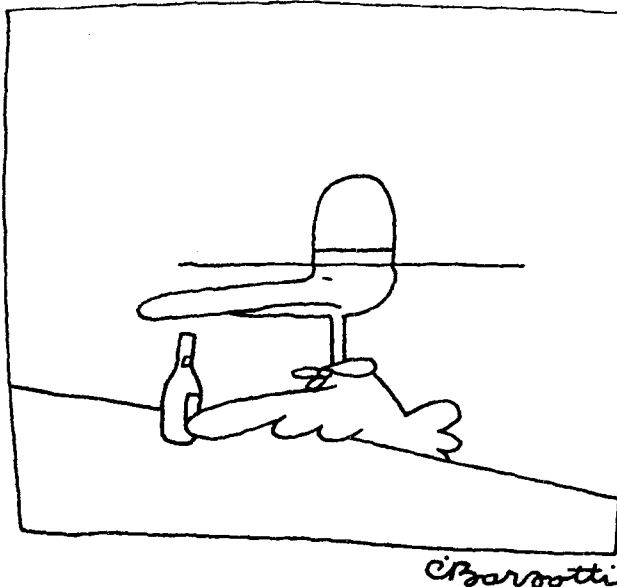
become an actress, and when she was seventeen she went to London to the Academy of Dramatic Art. There, for all her gifts and although she did get one or two minor parts, she failed. Why? The beautiful girl was histrionic. The victim of high-strung nervousness, she reacted to strain with involuntary grimaces and was plagued by uncontrollable itchings. In short, she could not unself herself and become other people.

She inherited from her father a literary gift, but it would have startled him to see her succeed as an ardent feminist. He had been a strong Tory, and loathed the notion of woman suffrage: suffragettes, he said, were "unsympathetic and repellent." He would have been shocked by the articles she wrote for *The Freewoman*, though he certainly would have admired her mastery of the irreverent metaphor, which caught the attention of Bernard Shaw. We hear her dismissing the British intelligentsia as "the left-wing carriage-trade." (Much later in her life, at the time of the abdication of Edward VIII, she was to write of the King that his mind seemed to be like "a telephone exchange with not enough subscribers.") Such wit in her writing and conversation led the young woman to the famous, but it had its price. One of her lifelong friends, the distinguished journalist Charles Curran, who was of great help to her when she was writing her long, incisive investigative studies of crime and treachery, said of her that

she "has several skins fewer than any other human being, it's a kind of psychological haemophilia, which is one reason why she writes so well, and why she is so vulnerable."

Vulnerable especially in love, as we see in the notorious and painful affair with H. G. Wells. How could she have ignored the warnings of his disastrous public affair with the young Amber Reeves? How could the young Rebecca not perceive or understand Wells' gratitude to his wife? Rebecca's headlong ambition in love led to neurotic illness, and this was to be repeated in her love affair with Beaver-

ONE TOUGH BIRD



brook, the newspaper tycoon. The extravagance of feeling was certainly operative in the sense that it was orchestrated and, in fact, led to disturbing, and even fantastic, illusions.

The young woman, who had been a "displaced person" as a child, not unnaturally sought the glamour of wealth and respectable certainty. We come at last to her marriage with Henry Andrews, notoriously a pedant, apparently rich, and a bore. He passed as a solid English country gentleman, but he, too, had been a displaced person. He came of Polish or Lithuanian stock, had been educated in Great Britain, and had spent several years in a prison camp in Germany during the First World War. He dabbled in merchant banking, not always happily: he was really by nature a fussing academic. (When he and Rebecca set up in a rather grand country house in Buckinghamshire, the local villagers were mystified by him and lightly called him "a comical old bugger.") For Rebecca, he had one valuable gift: he was a linguist. This was indispensable to her on her visits to Yugoslavia before 1939, when she wrote what is thought by many to be a masterpiece of romantic travel, "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon." As her biographer says, Rebecca became "one of nature's Balkans," and, indeed, at one point in "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon" her chatty husband is heard saying to her, "As for your other demands that from now on every day will be an apocalyptic revelation, I should drop that, if I were you!" But she didn't. John Gunther, her great friend, said the book was not so much about Yugoslavia as about Rebecca West. She herself wrote in a well-known passage:

Only part of us is sane: only part of us loves pleasure and the longer day of happiness, wants to live to our nineties and die in peace, in a house that we have built, that shall shelter those who come after us. The other half of us is nearly mad... This fight can be observed constantly in our personal lives.

True or untrue, the overtone is operative: even the scenery, the archeology, the history, and many of the people seem to be in chorus.

Ms. Glendinning has made much of Rebecca West's admiration for Proust and the music of his long-winded and branching sentences, and of his influence on her. This is true up to a point; in her novels (except in "The Fountain Overflows") we often have the sensation of claustrophobia. Wells complained that in the narrative of her

"A great historical banquet"

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SIMON SCHAMA

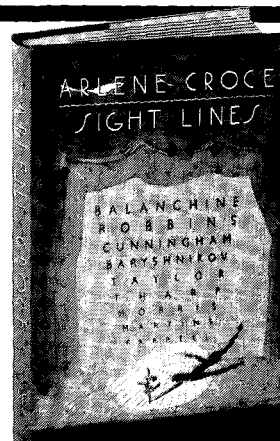
says Barbara W. Tuchman of Simon Schama's enthralling portrait of Dutch culture in the Golden Age. Enumerating the book's many brilliancies, George Steiner, in *The New Yorker*, calls them "dazzling... memorable... entertaining in the most serious sense," and hails the whole as "a formidable achievement... Here," he concludes, "as in one of those Bruegel-like scenes of rural revelry which this book evokes... there is God's plenty."

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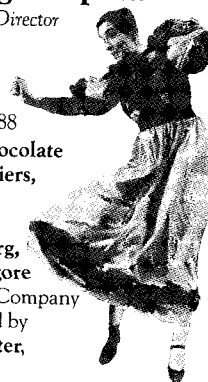
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early novel "The Judge" she was dilatory and began too far back. This is also true of her last novel, "The Birds Fall Down"—an ambitious historical story in which an innocent girl is used to carry a message to czarist dissidents. We are soon lost in the décor and the overfurnishing of the intrigue. Too many people appear, too completely. The whole story is too brilliantly labored. It is astonishing that while she was working on this very long book the manic side of her temperament was driving her to write scores of letters to friends, explaining here, attacking there, as she poured out the wrongs of her personal life: the tedium of her marriage; the persisting quarrel with her son, Anthony; her feuds with her critics, who rightfully accused her of political extremism. Her health was bad. After a serious operation, she had hallucinations: she said that the wretched Henry Andrews was trying to poison her with doctored soup sent over from a London restaurant.

In 1968, Henry died. His organized fussiness was revealed. In the waistcoat pockets of thirty Savile Row suits—all the suits the same—a hundred and eighty-seven pounds was found: money the prudent man had reserved for tips! A more disturbing discovery was that he had been in the habit of casually picking up girls. Rebecca was enraged. She had only briefly been unfaithful to him—once with a doctor and once in Nuremberg, with a judge at the trial. In itself rather an odd choice.

Rebecca West lived on until she was ninety. She sold the Buckinghamshire mansion and moved to a terrace in Kensington, a few doors from the Iranian Embassy that later sheltered terrorists. A highly trained anti-terrorist squad attacked the building, and she eagerly watched the affair from her window until she was dramatically rescued in a scene of gunfire. The incident is an ironic and unexpected crown of her career. She could almost have invented it.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

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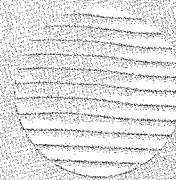


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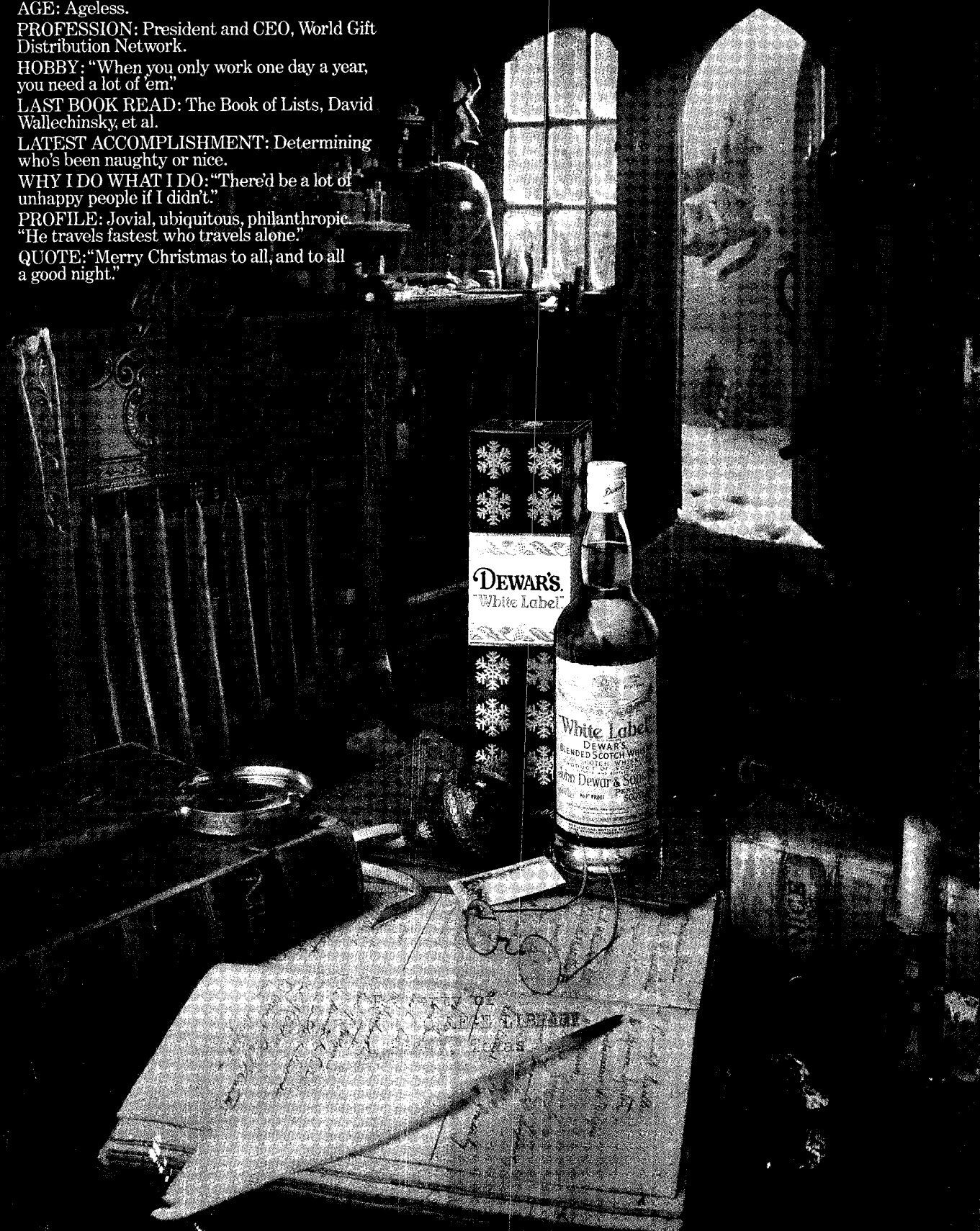
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